

FREE FRANCE AND BRITAIN

The Franco-British Companion



PARIS LA NUIT

L'AUBE VIENDRA

L'aube viendra. Elle se lèvera brillante pour les
braves, douce pour les fidèles qui auront souffert,
glorieuse sur les tombeaux des héros. Vive la France!

The Right Hon. Winston Churchill—21st October 1940

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Edited by William G. Corp

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GENERAL DE GAULLE

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THE EDITOR'S PREFACE

WHILE the armies of France and England were still together in the field this book was being planned as a contribution to Anglo-French understanding. When France fell it seemed that the project might have to be abandoned. The French capitulation and the tragic necessity of the action at Oran appeared as portents of a violent change in the relations between the two peoples. Had the *entente cordiale* been merely a political arrangement this might have happened. As it was, those of us who love France and admire the French found no change of temper in England. Neither in private conversations nor in the press were there any bitter recriminations. Instead, there was a profound sympathy for the French, and an immediate determination to make the restoration of freedom to France a primary war aim. The acts and decisions of the French leaders have been left to the judgment of history. Our affection for, and alliance with, the French people has not changed. France was too sorely tried to answer that splendid gesture—the offer of complete union; but in the most calamitous moment of our common history that inspired offer symbolized a unity of purpose and spirit which the misfortune of war cannot change.

After the first tragic days, lightened only by the courage of those who founded the Free French Forces, it became obvious that this book need not be, must not be, abandoned. Those who knew that it was in preparation urged completion of the work. The contributors, by encouragement and many acts of kindness, made its appearance certain. All argued, rightly, that now, more than ever, Anglo-French

friendship must be cherished and reaffirmed. That is why *Free France and Britain* has been published. *Free France* in the title stands for more than the forces which fight on with Britain. It stands for that ninety-five per cent of the French who will never collaborate willingly in a slave Europe, or abandon faith in Britain's final victory, or tolerate indefinitely loss of that liberty which alone nourishes French life and thought.

André Labarthe, editor of *La France Libre*, writes of this France, one in heart and mind with those upholding French honour under the Cross of Lorraine, still identified completely with the spirit of the *entente cordiale*. Our relations with the French through the centuries are described by Lord Elton, who shows how inevitable was the *entente cordiale* which persists, *malgré tout*. But even deeper than this friendship is the 'auld alliance' which links France with Scotland, that close and profound relationship of peoples which Agnes Mure Mackenzie recalls. Latest in time comes the Free French movement, led by General de Gaulle, and of which the nature and aims are outlined by Maurice Dejean, Free French Commissioner for Foreign Affairs. A selection of speeches by General de Gaulle, revealing the inspiration given to the Free French movement by its great leader, has been given, and several of these are published in English for the first time.

The cultural influence of each nation on the other, that unifying impulse which dates from William of Normandy's landing, finds expression in many articles. Professor F. C. Green describes some of the many Anglo-French literary contacts. James Laver outlines the influence of each country on the painting of the other. Ronald Crichton contributes an introduction to the music of France, which reflects so faithfully *l'esprit français*. J. E. Mansion, from his profound knowledge of the two lan-

guages, pleads amusingly, but pointedly, for an end of the *mésentente cordiale*. Countless ties between France and England are recalled in the contributions of Professor Denis Saurat, W. Somerset Maugham, Sisley Huddleston, Paul Morand, Marcel Boulestin, André L. Simon, and the Rt Hon. A. Duff Cooper. The short anthology of French and English opinions of each other through the centuries, *Ils Disent . . .*, with a selection of the traditional songs of each country, rounds off the book.

For a moment of time France lies in the shadow of a conqueror, but no tyranny can strike her from her great place among the nations. No decision under duress can expunge from the hearts and minds of men that inspiration of the French Revolution—*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*. No alien flag above Paris can lessen the great gifts of the French spirit to the civilized world. No dictator can destroy the culture, art, science, literature, and music of France. Wherever men are more than brutish beasts the inspiration of the true France, *free* France, has become yet more precious. That is especially true of this island, where we remember the armies which sent the names of Vimy, Verdun, Mons, Ypres, and half a hundred more ringing down the corridors of glory, where we strive for a victory in which France will be victorious.

The day is not distant when France and England will face vast new problems in the shaping of a free and better Europe. Each people will need all the tolerance and understanding that is in them. May this book add a little to their understanding of each other. May this book be a tribute to those friends in France for whom our hearts are heavy, whose fate is unknown. May this book salute those who, at the risk of their lives, still fight in conquered France for freedom.

W. G. CORP.

THE TRUE FRANCE

BY *ANDRÉ LABARTHE*

AFTER the fall of France, those Frenchmen whom circumstance had brought to Britain, the last refuge of liberty in Europe, became united in their determination to fight on and in their hopes for final victory.

At this tragic hour of their country's destiny these Frenchmen, to symbolize the meaning of their gesture, chose the name which would best represent the aim of their movement, the soul of their enterprise—Free French Forces.

These Frenchmen were free because, having escaped from the yoke of the invader, they had the right to proclaim the true feelings of the French people whom defeat had condemned to silence. They desired this freedom because they had but one thought, one objective—the liberation of their country. They inscribed the word liberty on their flag because they knew that France would cease to be herself if she were stripped of her most valued possession—freedom.

The tragic days in which we are living, the unprecedented calamities which Hitler's barbarous rule is inflicting upon all the people of the Continent, have caused all deep and simple feelings to ring true once more, because they have put in doubt those gains which seemed only yesterday to be so secure. What remains of security, of guarantees against despotism, of personal rights, believed to have been solidly established during centuries of history? If our era is restoring their true meaning to the simplest words, it is because the final aim of the struggle is, actually,

simple and decisive. What is at stake for every nation is the right of independence, for each individual the right to freedom.

The victory which Hitler aspires to win over Europe is quite unlike traditional victories which stripped the vanquished of a province and a ransom but left them to live in their own fashion. The aim of the Nazi adventure is the unification of Europe under the German heel. In the empire of which Hitler dreams every nation would lose its autonomy, every individual his liberty, because the same frenzy for domination, the same necessity for a New Order, involves the suppression of national independence and personal rights. Night would come down over a Europe ruled by Berlin and its representatives, the quislings; the same secret police tyranny would be applied to the whole continent, the same creeds, the same institutions borrowed from Nazi Germany, would accomplish a monstrous unity based on slavery.

Against such ambitions, arms are not the only means of combat. The new order of exploitation and slavery must be opposed untiringly by the imprescriptible rights of nations and individuals, the values which have made the greatness of western civilization and without which European society would lose its *raison d'être* in a sombre mockery of oriental despotism. This is the reason why the French who fight on never cease to remember the national cause and the cause of humanity, indissolubly bound together, for which France took up arms, and for which all Frenchmen still suffer. When they say again and again: 'We want the liberation of France,' 'We want the people of France free to mould their own destiny and institutions,' 'We want fundamental liberties restored to our country,' they are more than ever aware that they are the interpreters, not of a group or party, but of the overwhelming majority of the

French, united with the soul of France in the same faithfulness to tradition.

This loyalty of the French to themselves and to France is proved by foreign witnesses who bring new evidence of it daily. Possibly the most striking, most spontaneous proof is the attitude of all the French towards the forces of occupation. It is known that in the occupied towns the French behave as if the invader was not there. When a German soldier comes their way they refuse him the consideration of a glance, they refuse to show him the least sign of courtesy, they refuse to mix with him and his companions; silently they deny the fact of his existence.

The news of every battle, of every allied victory, spreads like a wave all over France. Its echo leaps from village to village, from factory to factory. Throughout the land it causes a ferment.

The heart of France goes on beating. In letters from France, in the signs of reawakening; in the union which is being woven between all Frenchmen, the promise of rebirth and the certainty of liberation are apparent. The only news, the only truth which succeeds in passing the bars of the prison comes from England. It is impossible to imagine without deep emotion the scenes which have been repeated in French homes for more than a year.

Serious and anxious faces press near a small magic box. It is a very old wireless set, but the words which come from it strike straight to the hearts of those who listen. Only scraps of sentences are audible. Sometimes the voice fades and every face draws nearer with a single motion to this weird little box. Then the voice grows in volume and the listeners turn to each other with a smile. Thus do the French renew their courage day by day. London is speaking, all is not lost.

The French people constitute the permanent reality.

They have learned a new definition of friendship and, in their initiation into suffering, have come closer together, stretching out their hands to each other, sharing the crumbs of bread left to them, and comforting thousands and thousands of exiles. Many have doubtless been surprised that they have come to know one another so well; when they meet they understand each other without a word, the same misfortunes are to be read in every face. The common people of France constitute the strongest framework of the nation, resisting all shocks. The workman, the peasant, and the village postman have uncomplicated minds, but they have instinctive perspicacity. Their vocabulary may be limited, but their hearts are sound and their reasoning follows a direct line. They believe in their country and not the 'new order'; their geometry is not built on parallel lines which meet, but on eternal principles which are inseparable from love of country.

Humiliated yet unanimous, France is neither resigned nor docile. On the day the armistice was signed at Rethondes, while the German generals were dictating their terms, a silent France began to move. Quietly, without battle-dress, she goes her way. The factory, the farm, and the schoolroom are the battle-front. In the grey mornings the rattle of shots resounds amidst waste land. The Germans are executing a French patriot. What he has done, often even his name, remains unknown. It is of little moment, the movement gathers force. One has gone, ten come forward.

This spectacle of a nation so united, a country forced to hide in conspiracy in order to live, a people resisting the enemy with every conceivable ruse, brings hope anew.

Between every German post the French language weaves a stealthy web. Words slip noiselessly from house to house; a new life is being born in every heart. A threaten-

ing network is extending; news is flowing like fresh blood, and through all the links of the chain, little by little, a hidden current finds its way. France is preparing in secret *la grande relève*.

This hostility towards the enemy is not merely a defensive reflex provoked by humiliation, compensating for defeat. As the secret papers circulating through the occupied zone affirm, it is, above all else, the expression of a faith. 'Nous sommes un peuple libre, nous ne voulons pas de cela,' said one Frenchwoman to a German official (and this is reported by a German newspaper). Thus would the majority of French people express themselves, unable to conceive even the possibility of any kind of association with National Socialist Germany.

The present rulers in Vichy are well aware of this. They are confronted daily by the intangible resistance of French patriotism, renewed by ordeal. All the ambiguities in French affairs are the result of the constant efforts of the Vichy Government to associate the acceptance of defeat with a supposed national rebirth; to reconcile patriotism and the compromise with Hitler's Germany. If, possibly, some confusion results in the unoccupied zone, in occupied territory few are deceived, their sound intuition indicates clearly the enemy, the sole enemy, he who covets at once their land, their property, and their soul. The national conscience of the French is made up of many elements, fused in subconscious depths by a long past. The Frenchman thinks of France as an entity, sketched clearly enough by geography and achieved by men following Nature's command. Every Frenchman has a picture of the map of France before his eyes, and in his heart he worships it. He who tramples the soil on which so many generations of peasants have lavishly spent their sweat and blood, he who destroys the sacred unity—he is the enemy. He desecrates

the soil which is France, and which has been transfigured by the immemorial labour of the race. On this soil two thousand years of history have left their stamp, and the endless work goes on. Wherever the eye may turn, in town or field, civilization seems to flower from the ground, the past is everywhere alive, preserved by the memory of man's toil. The invader threatens this mysterious and intimate union of the soil with those who live on it; of present labour with all the labour of the past which gave birth to France.

But France is also a spiritual atmosphere; a complex of freely accepted ideas which are, in time of danger, stubbornly defended. People often speak of that *douceur de vivre* which attracted so many foreigners to France. This atmosphere was not a gift from heaven, it was favoured, not granted, by Nature. It was a fruit produced by a long history; the expression of a human community completely imbued with what we used to call civilization; a community loving life and readily understanding the joy of other people; respecting the human personality and strongly aware of the equal dignity of all and each. This sense of equality was never the caricature which envy and resentment represented it to be; it showed itself in the desire of every individual to be recognized as such. Possibly nowhere else was the sense of man's individual dignity so widespread and alive.

When the French speak of liberty, they see it simply as an attribute, an indivisible right of the human being which they have learned to respect. This is why the words of the Republican slogan not only suggested great struggles to the French mind, a revolt against oppression, and a battle against foreign sovereigns; they were charged with an older significance, deeper values, greater majesty. The wisdom of thinkers, from Montaigne to Voltaire; the resistance to tyranny, from La Boétie to Victor Hugo; the

claims for freedom, communal as well as individual, all this ancestral striving of the lowly and the mighty towards a lawful régime was gathered, carried on, not in any particular political institution of the past, but in the spiritual atmosphere of France. The vast majority of the French demanded and still demand from every political régime that this atmosphere, the only one in which they can breathe, should be respected.

This is the reason why, despite inevitable differences of opinion and political strife, all the Free French and the great mass of the French know in their inmost soul what kind of France they wish liberated and restored. Integrity of territory, greatness of the empire, raising of the standard of living of the population, ruthlessly exploited to-day by the invader, all these political objectives are foremost in mind, but for the French they are inseparable from the restoration of this spiritual climate.

Without determining in advance the details of the institutions they wish to set up for themselves on the day of liberation, the French people will refuse those which have been brought to them on the enemy's guns. France which proclaimed 150 years ago the equality of men before the law, and freedom of thought, will not disavow the noble message which she gave to the world, and which has contributed so greatly to her wide influence. One of the clandestine journals which defy the invader and advocate resistance is called *Valmy*, after the first victory of the Republican armies, won to the cry of 'Long live the Nation! Long live freedom!' That same union between love of country and love of liberty is being achieved again to-day.

The new France which will rise from these present ordeals will be distinguished by a double demand for lawful authority and personal liberty. France will remain faithful to her historic ideal.

LE MONTAGNARD EXILÉ

COMBIEN j'ai douce souvenance
Du joli lieu de ma naissance!
Ma sœur, qu'ils étaient beaux les jours
De France!

Ô mon pays, sois mes amours
Toujours.

Te souvient-il que notre mère
Au foyer de notre chaumière
Nous pressait sur son cœur joyeux,
Ma chère,
Et nous baisions ses blancs cheveux
Tous deux ?

Ma sœur, te souvient-il encore
Du château que baignait la Dore,
Et de cette tant vieille tour
Du Maure,
Où l'airain sonnait le retour
Du jour ?

Te souvient-il du lac tranquille
Qu'effleurait l'hirondelle agile,
Du vent qui courbait le roseau
Mobile,
Et du soleil couchant sur l'eau
Si beau ?

Oh ! qui me rendra mon Hélène,
Et ma montagne, et le grand chêne ?
Leur souvenir fait tous les jours
Ma peine !
Mon pays sera mes amours
Toujours !

F. R. DE CHATEAUBRIAND,

ENTENTE CORDIALE

BY LORD ELTON

OF our relations, through the centuries, with the French it would, I think, be safe to say that, though we have sometimes fought them and often quarrelled with them, we have always secretly admired them and never ceased to learn from them. In the beginning, indeed, to say that we learned from them is a gross understatement. For they *made* us. To enrich our tough but stolid Anglo-Saxon stock, Norman William brought his adventurous Viking blood, touched already with something of Latin grace and fire. And beyond France stood the great civilizing power of Rome. England herself, it is true, had been a part of the Roman Empire, and learned her Christianity from Rome. But the Norman conquest incorporated us more fully and more lastingly in Roman civilization, so that we became truly part of the Latin west. To this day, the lesson abides, and as we stand, the Free French at our side, to defend western Christendom, our roots are firm in an ancient, but still living, past. For some centuries our ruling classes spoke French, and, under their half-French kings, spent a good deal of their time fighting with their French cousins for various slices of the France which was hardly yet a foreign land. These were gentlemen's wars, a sort of recurrent test match, with its own strictly observed code of rules. But already, thanks, perhaps, to some quality of climate in our cloud-girt island, or some obstinate hereditary strain in the native stock, our habits of mind were differentiating themselves from those of our neighbours across the Channel. We were developing that aversion to

logic, that tendency to think, so to speak, with slightly blurred edges; that instinct, in short, for compromise, which has so often, and so rightly, infuriated our friends, and which was eventually to give us our lyric poets, and the only really effective parliamentary system in the world. Soon, accordingly, our social structure was diverging curiously from that of the French. We both began with what is customarily, though somewhat inaccurately, described as the feudal system. This was an entirely logical and clear-cut hierarchy of king, noble, priest, and peasant, which the French characteristically preserved, logical and clear-cut, for some seven centuries, when, in the space of a few months, it was suddenly blown into a thousand fragments in the explosion which we call the French Revolution; wherefrom, equally characteristically, and to the lasting edification of Europe, there emerged an entirely new civilization, based upon the startling new conception of equality. The English, on the other hand, also characteristically, failed, almost from the first, to preserve the clear-cut outlines of feudalism. Instead of waiting for an explosion to destroy it seven centuries later, English feudalism began, slowly, and as if by instinct, from the fourteenth century onwards, to melt into something else. For the French Revolution was caused by the determination of the middle classes, for whom (since, when it took shape, they did not then exist) there was naturally no place in the feudal system, to find a niche for themselves in the social structure. In France they found their niche in the comparatively few months between July 1789 and September 1792; and, since it was rapid and violent, we call the process a revolution. But in England, where there was no noble caste, so that the sons of a noble were commoners, and the nobility regularly intermarried with the commons, the new middle classes found their way to the seats of the

mighty gradually, over a period of five centuries, and consequently there was no revolution. In England this process was thus less painful to the natives, and brought a certain balance and prosperity into our history. But it was also less salutary for the world, for we omitted to learn, and to teach, as the French were to do, the great lesson of equality. It has always been the glorious destiny of France to educate Europe by her tragedies no less than by her triumphs.

Nevertheless, though equality was a conception which was to reach us late, and which would strike root with difficulty in this island, servility has never thrived in English air, and it was the sturdy independence of the English yeomen which gave us those bowmen to whom we owed such victories as we were able to obtain in our endless early wars with the French. I say such victories as we were able to obtain, for, though we all learned at school the glories of Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, the text-books of French school-children (though in our own school-days we should have hotly refused to believe it) are garnished with the names of equally resounding French victories, of which, for our part, we have never heard. And the fact remains that, very fortunately and very properly, we were driven out of France. It was soon after we had perforce surrendered our last effective foothold in France that the old conception of a unitary Europe finally dissolved, and the nations, developing each its own aggressive nationhood, set themselves on the road which has brought us to the pass in which we find ourselves to-day.

For the next century or two, despite one alliance which lasted fifteen years, we were, as usual, constantly in conflict with the French, and, as usual, constantly learning from them. We became a nation of seafarers, and gradually and unintentionally accumulated, and then lost, the

first British Empire. France, meanwhile, could not shake off her preoccupation with that Europe of which, now, more than ever, she had become the instructress and the example. She divided her time, in fact, between teaching Europe and dashing her head against it. Profiting by her continental distractions, we fought her cheerfully, and with varying fortunes, all over the world. At one time we were helping ourselves, at her expense, to slices of Canada and India; at another, she would be assisting to deprive us of our American colonies. But we never ceased to learn. Even while Marlborough was marshalling his Grand Alliance the principal ambition of every monarch in Europe, and, in a humbler way, of many gentlemen in England, was to mirror some distant reflection of the glories of Louis XIV. All through the eighteenth century French dramatists, French poets, and French philosophers profoundly affected British style and British taste. Even the intermittent wars scarcely interrupted young sprigs of aristocracy in those grand tours of Europe, in which the visit to Paris was even more indispensable than that to Venice and Rome. The French Revolution, at the end of the century, disturbed, divided, and fertilized British thought almost as profoundly as it had French. At first, our poets were in ecstasies; bliss was it, in that dawn, they thought, to be alive. A later poet saw in it only red ruin and the breaking up of laws. The truth was that of the poets, as of the politicians, some saw one aspect of the complex phenomenon, some another. Burke saw only the violence, the catastrophic rupture with the past; the first, foredoomed attempt to construct a new society on the *a priori* dogmas of abstract theorists. Fox, on the other hand, sensed, by instinct rather than study, the emergence of the new doctrines of equality; of the career open to talents; of the rule of reason. Gradually and

experimentally, as is our way, we embraced and imitated some of the lessons of the Revolution, and rejected others. Some we had no need of—our own middle class had been undermining the barriers of privilege for the last five hundred years. Some, it may be, we have still to learn.

The name of Napoleon, the greatest practical genius of history, has probably been known to more British citizens than that of any other Frenchman. Inevitably they fought him, since he was not only a dictator, but invaded the Low Countries. In Britain he was feared and, although by no means universally, hated; but with fear and hate there never went the contempt which plays so considerable a part in the ordinary man's sentiments towards the small, twentieth-century, would-be Napoleons. It was not possible to despise him. Even in his errors he was too manifestly sublime. Moreover, the conquering imperial eagles carried with them, from end to end of Europe, the new French doctrine of the Rights of Man.

After the end of the Napoleonic wars the time had come for the two nations to draw together. There were still plenty of causes of difference, but deep-seated historical forces had begun to draw them, gradually, and not without regrettable relapses, into friendship. For one thing, both were now Liberal and Parliamentary states. And in the Europe of the first half of the nineteenth century there were few prospects of sympathy for liberal and democratic notions outside Britain. The system of Metternich, that essence of eighteenth-century ultra-Conservatism, lay heavy over Austria and Italy; Germany was still a jumble of mostly backward small principedoms, over which the ferocious militarism of Prussia had not yet established its hegemony; while far beyond them brooded the mysterious and forbidding enigma of the Russian autocracy. Only across the Channel was there an intellectual climate which

the fellow countrymen of Hugo or Lamartine could freely breathe. Not that they did often breathe it. It remains one of the minor tragedies of the Victorian age that, despite all the new forces making for a *rapprochement*, the French and British took little pains to make each other's acquaintance. Rarely, if ever, was a French boy sent to school or college in England, or a British boy to France. And yet after 1850 the British public schools, as remade by Arnold, and, at any time after the fall of the Bourbons in 1830, the French universities, would have made admirable training-grounds for a young foreigner from across the Channel. Unfortunately, the ancient suspicions, now surely out of date, still lingered. For too many Frenchmen all Britons were Philistine commercials, for too many Britons all Frenchmen effeminate revolutionaries. In both judgments there was, of course, a certain justice. Although the Victorian age in Britain produced Dickens and Thackeray, Tennyson and Browning, Darwin and Huxley, and a score of names in literature and science which were second only to these, it remained substantially true that a very great many Britons were Philistine commercials, and that commercial Philistinism came very near to setting the tone of the age. And although France could show political thinkers like de Tocqueville, statesmen like Thiers, Guizot, and Ferry, patriots like Gambetta, besides an African empire conquered by a handful of resolute men, it remained substantially true that throughout the century her politics were torn by violent feuds, that her governments were short-lived and unstable, and that her genius for practical affairs did not have free play. It was a pity, however, that we had not yet learned to devote more attention to each other's virtues. For, in many ways, each country was qualified to remedy the shortcomings, and supply the defects, of its neighbour. Thus much Victorian art in Britain, and paint-

ing in particular, did sink into an abysmal trough of semi-commercial, semi-sentimental banality; and meanwhile, with painting moribund almost everywhere else in Europe, in France a succession of heroic figures kept the sacred flame alight. On the other hand, while in France between 1830 and 1871 there were three major revolutions, Victorian England, despite rapid changes, maintained a unique political stability. No doubt the countries were unlike; might it not be, however, that they were mutually complementary?

The *rapprochement*, seen in retrospect to be inevitable, began by fits and starts. By 1854 we were actually fighting side by side. The Crimean War was third-rate and unnecessary; but it was a war, and outside Sebastopol French and British were side by side in the trenches. Tennyson celebrated the still unaccustomed spectacle in verse which, though unwontedly official, reflected a genuine friendliness.

Frenchman, a hand in thine!
Our flags have waved together,
Let us drink to the health of thine and mine,
At the battle of Alma river.

There were more relapses and more recoveries, but the inevitable *entente cordiale* came at the outset of the twentieth century. It was at first no doubt a *mariage de convenance*. Each country could be useful to its neighbour in providing against certain threatening dangers. For a few years all that happened was that some of the childish old prejudices and fairy-stories began to disappear into the lumber-rooms of history. British schoolboys ceased to believe in the Frenchmen beloved of comic artists, undersized, irascible, extravagantly top-hatted and bow-tied, and for ever gesticulating with outspread palms; French schoolboys (it is to be hoped) accepted the possibility that not all

ODE

MIGNONNE, allons voir si la rose
Qui ce matin avoit desclose
Sa robe de pourpre au soleil,
A point perdu ceste vesprée
Les plis de sa robe pourprée,
Et son teint au vostre pareil.

Las! voyez comme en peu d'espace,
Mignonne, elle a dessus la place,
Las! las! ses beautez laissé cheoir!
Ô vraiment marastre Nature,
Puis qu'une telle fleur ne dure
Que du matin jusques au soir!

Donc, si vous me croyez, mignonne,
Tandis que vostre âge fleuronne
En sa plus verte nouveauté,
Cueillez, cueillez vostre jeunesse:
Comme à ceste fleur, la vieillesse
Fera ternir vostre beauté.

PIERRE DE RONSARD.

FREE FRANCE SPEAKS

PAROLES D'UN CHEF

BY GENERAL DE GAULLE

Non! La défaite n'est pas définitive

LES chefs qui, depuis de nombreuses années, sont à la tête des armées françaises, ont formé un gouvernement.

Ce gouvernement, alléguant la défaite de nos armées, s'est mis en rapport avec l'ennemi pour cesser le combat.

Certes, nous avons été, nous sommes, submergés par la force mécanique, terrestre et aérienne, de l'ennemi.

Infiniment plus que leur nombre, ce sont les chars, les avions, la tactique des Allemands qui nous font reculer. Ce sont les chars, les avions, la tactique des Allemands qui ont surpris nos chefs au point de les amener là où ils en sont aujourd'hui.

Mais le dernier mot est-il dit? L'espérance doit-elle disparaître? La défaite est-elle définitive? Non!

Croyez-moi, moi qui vous parle en connaissance de cause et qui vous dis que rien n'est perdu pour la France. Les mêmes moyens qui nous ont vaincus peuvent faire venir un jour la victoire.

Car la France n'est pas seule. Elle n'est pas seule. Elle n'est pas seule. Elle a un vaste Empire derrière elle. Elle peut faire bloc avec l'Empire britannique qui tient la mer et continue la lutte. Elle peut, comme l'Angleterre, utiliser sans limites l'immense industrie des États-Unis.

Cette guerre n'est pas limitée au territoire malheureux de notre pays. Cette guerre n'est pas tranchée par la bataille de France. Cette guerre est une guerre mondiale.

Toutes les fautes, tous les retards, toutes les souffrances, n'empêchent pas qu'il y a, dans l'univers, tous les moyens nécessaires pour écraser un jour nos ennemis. Foudroyés aujourd'hui par la force mécanique, nous pourrions vaincre dans l'avenir par une force mécanique supérieure. Le destin du monde est là.

Moi, Général de Gaulle, actuellement à Londres, j'invite les officiers et les soldats français qui se trouvent en territoire britannique, ou qui viendraient à s'y trouver, avec leurs armes, ou sans leurs armes, j'invite les ingénieurs et les ouvriers spécialistes des industries d'armement qui se trouvent en territoire britannique, ou qui viendraient à s'y trouver, à se mettre en rapport avec moi.

Quoi qu'il arrive, la flamme de la résistance française ne doit pas s'éteindre et ne s'éteindra pas. . . .

18th June 1940.

'I call upon all Frenchmen'

The French Government, after having asked for an armistice, now knows the conditions dictated by the enemy.

The result of these conditions would be the complete demobilization of the French land, sea, and air forces, the surrender of our armies, and the total occupation of French territory. The French Government would come under German and Italian tutelage.

It may therefore be said that this armistice would not only be a capitulation, but that it would also reduce the country to slavery.

Now, many Frenchmen do not accept either capitulation or servitude, for reasons which are called honour, common sense, and the higher interest of the country.

I speak of honour, for France has undertaken not to lay

down her arms unless in agreement with her allies. As long as her allies continue the war, her Government has no right to surrender to the enemy. The Polish, Norwegian, Belgian, Dutch, and Luxembourg Governments, though driven from their territories, have understood their duty in this sense.

I speak of common sense, for it is absurd to consider the struggle as lost. True, we have suffered a great defeat. We have lost the Battle of France through a bad military system, mistakes made in the conduct of operations, and the defeatist spirit shown by the Government during recent battles. But we still have a vast empire, our fleet is intact, and we have a great deal of gold. We still have allies with immense resources, who rule the seas. We still have the gigantic possibilities of American industry. The same conditions of war which caused us to be beaten by 5,000 planes and 6,000 tanks can to-morrow bring victory by 20,000 tanks and 20,000 planes.

I speak of the higher interest of the country, for this is not a Franco-German war which can be decided by a battle. This is a world war. No one can foresee whether the neutral countries of to-day will still be neutral to-morrow, or whether Germany's allies will always remain her allies. If the powers of freedom finally triumph over those of servitude, what will be the fate of a France which has submitted to the enemy?

Honour, common sense, and the interest of the country command that all free Frenchmen, wherever they may be, should continue the fight as best they may.

It is consequently necessary to group the largest possible French force wherever this can be done. Everything which can be collected by way of French military elements and abilities for armament production must be organized wherever such elements exist.

I, General de Gaulle, am undertaking this national task here in England.

I call upon all French soldiers of the land, sea, and air forces; I call upon French engineers and skilled armament workers who are on British soil, or have the means of getting there, to come and join me.

I call upon the leaders, together with all soldiers, sailors, and airmen of the French land, sea, and air forces, wherever they may now be, to get in touch with me.

I call upon all Frenchmen who want to remain free to listen to my voice and follow me.

Long live Free France in honour and independence!

22nd June 1940.

Après l'armistice

Ce soir je dirai simplement, parce qu'il faut que quelqu'un le dise, quelle honte, quelle révolte, se livrent dans le cœur des bons Français.

Inutile d'épiloguer sur les diverses conditions des armistices franco-allemand et franco-italien. Elles se résument en ceci: la France et les Français sont, pieds et poings liés, livrés à l'ennemi.

Mais si cette capitulation est écrite sur le papier, innombrables sont chez nous les hommes, les femmes, les jeunes gens, les enfants, qui ne s'y résignent pas, qui ne l'admettront pas, qui n'en veulent pas.

La France est comme un boxeur qu'un coup terrible a terrassé. Elle gît à terre. Mais elle sait, elle sent qu'elle vit toujours d'une vie profonde et forte. Elle sait, elle sent que l'affaire n'est pas finie, que la cause n'est pas entendue.

Elle sait, elle sent, qu'elle vaut beaucoup mieux que la servitude acceptée par le gouvernement de Bordeaux.

Elle sait, elle sent que, dans son Empire, des forces puissantes de résistance sont debout pour sauver son honneur. Déjà en beaucoup de points des terres françaises d'outre-mer s'est affirmée la volonté de poursuivre la guerre.

Elle sait, elle sent que ses Alliés sont plus résolus que jamais à combattre et à vaincre.

Elle perçoit dans le nouveau monde mille forces immenses matérielles et morales qui peut-être se lèveront un jour pour écraser les ennemis de la liberté.

Il faut qu'il y ait un idéal. Il faut qu'il y ait une espérance. Il faut que, quelque part, brille et brule la flamme de la résistance française. . . .

24th June 1940.

Monsieur le Maréchal, il faut qu'une voix vous réponde . . .

Monsieur le Maréchal, par les ondes, au-dessus de la mer, c'est un soldat français qui va vous parler.

Hier, j'ai entendu votre voix que je connais bien, et non sans émotion, j'ai écouté ce que vous disiez aux Français pour justifier ce que vous avez fait. . . .

Monsieur le Maréchal, dans ces heures de honte et de colère pour la patrie, il faut qu'une voix vous réponde. Ce soir cette voix sera la mienne. . . .

On vous avait fait croire, Monsieur le Maréchal, que cet armistice demandé à des soldats par le grand soldat que vous êtes serait honorable pour la France. Je pense que maintenant vous êtes fixé. *Cet armistice est déshonorant.* . . .

Mais vous avez jugé, dites-vous, que vous pouviez, que vous deviez y souscrire. Vous avez tenu pour absurde toute prolongation de la résistance dans l'empire. Vous avez considéré comme dérisoire l'effort que fournit et celui que fournira notre allié l'Empire britannique. Vous

avez renoncé d'avance aux ressources offertes par l'immense Amérique. Vous avez joué perdu, jeté vos cartes, fait vider nos poches, comme s'il ne nous restait aucun atout. Il y a là l'effet d'une sorte de découragement profond, de scepticisme morose, qui aurait été pour beaucoup dans la liquéfaction des suprêmes résistances de nos forces métropolitaines.

Et c'est du même ton, Monsieur le Maréchal, que vous conviez la France livrée, la France pillée, la France asservie, à reprendre son labeur, à se refaire, à se relever. Mais dans quelle atmosphère, par quels moyens, au nom de quoi, voulez-vous qu'elle se relève sous la botte allemande et l'escarpin italien ?

Oui, la France se relèvera. Elle se relèvera dans la liberté. Elle se relèvera dans la victoire. Dans l'empire, dans le monde, ici-même, des forces françaises se forment et s'organisent. Un jour viendra où nos armes, reforcées au loin, mais bien aiguisées, se joignant à celles que se feront nos alliés, et peut-être à d'autres encore, reviendront triomphantes sur le sol national.

Alors, oui, nous réferons la France.

26th June 1940.

Justice will be borne on the Wings of Victory

The so-called court of justice which is meeting at Riom does not, of course, aim at punishing the men who really were responsible for France's momentary defeat. No serious-minded person sees in this court anything more than a *mise en scène*.

The wretched individuals who have delivered up France by capitulation are trying to mislead public opinion with regard to their own crime. They therefore hasten to accuse others.

They charge some with having agreed to the war; others with having prepared it badly. They pretend to believe that Hitler and Mussolini are not the unscrupulous conquerors we all know them to be.

They maintain that it would have been quite possible, before coming to grips, to reach an agreement by appealing to their goodwill.

From this point of view, I think the men who claim to be in power are quite right. By falling to its knees without fighting, by voluntarily allowing the occupation of its territory, by gratuitously giving up its empire, by sheathing its sword before even striking a blow, by willingly accepting the laws of the enemy both within and without our frontiers, in brief, by capitulating in advance, our country would have had no war.

Of course, a France thus dishonoured would no longer have been France; but this consideration doubtless has not occurred to the Vichy prosecutors.

Very well, then! I wish to make a contribution to the trial which is taking place in Riom. I believe, indeed, that the culprits should be condemned, and I shall name them.

Those who are guilty before God and man of having wanted the war, and who, moreover, proclaim it loudly, bear names which, indeed, are fairly well known: they are called Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini.

Those who, in France, are guilty of having prepared the war badly are simply those very men to whom that preparation was entrusted. This war was a mechanized war, and our armies were crushed by German mechanized force. Therefore, whether war ministers or commanders-in-chief, the men who neglected to reform the French forces in time are the men who are primarily responsible for our disasters. Now, I am under the impression that at least two such men are at the head of the so-called Government of Vichy.

Finally, the men in France who are guilty of having lost the battle are the leaders who were in command, or who abused their authority in order to induce us to lay down our arms when they were still firmly in our grasp. I am under the impression that at least two such men are now at the head of the so-called Government of Vichy.

That is why it is very easy to draw the conclusion of the great debate on responsibilities. Justice will be done when the masters of Germany and Italy, who let slip the dogs of war, have been vanquished. Justice will be done when the French leaders, who have proved themselves unworthy to be leaders, have been condemned.

See how it all follows and holds together. The punishment of the first-named and the punishment of the last-named will take place simultaneously. Oh! certainly not as from to-morrow, for justice moves slowly, but one day, without any doubt. For 'if there must be a sun,' there must also be justice for the world and for France. Justice will therefore come. It will be borne on the wings of victory.

8th August 1940.

La voie du salut, c'est la victoire

D'une voix morne, le Maréchal Pétain a parlé mercredi soir de la situation de la France.

Cette situation, il l'a peinte comme très sombre. En outre, le chef de l'État de Vichy a cherché à s'en disculper. Enfin, le chef de l'État de Vichy a manifesté sa colère contre les obstacles qu'il rencontre.

Si lui-même ne peut surmonter ces obstacles, du moins invite-il les Français à les boire.

Que le régime matériel et moral imposé à la France par les abominables armistices soit un régime intolérable, c'est,

hélas! bien évident. Les conditions des armistices ont été fixées par l'ennemi précisément pour que la France ne puisse les supporter.

L'occupation des deux-tiers du territoire, la menace suspendue sur le dernier tiers, la séparation maintenue entre les deux parties, suffiraient à elles seules à empêcher toute vie nationale. Mais tout est mis en œuvre par l'ennemi pour aggraver la désorganisation. Pillage économique, travail forcé imposé à beaucoup, séparatisme artificiellement créé, corruption de l'esprit français par des journaux et une radio de trahison. Il s'agit, cela est clair, de réduire la France au désespoir. Après quoi, l'ennemi se figure qu'il pourra tailler à son gré dans la chair et dans l'âme de notre patrie. C'est ce que M. Hitler appelle organiser le Continent européen.

Le Maréchal Pétain porte la terrible responsabilité d'avoir sollicité et accepté les abominables armistices. Il a donné des excuses à cette capitulation. Le Maréchal Pétain et sa suite ont argué d'abord d'une soi-disant culpabilité de la France. D'après eux, les malheurs qui accablent le peuple français, il les aurait mérités. Tant pis pour lui s'il doit à présent supporter le châtimement. Le Maréchal Pétain et sa suite ont également prétendu que, tout étant perdu, la reddition pure et simple était une nécessité. Enfin, le Maréchal Pétain et sa suite ont répandu l'illusion que, grâce à eux, la France allait renaître.

A présent, les excuses invoquées par le Maréchal Pétain apparaissent pour ce qu'elles valent, c'est à dire pour rien.

Le peuple français se souvient qu'il a accepté de grand cœur tous les sacrifices demandés par ses chefs. Si les armées françaises furent surprises par la guerre mécanique, c'est parce qu'elles y avaient été mal préparées et je donnerai là-dessus, quelque jour, de capitales précisions.

Le peuple français s'aperçoit que la guerre n'est nullement

perdue. Il s'aperçoit qu'en livrant ses armes, en le séparant de ses alliés, on a brûlé ses meilleures cartes.

Le peuple français s'aperçoit que la restauration du pays est totalement impossible sous le régime des armistices. Il s'aperçoit qu'il n'y aura pour lui qu'écrasement et que misère, tant que l'ennemi sera sur son sol et tant que ceux qui collaborent avec l'ennemi détiendront ce qu'ils appellent le pouvoir.

Le Maréchal Pétain peut bien essayer de fournir de mornes justifications. Ce ne sont là que des mots. Les Français qui furent trompés, voient où on les a conduits. Mais je sais aussi, moi, qu'ils discernent mieux chaque jour où est la voie du salut.

La voie du salut, c'est la victoire. Les Français regardent vers ceux qui combattent pour la remporter, et que le Maréchal Pétain et sa suite font condamner pour trahison. Ceux qui combattent pour la victoire ont l'âme tranquille et le cœur plein d'espoir. Car ils savent qu'on reconnaîtra bientôt qui trahit et qui sert la France.

16th August 1940.

Marshal Foch, we will do our Duty.

Marshal Foch, you whose body lies in the vault of the Invalides, but whose spirit still haunts the souls of French soldiers, to-day, on 11th November, a French soldier comes respectfully to report to you.

Marshal Foch, you who won the war by force of will power, must know that they who were our leaders have given up all hope of victory, and have ordered us to surrender to the enemy.

Marshal Foch, your loyalty as well as your genius gained for you and for us this honour, that you were chosen to command all the armies of all nations allied to or associated

with France. Alas! You must now learn that they who were our leaders ordered us, in the midst of the battle, to betray all our allies.

Marshal Foch, you have always taught and shown that one has not the right to surrender while means of fighting still remain. The peoples of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Holland, Norway, and Luxembourg had the courage to understand this, together with all the nations, without exception, whose territories were in enemy hands. Now, it is my duty to tell you that they who were our leaders have delivered up the sword of France while there yet existed a French Empire of 60,000,000 men protected by 500,000 soldiers, a formidable air force, a magnificent fleet which was still intact, and powerful and resolute allies.

Marshal Foch, you who never for a minute ceased to face north towards the enemy, must know that they who were our leaders are ordering the troops who follow them to turn south in the same direction as the enemy, in order to break down the resistance of Frenchmen who want to fight for France.

Marshal Foch, it was on 11th November that you placed the crown of victory on the brow of our native land. Well, on 11th November of this year, they who were our leaders have sworn to the enemy their oath of collaboration. But I have to report other things besides these infamous deeds—there are soldiers, there are Frenchmen, who refused to be parties to them—there are Frenchmen, there are soldiers who, for their part, mean to blot them out.

We, soldiers of Free France, are these Frenchmen, these soldiers, and, since they who were our leaders have, through panic or despair, renounced their duty, we have decided, in shame and in sorrow, to recognize them no longer. But we have also decided, Marshal and immortal leader that you are, to follow your example and obey *you*.

We are following your example, we are carrying out your orders in refusing to lay down our arms, in continuing to fight wherever we can, and as best we may, raising ourselves little by little from the abyss of disaster.

If we wrench the French Empire bit by bit from the enemy's collaborators in order to keep it for France and to find therein means to fight; if we have already brought the Chad back into the war, together with the Cameroons, Ubangi-Shari, the Congo, our colonies in the Pacific, and, as recently as yesterday, the Gaboon, it is in order to follow your example and carry out your orders faithfully, united, as you wished all Frenchmen to be, to the allies who were under your command.

Collecting little by little all French territories, we will wield in the war a sword which becomes weightier day by day.

We will see that our country has its share of victory, and it is we who will restore her honour, her grandeur, her happiness.

Marshal Foch, we will simply do what you have said soldiers must do: we will do our duty. . . .

11th November 1940.

C'est ainsi que, demain, revivra notre France

Il est maintenant établi que, si des chefs indignes ont brisé l'épée de la France, la nation ne se soumet pas au désastre.

Il est maintenant établi que si de soi-disants gouvernants, affolés et enragés par les conséquences de leur crime, prétendent précipiter la France dans la collaboration hitlérienne, notre peuple refuse de se jeter dans cet enfer.

Il est maintenant établi que, si l'ennemi et ses collaborateurs prodiguent aux Français libres les outrages et les

menaces, c'est vers les Français libres que la patrie regarde, c'est sur les Français libres que la patrie écrasée porte sa fierté douloureuse et sa frémissante espérance.

Oui, la flamme de la résistance française, un instant étouffée par les cendres de la trahison, se rallume et s'embrase. Et nous-mêmes, les Français libres, nous avons le glorieux devoir et la suprême dignité d'être l'âme de la résistance nationale.

Mais justement, à cause de ce devoir et de cette dignité, nous tenons pour nécessaire de rendre compte au peuple français de ce que nous sommes aujourd'hui et de ce que nous voulons pour demain.

Ce que nous sommes? Nous sommes une armée, et une armée de volontaires. Non point que tous les Français libres portent des armes car, dans cette guerre totale et mondiale, nous luttons sur tous les terrains. Mais nous sommes une armée, et une armée de volontaires, parce que tous, sans exception, nous n'avons qu'un but: servir.

Chacun de nous est un homme qui lutte et qui souffre—oui, qui lutte et qui souffre—non pour lui-même mais pour tous les autres.

Les résultats? Eh bien! Nous avons en ce moment 35,000 hommes sous les armes, 20 vaisseaux de guerre en service, un millier d'aviateurs, 60 navires marchands sur la mer, de nombreux techniciens travaillant à l'armement, des territoires en pleine activité en Afrique, en Inde Française et dans le Pacifique, des groupements importants dans tous les pays du monde, des ressources financières croissantes, des journaux, des postes-radio, et par-dessus tout, la certitude que nous sommes présents à chaque minute dans l'esprit et dans le cœur de tous les Français de France.

Que voulons-nous? D'abord, combattre. Combattre

pour contribuer à vaincre l'ennemi. Entendons bien que le vaincre ce ne doit pas être seulement le chasser du territoire, mais bel et bien briser ce corps physique et moral dont le poids écrase le monde dans sa chair et dans son âme.

Mais, cette victoire, cette victoire certaine, nous voulons, nous, l'armée des Français libres, qu'elle soit, le plus possible, une victoire française. C'est pourquoi nous prétendons rassembler peu à peu dans la guerre tout l'empire et toute la France, quand bien même il nous faudrait libérer par la force les Français empêchés de faire leur devoir par l'épouvantable équivoque de l'obéissance aux gouvernants de trahison.

De cette victoire certaine, de notre victoire, nous entendons, nous les Français libres, qu'une France nouvelle doit sortir. Une telle guerre est une révolution, la plus grande de toutes celles que le monde a connues. Ce que nous apportons nous, les Français libres, d'actif, de grand, de pur, nous voulons en faire un ferment. Nous, les Français libres, entendons faire lever un jour une immense moisson de dévouement, de désintéressement, d'entr'aide.

C'est ainsi que, demain, revivra notre France.

29th November 1940.

The Men whom our Lady France cradles against her broken Heart.

The enemy is in Paris, in Bordeaux, in Lille, in Rheims, and in Strasbourg. The enemy is pillaging the land of France. The enemy is keeping prisoner two million young Frenchmen. The enemy holds in bondage the body and soul of the country.

In the meantime, the men responsible for the capitulation have, first of all, proclaimed a so-called reconstruction—I think they even call it a national revolution! As if there could be any reconstruction for a nation delivered up in

chains to Hitler the lion and Mussolini the jackal. That is why the only results of the alleged revolution were the abolition of the last vestiges of liberty in France, and the rebuilding of the bridges most useful to enemy troops. The mass of the French people never had any illusions on the subject.

It was then that the men of Vichy, alarmed by their own mistake, sought refuge in another. Indeed, when a pact is made with the devil—I mean the enemy—it is in order to go from crime to crime. Doctor Faust, each time he added to Marguerite's misfortunes, had recourse to Mephistopheles. In the same way, the men of Vichy now give ear to the invader when he speaks of collaboration. Yet France, bound and gagged, is struggling against the rape negotiated by her oppressors. France refuses to collaborate.

It seems that the men of Vichy, appalled by the mute fury of the people, are trying to side-track them by means of a few substitutions. It seems that at the court of the Sultan of Vichy a palace revolution has expelled the Grand Vizier. It seems that Vichy has asked Hitler to approve the choice of a successor. However, such changes interest only the court of Vichy, its chamberlains, valets, spies, and eunuchs. France turns with disgust from such intrigues and schemes.

On the contrary, France, our Lady France, holds out her arms to those of her sons who freely and voluntarily are fighting to deliver her. At this very moment, there are some who, in the battle of the Mediterranean, are winning yet a little more glory for our flag. At this very moment, there are some who, side by side with our admirable allies, are pursuing the routed enemy in the sands around Sidi Barrani. At this very moment, there are some who are dying for France.

Naturally, they are the men whom Vichy pursues with its hatred and insults. They are the men whom Vichy

calls traitors and condemns to death. They are the men whom Vichy has decreed to be no longer French! Yet they are also the men whom our Lady France cradles against her broken heart. They are the men who are glorified in our towns and villages by countless inscriptions on the walls. The fervent thoughts of every true French man and woman are centred upon them, while they listen to the stirrings of the empire!

I believe that the guns of Sidi Barrani, in raising the hopes of our trampled country, have crowned the confusion of the enemy's collaborators in Vichy. Whatever is good for the country must necessarily be bad for them. Some day we shall see what it costs to have aided and abetted in the subjugation of France.

16th December 1940.

Qu'il s'en aille vaincu!

L'heure d'espérance du 1^{er} janvier, pendant laquelle nul bon Français ne paraîtra au dehors, voici ce qu'elle voudra dire:

Nos provinces sont à nous, nos terres sont à nous, nos hommes sont à nous. Celui qui nous prend nos provinces, qui mange le blé de nos terres, qui tient nos hommes prisonniers, celui-là est l'ennemi.

La France n'attend rien de l'ennemi, excepté ceci: qu'il s'en aille! Qu'il s'en aille vaincu! L'ennemi est entré chez nous par la force des armes. Un jour, la force des armes chassera l'ennemi de chez nous. Rira bien qui rira le dernier!

C'est cela que tous les Français vont signifier à l'ennemi en observant l'heure d'espérance.

31st December 1940.

Les combinaisons de Vichy

Il paraît que, sous le régime de l'infailibilité, de la collaboration et de la révolution nationale, on vient, pour la huitième fois en sept mois, de changer la composition de ce qu'il est convenu d'appeler le gouvernement de Vichy.

Il paraît que ce huitième changement s'est produit dans le tumulte d'une querelle entre trois politiciens, chacun briguant la première place. L'affaire serait provisoirement réglée.

L'un des trois déclare se retirer faute de pouvoir, affirme-t-il, collaborer actuellement avec l'ennemi dans l'honneur et dans la dignité. En somme, il a, pour le moment, renoncé à construire un cercle carré.

Un autre a refusé, dit-on, de figurer dans l'équipe, parce qu'il n'y serait pas le premier et ne pourrait, par conséquent, collaborer avec l'ennemi autant qu'il rêve de le faire.

Le troisième a donc pris la place. Je ne serais pas surpris que l'ennemi vît dans cet événement la meilleure solution pour ses propres intérêts, car celui-là paraît le plus propre à camoufler sous l'équivoque l'infamie de la collaboration.

Les combinaisons de Vichy, dont Berlin tient les fils, n'inspirent à la France entière que du dégoût et du mépris. Cependant, elles ont des conséquences parce qu'elles sont un élément dans le jeu de l'ennemi.

Ainsi le flot de la marée remue la boue du canal. . . .

En Afrique du Nord Française, l'ennemi, pour accentuer l'infiltration qu'il a commencée, veut neutraliser notre force, jusqu'à ce qu'il puisse sur place parler en maître et en vainqueur.

Sur la mer, l'ennemi veut maintenir notre flotte dans l'inaction pour l'empêcher de remporter la grande victoire navale française qui s'offre à elle aujourd'hui.

Cette passivité mortelle de notre flotte et de notre empire, c'est par Vichy que l'ennemi la fait prescrire. L'épouvantable équivoque de l'infailibilité, de la collaboration, de la révolution nationale, neutralise pour le compte de l'ennemi les moyens qui permettraient à la France de gagner la bataille de la Méditerranée en attendant qu'elle gagne la guerre.

C'est pourquoi, malgré la médiocrité ou l'infamie des personnages, les intrigues, disputes et changements qui se produisent à Vichy ont leurs conséquences terribles, parce que l'ennemi y participe.

C'est pourquoi rien n'est plus malfaisant que l'équivoque de l'obéissance à Vichy qui maintient dans l'inertie les armes méditerranéennes de la France en pleine bataille de la Méditerranée.

C'est pourquoi les Français libres redoublent en ce moment d'efforts afin de suppléer, dans la mesure du possible, à ce qui manque à la France pour remporter, elle aussi, la victoire. En ce moment même, je le dis sans phrases, mais non sans fierté, nos troupes appuyées par notre aviation sont engagées victorieusement au cœur des oasis de Koufra, en Libye italienne, à 800 kilomètres de la frontière du Tchad d'où elles sont parties.

Les combats continuent.

11th February 1941.

Joan of Arc, true, pure and saintly Daughter of France.

A country three-quarters conquered. Most of the men in public positions collaborating with the enemy. Paris, Bordeaux, Orleans, Rheims transformed into foreign garrisons. A representative of the invader dictating law in the capital. Treason on all sides. A chronic state of famine. An ignoble régime of terror and delation organized in town

and country. The soldiers hiding their arms, the leaders their grief, the French people their fury. Such was the outward aspect of France five hundred and twelve years ago, when Joan of Arc came forward to fulfil her mission. Such is the outward aspect of France to-day.

I say 'the outward aspect of France,' for in 1420, despite oppression, shame, and sorrow, the people were not resigned. I say 'the outward aspect of France,' for in 1941 the nation is silently fretting away the chains of servitude. In olden days, it was because of the same secret faith and hope that from Joan of Arc's sword sprang the movement that drove the enemy out of France. To-morrow, the weapons of those who are fighting for the mother country will drive the enemy from our land, because the same faith and hope still live in the souls of Frenchmen.

Joan of Arc, true, pure, and saintly daughter of France, to-morrow, on the National Day of 11th May—your feast-day—the whole French nation will be united in the will for liberation. To-morrow, 11th May, from three to four o'clock in the afternoon, the whole French nation will be found on the public thoroughfares of our towns and villages. In silence, millions of glances exchanged will revive in every heart the flame of national resistance.

Joan of Arc, to-morrow, 11th May, under your aegis, French men and women will know each other.

10th May 1941.

THE AULD ALLIANCE

BY AGNES MURE MACKENZIE

'DE tous temps et ancienneté entre les rois de France et d'Écosse et les princes et subjects des royaumes y a eu très étroite amitié confédération et alliance perpétuelle . . . ayant regard aux grands services que les dicts roys d'Écosse ont par cy-devant faits à nos dicts prédécesseurs à l'expulsion de nos dicts ennemies, à la grande loyauté et fidélité que toujours et sans jamais avoir varié ont esté trouvées en eux et ceux de leur dicte nation. . . .'

So said King Louis XII when in 1513 (France standing alone, save for Scotland, against Europe) he gave *Lettres de naturalité générale* to the whole Scots people, decreeing that henceforth they should have in France all the national privileges of Frenchmen born, without need of formal naturalization. He said more, for the decree goes into some detail: and he said nothing but what was strictly true. There were other kings of France who said it also, for Henri II repeated the same grant, and Henri IV and Louis XIII again, and Louis XIV in 1646, the latter declaring that *il n'y a jamais été fait de différence dans ce royaume entre les sujets naturels de Sa Majesté et les Écossais*, and that the king *veut et entend maintenir en tous les droits, privilèges, et prérogatives à eux accordés par les Rois ses prédécesseurs*, even when France and Scotland's associate England were at war. Nor has that *Arrêt du Conseil du Roi* been rescinded by any subsequent Government of France. It is doubtful if the whole history of Europe has seen a longer or more close alliance than 'the Auld Lyig¹ and Band had and

¹ League.

observit of lang tyme betuix Ws¹ and the Maist Cristyn Prince the King of France, our Predecessouris, Realmes, and Subdittis.'

Notice the last phrase: King Louis has it too—*les subjects* and *ceux de la dite nation*, not only the kings. And there was reason to use it. The Auld Alliance was no mere diplomatic tie between politicians, but a close and profound relationship of peoples. If it did not in fact begin, as men long believed, with Charlemagne in the ninth century, it was certainly in being in the twelfth: and essentially, if not always in strict form, it lasted unbroken for six hundred years. There might be, at times, a certain amount of friction: foreign troops on her soil, foreign counsellors in her court, however friendly their purposes may be, can provide some lively problems for any country. There was even, in the nineteenth century, an interval of actual estrangement, as there may be a quarrel between lovers. But that cloud passed, and please God, will not return.

La douce France has bespelled every nation in Europe. Even to England she was 'that sweet enemy,' and no English law can come into force to this day without the accolade of a French phrase. Even the Prussia of Frederick self-called the Great was France misunderstood and parodied—*singée*. In the days when civilized Europe was one great thing, a thing that knew itself as Christendom, it was France and not its nominal head the Empire who held the hegemony of Christian culture: and as Latin was the common tongue of the Faith, so was French the common tongue of chivalry—*commune à tous gens*, said an Italian, the dear master of Dante. But the link with Scotland is more intimate than any exportation of thing or thought: it lies first in the shape and texture of the mind, in the passion for definition, clarity, the antinomies of cold logic and

¹ Us.

fiery blood, of the strong enjoyment of round material things and the zest in the fine-drawn filigree of abstractions, in the abounding individuality that in ease runs too soon to individualism but under stress can weld in such fierce cohesion of ultimate and enduring loyalty. And the astringent quality of their humour, its turn for precise and devastating phrase to edge a roaring tide, is alike again. It took a Scot to put Rabelais into English . . . and then, of course, he would only go into Scots. And the national faults are as kin as the national virtues, since they are the obverse of these qualities.

I need not labour the point: perhaps the cause is the same balance of peoples in both nations. Both have for basis the quick clear Celtic mind, with an infiltration of the Teuton dreamer, and the hard-edged shapely violence of the Northmen to give spine to the blade and weight behind the stroke: and both are framed by the firm Roman tradition that is underneath their learning and their law. The Frenchman who knows our country, the Scot who knows France, will know what I mean without these halting phrases for a thing as easy to feel and as hard to define as the smell of wood-smoke in a Paris morning or of peat across the machair of the Long Island.

For our English friends the complex unwordable nearness is perhaps more easily shown in illustration. To-day we are wiser than our immediate forbears in judging the real size and quality of the careless untidy genius that was Dumas. We can strip now the accretion of *marqueterie* and find his own work, and in it how much of France. It is true, of course, that he has suffered, in Britain, from being read too young and in translation: as with our own Scott or the English Trollope, his best is a privilege of the mature, and as for translating him, it cannot be done. I would ten times sooner tackle Proust or

Racine. But we all know the immortal Musketeers. They are as various as four men could be, yet each of them is indubitably French: to conceive them as English, Italian, German, Spanish, is a wrench to the mind, like something out of nature. Yet any or all of them might well be Scots . . . though Athos, to be sure, would have to be Highland. If one changed no more than their speech, or half of it, and their uniform (one need not change the flag), Hepburn's Regiment, along on the right of the Line, in the place their own King Louis for good cause gave it, would accept them as its natural recruits.

Framing this fundamental instinctive kinship have gone long centuries of shared history. Before the Barbarians came across the Rhine to tear the carcass of the dying Empire, our Christianity came to us from France. St Ninian, our Apostle, was trained at Tours, and the first church in Scotland bore the name of St Martin. As the tide of the Dark Ages slowly ebbed and, under Malcolm III's guidance and his sons', Scotland turned her face to Europe, she shared, like all the nations of Christentie, in the tide of new life that flowed from the Seine and the Loire. Before the great twelfth century reached its height, when David I had been dead but fifteen years, the close and special relation had begun. Two nations, nurseries of fighting soldiers, but too often torn by disunion and one very small, had to face the shock of Plantagenet aggression and the Tudor that followed: and since their common enemy lay between, their common interest in union was clear from the first.

It was more, though, than a military alliance. In the Hundred Years Peace of the thirteenth century, when Scotland and England appeared to be on the way to establish a real and lasting national friendship, the Scottish crusaders still fought under St Louis. Scots scholars and

merchants, in that prosperous time, went back and forth from all the ports of France, among them the great Michael Scott, the Emperor's tutor, who recovered the lost Aristotle from Islam and affected the thought of Europe for centuries. There was a Rue d'Écosse in the Latin Quarter: there is still a stump of it left, or was till lately, between the Collège de France and the Panthéon. French was the common speech of the Scots court—not, as in England, as that of a ruling race, but as the second, common, vernacular for men whose other tongue was Gaelic or English, Norse or the perhaps still lingering Welsh of Strathclyde. Even before that century of peace, began the long procession of our French queens (not counting two Normans, there were seven of them) with the shadowy Ermengarde, the mother of the strong Alexander II. His wife, Queen Marie, 'a lady of an unbelievable beauty,' had a true Frenchwoman's wit and resolution: but their son had more happiness in his wife than fortune. Queen Yolette's fair face brought the death of a great king and three centuries of dangerous war to his kingdom.

That war, and the bitter Hundred Years War in France, forged the link that bound the countries like shrunk steel. Again and again, the one kingdom helped the other, often at cost. Many Scots fell at Poitiers, and Flodden again was fought to fulfil James IV's guarantee to France, while the French fleet destroyed off Dundee was relieving Berwick. But the comradeship was not always in defeat. Very far from that: in the bleak chaos of war under David II, it was with French troops under Garancières that Robert Stewart took Perth and turned the tide: and another tide turned later in shattered France when Hugh Kennedy and Robert Stewart of Ralston held the bridge at Baugé against the Duke of Clarence: Henry V had good cause to curse

the Scots as he died. A Scots prince, in those wars, was Commander-in-Chief of France. With the young Scots princess of the 'face like starlight' who died before her husband became King Louis, was asked as dower not gold but six thousand Scots soldiers . . . nearly four times as many came then from that small country. To Stewart of Darnley Charles VII granted the honour of bearing the Lilies themselves upon his shield, quartered as if he were a Prince of France with the blue-and-gold-chequered fesse of his own arms: and to many other men broad lands and lordships—Concressault, Aubigny, Évreux, and fair Touraine.

From that hard war came the *Garde écossaise* of the kings, whose captain should stand next the king at his coronation and receive from his hand the presented keys of cities, in token of unblemished loyalty: to the very end of the French monarchy, the senior company of the *Gardes du corps* was the *Compagnie écossaise*, and wore the Scots colours.

There are many traces of the comradeship. Orleans had long—indeed, it may have still—a street that is called the Street of the Sword of Scotland, and till the Revolution a *messe écossaise* was said in its cathedral for the Scots dead—perhaps at the altar where a Scottish bishop gave the Holy Sacrament to a young French saint. Not only Orleans but all that land of the Loire is filled with the ghosts of Scots comrades of Sainte Jeanne. A Douglas Duke of Touraine lies in Tours Cathedral. (That province was later the jointure of a queen who was Queen of Scots and Queen-Dowager of France.) In Tours a Scots painter fashioned for the Maid the banner she held 'far dearer than my sword.'

The tradition went on. The great Bernard Stuart d'Aubigny, Father of War, was Stewart of Darnley's grandson, both Frenchman and Scot: the Maréchal

d'Aubigny, his nephew again, was brother of a Scottish Earl of Lennox. And again and again Scots fought under the French flag: was not one of Napoleon's marshals a MacDonald, the son of a refugee from the north-west? But the tale of that long service would fill this book.

France paid her debt. In the turmoil after Flodden, a Scots prince who was Admiral of France came with French help to stand against Henry VIII, leaving 'his Maister, his Lady, and his Leving, and indurand¹ grete Panis and Chargis in the Kingis Service' . . . so said with gratitude the Scots Parliament, who made him Regent for their baby sovereign: and when Henry later demanded his replacement by a predecessor of Herr Major Quisling, he was answered in words that we well may recall to-day:

Giff² this zoure³ Querell be Just or Resonable, God be the Juge, sen it may be na better. . . . We will with his Presence take oure Aventure of Pece or Were as sall pleys God to send it. . . . And giff, for this Cause, we happin to be Invadit, quhat⁴ may We do bot tak God to oure gude Qerel in Defens, and do as our Progenitoris and Forbearis has bene Constrenyit⁵ to do, for the conservatione of this Realme heretofore.

Later, when Henry had turned to 'total war' and was ordering his troops to kill Scots women and children 'whenever resistance shalbe made ageynst you,' it was a French Queen-Dowager of Scots who held firm against his attacks and Scotland's dissension: and French troops fought also in that ghastly struggle, when the country was torn by the strife of the factions also—strife that came too from France, from the cold Picard clarity of Jean Calvin, a man of that chilly north-eastern plain of the March that was to breed Robespierre. Meanwhile the young queen

¹ Enduring. ² If. ³ Your. ⁴ What. ⁵ Constrained.

her daughter was safe in France, and a soldier historian of the Scots war calls her

vne des plus parfaites creatures qui iamais fut veuë,¹ et telle que des² ce ieune aage avec esmerueillables³ et louables commencemens elle ha donné si grande attente de soi qu'il n'est possible de plus esperer de Princesse de la terre.

Soon a Union of Crowns hooped France² and Scotland together: but then the young Valois died, and the queen's son inherited crowns that united Scotland and England. That weakened the political link with France, though King James—our James VI, England's James I—saw, like the very shrewd statesman that he was, the value of close alliance between the three nations, and tried hard to ensure it and bring a real friendship of Scotland and France and their Auld Inimie. It was a noble conception: but England was not yet ready, and it failed.

Yet the old link still held, in a curious fashion. Not only were the Second House of Stewart—James and his son and grandsons—friends to France, but again and again, in that century and the next, in the long course of the religious wars, the fugitives from whichever of the factions chanced to be undermost took flight to France for shelter, livelihood, and education.

Later, the country, ruined by the long wars, turned to rebuilding, and spectacularly. In 1700 she seemed at the point of death: in 1800 she was rich and thriving, and her capital one of the brain centres of Europe. During that change, again the life of France had quickened and stirred the spirit of many Scotsmen: it was said that 'every Scots gentleman of £300 a year spends two or three years in France as a matter of course.' The leaders of Scots thought were welcomed in Paris: when Hume came on an

¹ Vue.

² Dès.

³ Émerveillables—merveilleux.

embassy to Versailles the young Enfants de France were coached in pretty speeches about his books, and the greatest men of letters were his friends. And if Bruce long ago in the fourteenth century had read a French romance aloud to his men to help them forget hard lying and short rations, Napoleon took Ossian with him on campaign, while Henry Mackenzie and Scott had strong effect on the subsequent history of the French novel.

The band holds yet. There are very many Scots who have lain these twenty odd years in kind French earth. It is strong yet also in the frail and briefer life of us who live. When I go in the little stone towns of Brittany, by the shore of the Manche, there comes vividly to my mind another in the Outer Isles where I was born, by the shore of the Minch: and when I go in the Marches of my own country, where the border burghs stand firm about their squares as a French one with the like fighting history stands round its *place d'armes*, I remember France. Falkland is French and Langeais could well be Scots: and the resemblance goes deeper than stone and lime.

I have not told a fraction of the story. Scots ghosts, of scholars, merchants, courtiers, soldiers, crowd every furrow of the great Square Field. When the pipes of the Highlanders sound over the Rhine they will wake from their sleep John Graham's officers who swept breast-deep against the tenfold Germans and drove them backward into their boasted river from the Île d'Écosse. And when the Royal Scots go into action, they will hear far away the ghostly cheers of the Régiment d'Hébron, their forbears who followed Condé and Turenne.

It is now a little more than five hundred years—two years before a girl came out of Lorraine—since Alain Chartier, Ambassador of France and Father of the French poets of his day, said to a king of Scots who was also a poet: 'The

league and alliance between our countries, Sire, is not written on parchment or the skin of sheep but graven in the living flesh of men, in letters not of ink but of red blood.'

DANS LES BOIS

Au printemps, l'oiseau naît et chante:
N'avez-vous jamais ouï sa voix? . . .
Elle est pure, simple et touchante
La voix de l'oiseau—dans les bois!

L'été, l'oiseau cherche l'oiselle;
Il aime, et n'aime qu'une fois!
Qu'il est doux, paisible et fidèle
Le nid de l'oiseau—dans les bois!

Puis, quand vient l'automne brumeuse
Il se tait . . . avant les temps froids.
Hélas! qu'elle doit être heureuse
La mort de l'oiseau—dans les bois!

GÉRARD DE NEVAL.

LA FRANCE LIBRE

ITS LEADER—ITS NATURE—ITS AIMS

BY MAURICE DEJEAN

(Director of Political Affairs of Free France—appointed Commissioner for Foreign Affairs on 24th September 1941)

My first thought was of writing about the conditions in which the armistice was signed and the idea which may be formed of the France of to-morrow. But, on second thoughts, it is perhaps better, instead of reviewing the past or speculating about the future, to concentrate attention on the present and try to explain who we are, who is our leader, General de Gaulle, and what is the movement he has created: in short, what is Free France.

Moreover, this provides me with an opportunity of giving a few indications concerning the Bordeaux tragedy and our conception of the France of to-morrow, which are necessary to a proper understanding of the subject.

General de Gaulle is already well known in England. For the general public his very name evokes the image of a great military leader. Amongst the superior officers of the French Army, he is one of the few who had a clear idea of modern warfare. He foresaw in detail the fresh possibilities of technical developments and the immense progress made by planes and tanks. He was the only person who urged France to forge in time the weapons necessary for her defence and to acquire the war material without which it was impossible to withstand the avalanche of steel which must sooner or later sweep over our country. General de Gaulle is not one of those who were lulled into

a false sense of security by the Maginot Line. He never imagined that millions of tons of concrete buried in the soil could dispense our generals from all mental effort.

He is the only military leader who, in the hour of trial, has shown himself to be equal to the adversary. With 250 tanks, hurriedly assembled into a formation called the 4th Armoured Division, he succeeded in penetrating deep into the enemy lines and remained there for several days, wreaking havoc similar to that inflicted by the enemy behind our own lines. He was still only a colonel. His stars were won on the battlefield, when he became the youngest and first of our generals.

I met the general in Paris, when he had just accomplished what we uninitiated people considered as an exploit; the general was of a different opinion, and found it quite natural. 'To advance,' he explained, 'is the only way to make the enemy retreat.'

Unfortunately, he was unable to obtain the tanks necessary to cut the enemy's communications and force him to fall back. It was then that he accepted the post of Under-Secretary of State for War, to which he was called by the confidence of the Army and the friendship of the head of the Government, M. Paul Reynaud.

My readers will all know of the efforts he made in this capacity to prevent the defeat of our armies in France from becoming a political and diplomatic disaster, and to spare our country a shameful capitulation which besmirched her honour and placed her completely at the mercy of the enemy.

General de Gaulle is one of the few men who have proved greater than the catastrophe. While realizing the extent of the misfortune which had befallen France, he never lost sight of the vast defensive means of which we still disposed. If General de Gaulle's voice had been

heard, if our magnificent fleet and our empire had continued the struggle, if the Government had not allowed itself to come under the tutelage of the enemy—then Italy, not France, would have asked for a separate peace. In the striking words of the British Prime Minister, the Mediterranean would long since have been a Franco-British lake; there would not be a single Italian soldier in Africa other than the prisoners; no German would ever have set foot there. Italy herself would have been occupied, not by German divisions, but by Franco-British forces. The map of the war would have been completely different. The British would have been spared immense sacrifices. The sufferings of the French people and of the world would have been shortened by several years.

General de Gaulle's advice was not followed. It was disregarded in the same way as Mr Churchill's moving exhortations and the encouragements of the President of the United States. But the general's disappointment neither undermined his courage nor altered his resolve to continue the struggle until final victory. He came to London. He was received with the utmost friendliness, and it was made possible for him to go on with the fight. For this France—the real France—will always be grateful.

That is what most English people know about General de Gaulle. Nevertheless, it is only one aspect of his strong personality and his activity. The general is more than just a military leader: he is the Leader of the Free French. I should like to emphasize what that means.

As a national movement, Free France is still little known. The attitude adopted towards it by British public opinion has so far largely been influenced by the attitude towards Vichy. That is to say, it has been rather badly defined and subject to a good deal of fluctuation.

We understand only too well the wavering of the British

public with regard to the Armistice Government. For several decades the links between the two countries were so close that it seemed they could never be loosened. When the Bordeaux disaster occurred there was complete confusion. In London it was not known at first what line of conduct to adopt towards the strange novelty constituted in the international order by the Vichy Government—a Government which claims to be sovereign, and is a prisoner—a Government which calls itself neutral and includes collaboration with the enemy in its programme.

The first feeling was one of painful amazement. England could not understand that France had capitulated. The various British departments were so accustomed to working in close co-operation with the corresponding French ministries that they could not understand that the armistice had severed their relationship. It was not realized that official France was no longer the real France. The close friendship which was, and still is, accorded to our country, was shown by the indulgence with which the Vichy Government was treated. The British thought they were dealing with their unhappy brothers. It was only little by little that they were forced to recognize that these men were auxiliaries, accomplices of the enemy.

As Vichy sank more and more deeply into the quagmire of collaboration, Free France benefited, if not by a warmer friendship—since this had never been lacking—at least by a greater comprehension.

That is why the moment has probably come to try to tell who we are, what we want, all of us who have abandoned our families, our native land, our worldly goods, our professions, in order to answer the call of General de Gaulle.

We are *rebels* and we are *conservatives*.

We are *rebels* against those who have accepted defeat without having exhausted the fighting possibilities. Rebels

against those who have betrayed their international engagements without the excuse of *force majeure*. Rebels against those who have accepted servitude with an unhealthy fervour. Rebels against those who have profited by the defeat in order to seize permanent hold of power and who add their despotism to the foreign tyranny. Rebels against those Frenchmen who prevent their compatriots from coming to fight for the liberation of their land. Rebels against the cowards who shelter behind a great name in order to betray their country. Rebels against those who, in the name of collaboration, invite the French nation to forge its own chains, to dig its own grave.

We know that the men of Vichy plead Not Guilty. They maintain that collaboration with Germany is the only course still open. According to themselves, they are only drawing the inferences of a given situation. As for responsibility, they throw that on the governments which preceded them, on the former régime, on the very principle of democracy. Here again we are in complete disagreement with Vichy.

This problem of responsibility is of capital importance. I do not aspire to go into the question, but must nevertheless denounce the equivocal situation carefully maintained by the Germans and their henchmen. For reasons which are only too obvious, Berlin and Vichy have systematically confused:

- (1) The responsibility for the war.
- (2) The responsibility for the military defeat.
- (3) The responsibility for the capitulation.

In the interest of France, these three points must be clearly distinguished.

1. The responsibility for the war is inscribed on the

pages of history in letters of blood and fire. It is an established fact that Germany made the war inevitable—even more so than in 1914. Who can forget the endless concessions made to Germany, the untiring efforts to interest her in peaceful collaboration with the other Great Powers, and to persuade her to become a member of the great family of nations which respect their mutual freedom.

In response to this gentle and magnanimous treatment, Germany merely tore up her treaties, one after another, and violated her most solemn engagements, even those entered into entirely of her own accord. The re-militarization of the Rhineland, the annexation of Austria, the invasion of Bohemia and Moravia despite the great sacrifices made by Czechoslovakia a few months previously in favour of peace—these were so many provocations which inevitably led to a fresh catastrophe. When the German army invaded Poland on 1st September 1939, despite the combined efforts of Paris, London, and Washington to obtain a peaceful settlement, it was clear that France and Great Britain no longer had any choice between war and peace; their only decision was between war and abdication.

These events are still fresh in all our minds; but I think it advisable to recall them, because the leaders of Vichy, by bringing before a tribunal the so-called authors of the catastrophe, implicitly admitted France's guilt in the outbreak of war. The text concerning the competence of the court of Riom mentions 'those who are responsible for the change from a state of peace to a state of war.' This text is not only a challenge to history: it constitutes an act of high treason with regard to France. It is a Machiavellian scheme on the part of the Germans. For if France admits guilt for the war, are not all Germany's demands justified?

Faced with such an attitude on the part of the men of

Vichy, we, the Free French, wish solemnly to recall that our country had no shadow of responsibility in the outbreak of war. If any reproach can be made to France, and, indeed, also to England, it is that of having held out too long for peace.

2. Besides the responsibility for the war, which falls entirely on the Reich and leaves France completely innocent, there is also the responsibility for the military defeat. We mention it without resentment, solely because it is necessary for the future of our country that we should learn from the cruel experience we have gone through—from the terrible lesson inflicted upon us.

We will not try to determine the various causes of the military defeat, but will merely emphasize the principal one: the deficiency of the technicians. A victorious war is a terrible handicap for an army. Since 1918, French military circles have too easily given way to the illusion that they knew the last word in strategy and that the principles applied in 1918 were still infallible. In vain the attention of the French High Command was called to the progress of mechanization in the German Army and the prodigious development of the Reich Air Force. Our War Academy and our School of Marshals held the view that excessive motorization would slow up the advance of troops. As for the Air Force, its role was long-distance reconnaissance flights and the war of nerves. It was above all a weapon against civilians. In the next war, it was said, the issue would still be determined by the great masses of infantry and artillery. Neither the experience of the offensive against Barcelona, led by the German General von Richthofen, nor the lightning campaign in Poland could shake our General Staff from their terrible calm. Though already demonstrated twice on the European battlefields, the combined action of tanks and planes came as a surprise

to our High Command when the Germans applied it on the Western Front in May 1940. I do not, of course, mean to infer that the generals alone were guilty; but I am of opinion that they must bear a large share of the responsibility. Nor is the rain of stars and decorations which has been going on since the armistice likely to lead to forgetfulness.

I shall dwell no longer on this subject. I realize too well the necessity for a nation to keep its belief in the army through all trials, storms, and disappointments. But what has just been said was necessary, for the world must not doubt the French nation's military virtues.

3. I come to the third heading: responsibility for the capitulation. This is the saddest point, which no Frenchman can mention without a feeling of shame and anger. What I must emphasize is that the capitulation was not decided upon by the French people themselves; it was the work of a small number of individuals.

I saw the French people in those tragic hours. Let me tell of a small incident which will give you an insight into their frame of mind. When the Government had to leave the banks of the Loire to go to Bordeaux, M. Paul Reynaud's car was stopped at a level crossing in a small village. Now in the village in question were to be found people representative of all parts of France: refugees from Alsace and Lorraine, refugees from Paris, soldiers on leave and soldiers on duty, the local inhabitants—in short, a miniature France. All these people, recognizing the President of the Council, gave him a magnificent ovation. 'Stand fast,' they cried on all sides. 'What matter if Paris be destroyed? the main thing is not to give in. Fight on to the finish, even if they occupy the whole country.' I was present at this scene. It took place on 14th June at Chalais, half-way between Montrichard and Bordeaux. It was the voice of the French people pointing out the road to be followed with

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the assurance of a nation which has kept intact its sense of dignity and its instinct of self-preservation.

But in Bordeaux this voice was shouted down by the cries of a clique—forerunners of the fifth column. They had been preparing their move for a long time, and only waited for the moment when France was shaken by the shock of arms to hurl themselves upon her and drag her, gagged and bound, to the feet of the conqueror.

All these men, hankering after servitude and despotism, wanted to seize the opportunity afforded by the national disaster to find good posts for themselves. Risen to power through the defeat of France, they are now trying to make their positions secure by a German victory. That is the relentless logic of the capitulation which General de Gaulle has so often denounced. It explains the attitude—at first sight inconceivable—of an admiral of the French Fleet who dares to speak of the ‘generosity’ of Hitler! This man who, last June, had not a moment’s hesitation in placing his ships under the protection of the Germans and Italians, to-day dreams only of sending them to fight for the benefit of his own country’s executioners.

These are the people against whom we have rebelled: the Darlans, the Lavals, the Brinons, the Déats, the Doriots. Whatever may be their internal discord and quarrels, for us these sad specimens of humanity are all minions of the enemy, traitors to our country’s sacred cause.

We are rebels, but we are also *conservatives*. We remain faithful to the great French traditions of honour, valour, and liberty. Within the narrow limits of our powers, we mean to honour the signature of France on her treaty of alliance with Great Britain; we mean to continue to fight at the side of all the countries victimized by Germany and with whom our country had treaties, or who have become the allies of our allies; we mean to uphold the good name

of the French Army; we mean to preserve intact the glory won by our ancestors for the French flag; we mean to maintain the link between the victorious France of yesterday and the liberated France of to-morrow. These are the aims of Free France, the final goal of all our efforts. We are under no delusion. We know that the war will be long and arduous, that the path to our objective is fraught with difficulties. We have drawn up a programme of immediate action, which comprises three essential points:

- (a) Participation in the war.
- (b) Influence on the French Empire.
- (c) Maintenance of the morale in France.

(a) Participation in the war by every means at the disposal of Free France is our primary object. It is true that these means are limited. Our army is still composed of but a few tens of thousands. Our fleet comprises thirty warships and eighty merchantmen—a quarter of the French Mercantile Marine. Our air force is still in its infancy. But our forces constitute an *élite*. Our volunteers have run the gravest risks in order to come and serve under General de Gaulle. Many of them have been in constant danger of their lives, tracked down for weeks by Gestapo agents and the bloodhounds of Vichy. Most of them performed acts of heroism before they were even given a rifle. They are led by men celebrated amongst French colonials for their uprightness and bravery. The part they are playing in the British campaigns in Africa is important, not alone from the military point of view, but also, and above all, because of its symbolic value. By mingling their blood with that of the Imperial forces, they are washing away the stain with which the capitulation has sullied the French flag. They affirm the right of France to resurrection and freedom.

The heart of Free France beats in the breasts of these soldiers. They represent all that is best in us. Their attraction for the youth of France is so great that the Vichy Government has been obliged to take the strongest measures to prevent able-bodied men from coming to join them. But we know that such measures are inadequate. No government can stifle a nation's urge towards freedom. Despite all the police and frontier guards, our ranks will continue to swell with the influx of Frenchmen who prefer death to slavery.

(b) The second task we have undertaken is to show the French Empire the part it must play in the liberation of the mother country.

Some colonies have already answered our call. The flag of Free France flies over thousands of square miles from the shores of the Atlantic to the confines of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and Libya.

The strategic value of these possessions which have joined the Free French movement need not be emphasized.

But that is too small a part of our immense empire. We know it only too well. The other French Africans must do their duty too. We appeal to them constantly, pointing out the abyss to which the Vichy policy is leading.

Germany makes no secret of her intentions with regard to the African continent; she loudly proclaims her lust of conquest. She wanted a New Europe; now she hankers after a New Africa. The master of the Third Reich, in his madness for domination, in his thirst for blood, dreams of extending his empire from North Cape to the Cape of Good Hope. But the menace is directed first, and above all, against North Africa, Tunisia, Algeria, Morocco, French West Africa, and, of course, Egypt.

The German plan is already in course of execution. While tanks are being rushed to the Egyptian frontier,

Nazi agents are percolating into Morocco, paralysing our defences, seizing our key positions, stirring up the natives, preparing the way for the arrival of their armed forces.

Every day, untiringly, we point out these dangers to our North African compatriots. We are trying to open their eyes, to remind them that there is a duty more sacred than discipline: the salvation of our country. We cite the example of Marshal Lyautey. The great African leader understood and kept Morocco because, in those tragic hours, he knew how to disobey the orders he was given. Yet those orders came from a Government which did not collaborate with the enemy, and whose president was the great patriot Raymond Poincaré.

We have the satisfaction of knowing that our propaganda in North Africa is not without effect. We know we are in close communion with the vast majority of the French population in the empire. We know, too, that because of the attitude of public opinion in the empire the men of Vichy have provisionally had to slow up the influx of undesirables. But this precarious result will not suffice. We do not despair of rousing the French Empire from its lethargy and bringing it into the struggle. We will work unceasingly to that end.

(c) We have yet a third field of activity, and one that is particularly dear to us. It is to sustain the morale of our compatriots who are suffering under the tyranny of the enemy and the despotism of his accomplices.

Our efforts in this respect are greatly helped by the British Broadcasting Corporation, and have been crowned with most encouraging success. Every day we have proof from across the Channel that our voice is heard, that the French broadcasts from London are the only ray of hope in the darkness with which the French are systematically surrounded. Out of forty million Frenchmen, more than

thirty-nine million loathe the Germans and their collaborators. Each day these Frenchmen retemper their souls and find fresh reason for hope in listening to the voice of other Frenchmen.

In that part of France we cherish most dearly, where moral and physical suffering is greatest, and which, moreover, comprises two-thirds of the country and three-quarters of the population, the soul of France has remained completely intact. The German venom has not penetrated. These regions are occupied, but they are not conquered. And conquered they never will be. Their firm attitude is at the present moment the only brake on Vichy's policy of help to Germany.

If we have been able to contribute, however humbly, to this magnificent result, it is already ample justification for our existence and our action.

I wish to emphasize this fact, for I am aware of the criticisms which have been directed against us. Even well-intentioned people say: 'Let the Free French fight; they nevertheless are, and must be, an exclusively military movement. They must not aspire to any political activity.'

To my mind that is an abstract view. To justify it one would have to differentiate between the citizen and the soldier in a given individual. Certainly it is a more glorious mission to shoulder a rifle than to awaken the empire from its slumber or to sustain the morale of metropolitan France. But both are important for the final issue. Do not the events of recent years clearly and tragically show the value of psychological factors in modern warfare?

Just as we call to arms all Frenchmen who can find the means to join us, so we also urge all those who remain in France to be of good heart and thus permanently thwart the foreign desire for domination.

Other complaints have been made about us, but it is sufficient to say that most of them are contradictory.

Some people reproach us with being *a survival of the Front populaire*. That is the theme Vichy propaganda likes to develop for French public opinion. In America, the Vichy representatives have found another argument, and represent us as *an essentially Fascist movement*. Frankly, I am afraid that America is not the only country where such calumnies find credence.

In point of fact, we are neither Left nor Right—we are purely and simply French. We have taken position, and intend to remain, on a purely national basis. Our ambition is to bring together all Frenchmen who wish to contribute to the liberation of our country and who reject—and always will reject—foreign domination.

This sacred mission does not allow of any political limits to the Free French movement. We will not seek out people too definitely labelled one way or another, for that would be playing into the hands of our opponents. But, apart from this consideration, we care little what were the former politics of the young Frenchmen who come to join us, as long as they are animated by the desire to throw off the foreign yoke and save their country.

Our ideology is simple, and we mean to keep it so. We will never allow it to grow to such an extent as to hamper our action. It is composed of a few elementary principles which must be recognized by all who take part in the crusade against the dictatorships, in the great task of world liberation.

We are staunch adherents of the fundamental principle of all democracy: respect for human dignity, both of individuals and of nations. We want France to be once more a free country, delivered from foreign tutelage and internal despotism. We believe that the restoration of France's

external freedom must be the prelude to the reinstatement of those traditional liberties so dear to the French people.

At the same time, we intend to maintain the spiritual heritage called Christianity which, for two thousand years, has been common to all civilized peoples. I do not mean Christianity in the confessional sense of the word, but rather as denoting a mental attitude, a permanent disposition of the soul. It has been given many names: tolerance, liberalism, humanitarianism, philanthropy, fraternity, socialism. But all these words stand for one and the same sublime reality: love of our neighbour, that supreme divine and human law, common denominator of all the great philosophic and religious doctrines. We cannot, therefore, conceive of a national community which is not based on close solidarity between all its members. But we are also fully aware that liberty is precarious and deceptive unless based on solid authority and voluntary discipline. In this respect, the great English and American democracies provide a most edifying example. Like them, we want a free people in a strong state.

Such is our profession of faith. Simple and comprehensive, it is open to all true Frenchmen, to all who aspire to win back for France her dignity and independence. At the same time, it establishes close affinity between us and the great nations now bearing the brunt of the war, fighting or working not only for their own freedom but also for that of all the enslaved nations.

We have been subjected to some other criticisms, which have been made very clearly in one of the King Hall letters. I have pleasure in paying tribute to the effort at objectivity made by the article in question. But I venture to believe that the author was insufficiently conversant with the real nature of our movement.

He represents us as a mere fraction of French public opinion. He reproaches us with representing ourselves as the only true Frenchmen.

We are not a fraction of French public opinion. We claim to be the voice of France. Forty million Frenchmen are gagged, either by the agents of Himmler or by the Vichy police. They have practically no way of expressing their feelings. But we know what those feelings are. Hundreds of mysterious links unite us to our compatriots. Their thoughts, their sufferings, their hopes are known to us. We know that they loathe the enemy and despise his accomplices. Peasants, labourers, intellectuals—all are equally dear. To us, who have remained free, who have the means of making our voice heard, falls the noble task of being their interpreters, of proclaiming to the world what they themselves would wish to say.

We are therefore far from thinking ourselves the only true Frenchmen. Indeed, we are convinced that the vast majority of our nation remains sound and ardently patriotic. The false Frenchmen, the henchmen of the enemy, are but a small minority. An abyss yawns between them and the rest of the French people. They can only maintain their position by making foreign tyranny a prop for their despotism. Their sole strength lies in the German bayonets. They are spurned and despised by almost the entire population.

This population gives proof every day of its loyalty to the French cause. When British airmen go to bomb the German bases, they are acclaimed by our peasants, our labourers, our seafaring men. They rejoice in all the damage inflicted on the enemy, even though such action inevitably involves grave danger for themselves. They delight in accounts of blows against the Germans and Italians. They are worried when the British are preoccupied.

They exult in British victories. They see no solution to their woes other than in England's triumph. At the peril of their lives they hide Britons still on French soil. We have many witnesses of the tender care with which they treated British wounded. They are proud and happy to know that Frenchmen continue the fight and thus help to hasten the day of liberation. I have been told of mothers who reproached their sons with having returned to France when they could have joined General de Gaulle. If the most unhappy of our compatriots, if the prisoners who are suffering in camps the tortures of hunger added to those of isolation, could speak for themselves, they would say to Britain: 'Don't give in. Stand firm until victory is won.' For all these suffering people, de Gaulle is the tower of strength in their hour of trial, the light which shines on the horizon, the inner certitude of national resurrection. That is why I said to you at the beginning of this *exposé*: General de Gaulle is more than just a military leader; he is the personification of French patriotism.

To illustrate the feelings of the French people with regard to Great Britain and General de Gaulle, I should like to cite some information we have received:

An army doctor recently returned from a prisoners' camp told how the French soldiers, when they learned of the entry of British troops into Benghazi, struck up the *Marseillaise* and *God Save the King*. It was impossible to silence them, for they numbered several thousands.

A French prisoner, escaped from a Pomeranian camp, arrived in Vichy. He asked to be sent to Egypt to fight the Italians and was most surprised by the astonishment with which his request was received.

A photograph has been sent to us from France. It shows a notice bearing the signature of some French quisling. The notice is spattered with mud. Painted on

the wall above it is a large Cross of Lorraine and underneath, in huge letters, the words: 'Long live de Gaulle!'

Long live de Gaulle! That is the rallying cry of French patriots, the magic phrase which is written by thousands on the walls of our palaces and cottages as a constant challenge to Hitler. 'De Gaulle'—that is the greatest obstacle to the policy of collaboration with the enemy, which, in plain language, is called the policy of treason.

It is therefore not surprising that General de Gaulle is constantly attacked by German propaganda and that Goebbels's fertile brain is always inventing new lies about him, which are re-echoed obediently by Radio-Paris and Radio-Vichy.

Moreover, has not the Vichy Government itself just given the world the most conclusive proof of the magic effect of this name on French patriots, by closing the frontiers to all able-bodied men?

Such a step only confirms the historic mission henceforward entrusted to the Leader of Free France.

Nobody understands this mission better than the British Prime Minister. Several months ago he made the following statement:

'His Majesty's Government have no intention whatever of abandoning the cause of General de Gaulle until it is merged, as merged it will be, in the larger cause of France.'

And that is precisely our aim: to merge Free France into liberated France. That is what we are working and fighting for at Britain's side. It is our reason for trying to enlist in our ranks the greatest possible number of our compatriots. We are convinced that when Germany is beaten, when the enemy has been driven from our soil, Frenchmen will know how to rebuild their house and put it in order. They will be able to establish a just balance between restored internal liberties and the authority necessary for

their maintenance. If those who to-day form General de Gaulle's entourage happen to have any influence in the France of to-morrow, they will use it above all to maintain close solidarity between our country and the great western democracies. For such a policy is dictated, not alone by gratitude to the nations which make it possible for us to continue the struggle, but also—and above all—by the profound conviction that a lasting peace must not be the crystallization of a given military and diplomatic situation, but a continual creation of the great nations which strive towards freedom and progress.

I cannot bear a French metropolis.—DR JOHNSON.

Si j'avais eu à choisir le lieu de ma naissance, j'aurais choisi l'Angleterre.—VOLTAIRE.

The greatest Part of those Complaints we make against our Neighbours, are owing to the want of Reflection upon our selves.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, *Maximes*.

FRANCE SET FREE

BY THE RT HON. A. DUFF COOPER

FIVE hundred years ago France had been defeated in war with the result that the country was divided into two parts, one of which was entirely occupied and controlled by the enemy, and the other, unoccupied France, where a feeble and irresolute but genuinely French Government still maintained a semblance of independence and a feeble resistance. The defeat of France had been largely due to internal quarrels between Frenchmen, and there were large numbers of Frenchmen who were openly collaborating with the enemy and assisting him in dividing and destroying France. These false Frenchmen were called Burgundians—not because they came from Burgundy but because the Duke of Burgundy was their leader.

This was the state of affairs when Joan of Arc appeared. She was the daughter of a successful farmer, and her childhood had been spent in carrying out the duties of a working girl. She was not beautiful, but she had that about her which made it difficult for men or women to refuse to do as she wished. She could neither read nor write—she was not learned but she was very wise. Her home was in Lorraine, which, although it lies upon the borders of France, and has always been greedily coveted by her aggressive neighbour, is nevertheless as truly and entirely French as any province in the whole country.

Joan felt humiliated by the unhappy state into which France had fallen. She was deeply religious. Her faith and France were all she cared for, and she heard voices that told her it was her duty to save her country.

The nominal head of the Government in unoccupied France was a weak young man—King Charles VII. In addition to the weakness of his character his position was undermined by grave doubts as to his legitimacy. Many believed that he was not the true son of the late king. Also it was an article of faith throughout the country that no man could be truly King of France until he had been crowned at Rheims. Between Rheims and Charles, however, lay the army of the enemy, and that army was then actively engaged in besieging Orleans, which was still held by Charles's supporters and which lay on the direct route from Charles's headquarters to Rheims.

Amongst the numberless other questions, military and political, with which men's minds were filled in those days, as they are to-day, these two plain facts stuck out in stark reality to the clear vision of the inspired maid. The king must be crowned at Rheims to give him the authority he needed, and the invader must be driven from Orleans in order that the king might come to Rheims. Nothing else mattered for the moment. Now whether this was the message brought to her from heaven by St Catherine and St Margaret, as Joan believed, or whether it was the light of genius, as the sceptic would suggest, that led her to this conclusion, the fact remains that it was good politics and sound strategy—or in simple language it was plain common sense. We can all see what was the right thing to do after the event is over; but to see it before, however simple it appears afterwards, is reserved for those born to lead their fellow men.

Not the least miraculous part of St Joan's career, it seems to me who have some acquaintance with the machinery of government, is that one of such humble origin, and a woman too, with a plan that sounded fantastic to all who heard it, should have succeeded in making her way to the

presence of the king. But succeed she did. All the barriers of bureaucracy, all the haughtiness of nobility, all the prejudices of sex gave way before the impetus of that bright, thrusting, eager spirit. When she came into the court the king hid in disguise among his courtiers, another pretending to be hê; but she was not to be deceived and knew at once which was the king.

This incident, which was taken for a miracle, may have helped to carry conviction. But it was more probably some peculiar quality she had, which no historian can describe, which made men do her bidding and do it gladly—so the King of France confided the command of his troops to this child of seventeen and she led them to victory.

The siege of Orleans was relieved, and other victories followed hard upon one another. In all of them she fought. More than once she was wounded, but eventually she brought Charles to Rheims and crowned him king there. It seems that then she felt her work was finished, but they would not let her go. She no longer heard the voices of the saints, but the plan that she suggested for marching immediately on Paris was probably the right one. More cautious counsels, however, were adopted. The war dragged on and at last, in one unlucky engagement, Joan, fighting with her normal impetuous courage, was captured by the Burgundians. They, who were her fellow countrymen, sold her to the English for a large sum of money.

The English believed she was a witch. It was not unnatural that they should do so. Belief in witchcraft was universal, and since the career of the maid seemed clearly supernatural it had to be the work either of God or of the devil. Men cannot easily believe that their own defeat is due to God's intervention, and they therefore

accepted the alternative and believed that the maid was in league with Satan. They handed her over to the Church, and she was brought before an ecclesiastical court composed mainly of Frenchmen. She was not accused of witchcraft but of heresy, and after a long trial she was found guilty. One of the charges that were brought against her was that she wore men's clothes. Such an act profoundly shocked her contemporaries, but we must remember that it would have shocked our Victorian grandfathers equally. Only to-day are women beginning to understand that if they do the rough work of men in wartime it is far more convenient to wear men's clothes to do it in. It has taken them a long time to find out what seemed so obvious to that plain peasant girl five hundred years ago.

In the end she was burnt alive in the market-place at Rouen. You can see to-day the spot where that foul deed was done, and the market is still held there. Our English ancestors were much to blame, but she was their enemy, and they had good cause to fear and hate her. Far more unpardonable were those Frenchmen who were serving the cause of the enemy. We have a new word in our language for such creatures. We call them quislings. A year ago that word was the respectable surname of a blameless Norwegian family. To-day it is branded with lasting infamy and shame. It may seem hard to any decent men and women who happen to bear it. It is hard, but I can only recommend them to change it as soon as possible, and I can only remind them that Iscariot was once an honourable name.

St Joan's work was not ended in the market-place of Rouen. The flames that had consumed her poor body lit a fire in the hearts of Frenchmen that has never been put out. Within a few years of her death the last of the enemy were driven from the soil of France, which became one

united country as it had never been before. That fire of patriotism still smoulders in the hearts of Frenchmen. It burns low to-day, but I believe that the time will come when it will blaze again, and it will be a light to all those nations who now groan under the hideous tyranny of the barbarian, and the barbarian himself will see it and will fly before it in shame and terror to avoid the vengeance that is to come.

L'aurore grelottante en robe rose et verte
S'avavançait lentement sur la Seine déserte,
Et le sombre Paris, en se frottant les yeux,
Empoignait ses outils, vieillard laborieux.

CHARLES BAUDFLAIRE.

PEASANT FRANCE

BY DENIS SAURAT

FRANCE is essentially a peasant country. Both her faults and her qualities arise from that. I believe that actually forty-eight to fifty per cent of the population live directly on the land. And to this I want to add that class of people who live directly on the peasant: the small-town dwellers, the traders, the lawyers, functionaries, country nobility or *bourgeoisie*: all these people are the servants, the leaders, or the parasites of the peasant. I reckon, then, that two-thirds of France lives from the land. And the rest often rise directly from the peasant classes, and are very apt to retain the spirit of the peasant in their altered circumstances. For example, the famous French chefs of the great London restaurants are mostly peasants exploiting the innate taste in quality of food which comes from their having grown the food since the world began.

Look at England from that angle, and notice the essential difference. Eighty to eighty-five per cent of the population are town dwellers. Little food, as you know, is grown normally in England. The natural leaders of the nation are the great landowners who do not live on the peasantry but who keep—with great difficulty as a rule—a small class of tenants on their great estates. There are no peasants among the rulers of England: only sometimes a workman from the trade unions. You can see how difficult it is to make the French and the English understand one another. They belong to different worlds.

If you want to see how close the French are to the soil,

go to the mountains. English people don't generally realize that France is a country of mountains—and mountains, so to speak, move slowly. If you divide England and France into six parts (I'm leaving out Scotland and Wales), one part only of England out of the six would be above six hundred feet high, but four parts of France would be six hundred feet or higher. I know intimately some peasants from the Pyrenees who, until fifty years ago, had never seen wine or white bread. They used to bake their own wholemeal; they used to take the wool of their own sheep down to a small mill in the valley. The owner of the factory kept so much of the wool for payment and returned the larger part as cloth. The village women made the cloth into trousers and coats for their men folk and into petticoats and bodices for themselves. And these clothes lasted not for two or three years, not even for ten years only, but for generations.

They grew all they needed, potatoes and cabbage and maize. They bred pigs, sheep, and cows. Money to them was not a medium of exchange. They never bought anything. They went to a small town in the valley once a month or so and sold something they did not need: a pig or two, fowls, a cow sometimes, and they kept the money: it was a symbol of wealth. This we now call hoarding: it was not hoarding. It was the accumulation of something that was a sign of success: like the medals on a soldier's coat. Of course, a great deal of this is changed now, since the motor lorries have made their way into all but the highest villages. But the spirit of the peasant is not changed. He had lived that way since the beginning of the world. He had accumulated the instincts of endurance, foresightedness, and self-sufficiency. Fifty years of change is not enough to lose those instincts. The English have adapted their

instincts to other modes of life, but they still keep them, and that is after a hundred and fifty years. When you put the English in the trenches before the enemy, the ancient ability soon comes back: and it is essentially peasant ability. The English yielded a century earlier than France to this modern progress, because their country was flatter: they were at the mercy of horse transport. Contrast them with Scotland in this. But the mass of the French held out longer. They were only partly subdued by the railway train and mainly by motor transport. And they are not yet adapted to the mass mentality of towns.

Their rhythm of life is slower. Yet here is one of the paradoxes of the French. They are slower to move, but they are quicker to think. From a long history full of mishaps, they have learned every dodge by which man can protect himself. Now there's no doubt that peasant life is healthier than town life. The healthy peasant is one of the most cheerful people and he has been civilized for a long time. The French peasant has seen the Romans go by, the feudal system perish, the Revolution rage through the land, the kings go, and at last the Republic governed by his own sons. His wealth of experience makes him quick-witted. He loves his life. He refuses to have it altered much. He uses his quick wits in defence of conservatism. What he has established must be left alone: his land, his money. He opposes his aggressors with the qualities which he has bred in his contest with the earth and the weather. Few human opponents have the qualities of the earth and weather: and few can subdue the peasant.

Under the great king Louis XIV, the excellent soldiers who opposed the Duke of Marlborough were professionals and younger sons, not peasants. The French peasant, when pressed for military service, had the reputation of

being the worst soldier in Europe. He did not see what there was to fight for: he avoided the king as much as he could. But under the French Revolution the French peasant became the best soldier in Europe: Napoleon's soldier. He knew then what he was fighting for. His land now became his: and this he called liberty. Now, what I have said implies difficulties, not only for the enemies of France, but for the Government of France.

A small country solicitor—a French *notaire*—in the north-east once explained to me the wealth of the land. In this small place of two thousand people, he said, there are perhaps twenty millionaires (please note, in francs). And if you were to take their money away from them, he said, their lives would not be changed at all. They would eat the same things from their land, dress in the same clothes, and do the same work with their cows and horses. Their money is a reserve. Their real wealth is in things: grass, pigs, houses. What wealth they have in money does not move about like English money does: because they do not need it to move about. They hide it. It is hard for the Government to have access to it. The French Government is poor in a rich country. In England, Government wealth, money wealth, and real wealth are all one: money is interchanged with goods, and the Government just taps the money in income taxes. But in large parts of France there is no connection between the wealth of the Government and the wealth of the people; nor any connection between the money which the people own and the way they live. A difficult country to administer, as you see! Fundamentally, French peasants do not want to be administered. They resent government. They think it a disguised tyranny; they can run themselves. They want to be left alone. In this perhaps they are more like the Scottish than the English people.

In the same spirit, though of course much more strongly, they resent the presence of the enemy on their land. They have had the enemy on their land several times in a century, and they all remember it. They demand from their Government concrete measures of protection. They have no trust in words, promises, or contracts. They are used to fighting against the weather, which makes no promises and keeps no contracts. Now think of the English: the English are used to business arrangements based on straight dealing, among themselves. They trust promises from the enemy: the enemy to them is only the other party in a deal. The French peasant does not trust the enemy; he hardly trusts his own Government. He looks upon them as upon the weather: capable of anything. So he wants facts and concrete reassurances. In the last twenty years, the masses of the French, when they were aware of things, always thought the English much too trustful. Here is a deep difference: the difference between the English business man who has to trust the word of the opposite party, and the French peasant who will trust only the concrete fact. We shall have to remember this at the peace.

But again, by another paradox of his nature, once the concrete fact is established, the peasant bears no grudge. When the storm is over, when the harvest is in, does the peasant bear a grudge against the weather for the past? To count off his losses and face the future calmly is usual to the peasant. I have found among them no hatred against the Germans: no spirit of revenge. Only a determination that everything must be done for protection against the future. One builds a better roof against future storms. One discovers a way to protect the future crops. A peasant peace entails no revenge, but it demands protection. Here I think the English spirit will be

the same as the French. But the French will demand more concrete protection; and the English perhaps will be more easily satisfied with pledges.

A last and most essential trait of the French peasant is his fidelity to his dead. This is the fundamental element of French religion. Many parts of France came late to Christianity. In the seventeenth century missions had to be organized to convert the peasants of Brittany to Christianity. Now they are the best Catholics in France. Here again the mountains played their part: mountain folk are hard to get at both physically and morally. Churches are more easily built in valleys. Many mountain people used to go down to the church once to be baptized and once to be buried. Therefore, deeper than Christianity, deeper even than unbelief in France, is the old attachment to the dead that has lasted since the beginning of things. There are French peasants who do not believe in God, as they think, but who would not dare to disobey their dead grandfather. French peasants who are apparently perfect Catholics sometimes cherish beliefs that would bring down the theology of the Church. I have talked to many who believe in reincarnation so naturally that they do not even think about it. They take it as obvious that this grandchild is that old uncle come back. They have a deep instinct of death, which they could only put into wrong words, and which, therefore, they do not put into words. Death is a terrible separation, but it is more terrible for those that are left than for the man who is dying. There again, the close relationship to the earth and to life is felt. The peasant knows only too well the sufferings of the family left without a man, and this adds to his cunning to protect himself. He is not so much afraid of being killed himself as of what will happen to his wife and children—or to his old parents—if he is killed.

This spirit of fidelity to the dead and protectiveness towards his dependants makes him spiritually a first-rate soldier, fearless but most careful. It also makes him a solid citizen, fearless of authority, independent because rooted in a solid tradition, and yet careful not to fall foul of the powers that be; rather anxious to escape their attentions whenever possible.

No tyrannical system of government can ever be built on such people. They represent a wealth of instinct, of strength, and of intelligence not to be lightly endangered or abandoned. The peasant is indeed the body of France.

ANGLO-FRENCH LITERARY CONTACTS

BY F. C. GREEN

THE greatest literary works of France and England appear to spring from totally different conceptions of artistic beauty. This impression is at once evoked when we bracket certain well-known names: Shakespeare and Racine, Stendhal and Scott, Voltaire and Goldsmith, Hugo and Milton. To extend the list would merely accentuate a fact well known to every cultured Frenchman or Englishman. How few there are like Lytton Strachey who would put Racine on the same pinnacle as Shakespeare! Most often we find his tragedies lacking in colour, energy, and imagination. For many English readers of sensitive taste Racine is a great psychologist, but too intellectual to be called a great poet. On the other hand there are many intelligent French critics who are bored by *Romeo and Juliet*. They find it melodramatic, overloaded with imagery, and, viewed as a picture of human nature, fantastically untrue. The novels of Balzac, however, attract many English readers because in his experimental approach to life he resembles our own novelists. But Stendhal or Prévost are apt to leave us cold: they are too 'psychological.'

When we come to poetry this divergence of taste becomes acutely visible. The Victorian attitude is perhaps best reflected in Arnold's *Essay on Heine*: 'Oh! the comfort, after dealing with French people of genius irresistibly impelled to try to express themselves in verse, launching into a deep which destiny has sown with so many rocks for them—the comfort of coming to a man of genius who finds

in verse his freest and most perfect expression, whose voyage over the deep of poetry destiny makes smooth!' That Arnold's judgment in this particular case was faulty is obvious to any schoolboy. Yet to-day, most of our admiration goes to the French poets of the Symbolist movement and their modern progeny. Even Legouis's spirited *Défense de la poésie française*, his reply to Arnold, has failed to convince Englishmen that classic French poetry is beautiful, and our most sympathetic critics of the French Romantics still complain of their essential lack of lyric inspiration. If we appreciate Claudel it is because his imagination is nurtured on the Bible. Valéry captivates only the happy few: the average English reader confesses himself unequal to the intellectual effort of understanding him. True, the *surréalistes* have excited the interest of our younger writers by the audacity of their attempts to explore the subconscious. But that is not surprising since one of our most common objections to French poetry has always been that it revealed no sense of mystery.

There are many who find these divergencies of taste very natural and explain them, quite simply, by referring to the Anglo-Saxon and Latin origins of our two peoples. The explanation, at first sight, looks convincing. Contrast, for instance, the subfusc imagery of *Beowulf* with the bright clarity of the *Chanson de Roland* and the irresistible sweep of its massed assonances. Again, even after the Norman Conquest, during those centuries when our modern English was in process of emerging from the fusion of Anglo-Saxon and French, it is possible to argue, text in hand, that victors and vanquished still clung to their respective notions of literary beauty. Thus, at a time when both refreshed themselves at the common source of Celtic legend, a Layamon sang of Arthur and his knights in accents recalling

the fierce energy of the ancient *scops*, whilst the trouvères, working with the same material, fashioned it into the exquisitely graceful *romans courtois*. In Langland's *Piers Plowman*, too, we are remote from the spirit of its model, the great *Roman de la Rose*. The alliterative verses of Langland, the brutal realism of his satire, and his wilful subordination of art to moral teaching surely betray a conception of allegory quite alien to that of his master, Jean de Meung.

With these and other examples in mind, it is tempting to attribute the dissimilar qualities of French and English literature to an original Germano-Latin antinomy. Yet here, as with every theory based on notions of racial purity, we are apt to discover queer complications. Assuming that the Normans had already become utterly Gallic in spirit as well as in language when they invaded England, it cannot be denied that the language we call the King's English, the pure and undefiled English of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, was born of the union of French and Anglo-Saxon. Our poetry, which first achieved greatness in the hands of Chaucer, derives from the same happy marriage of two different languages. English prosody owes everything to French example, but for which it would have remained a crude, discordant instrument. We need have no romantic illusions on this head. When Anglo-Saxon poetry made contact with French it was already decadent. The incoherent savagery of its images and of the metre, which used to be regarded as typical of primitive poetry, was not primitive: it was sophisticated, already degenerating into a suite of monotonous clichés.

With the sureness and impatience of true genius, Chaucer quickened the tempo of that mysterious process which decides the fate of dialects and creates language. Led by a poet's instinct he ransacked the treasures of two vocabularies,

masterfully coupling words of different provenance, and nearly always with charming success:

When that Aprille with his showres swoot
The drought of Marche hath perced to the root,
And bathed every veyn in suche licour,
From which vertu engendred is the flour;
When Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Enspired hath in every holte and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe course runne,
And smale fowles maken melodie,
That slepen al the night with open eye,
So pricketh them nature in their corages . . .

Written either in Anglo-Saxon or in French, these lines would have little appeal. In this case, beauty is distilled from the perfect blending of essences as if some cunning herbalist had robbed the hedgerows of Kent and the gardens of the Cotentin to brew his sweet decoctions. This is indeed a unique moment in the annals of England and France. Henceforth it will not be possible for any English writer to be called great whose work is unrelieved by French love of form and clarity, or lacks the Anglo-Saxon nostalgia for mystery and terror.

Since the immortal tales of Chaucer, our two national literatures have gone their separate ways, each in search of its peculiar destiny. But sometimes, as we shall observe, they have had contacts often lasting many years. These, however, were inspired rather by curiosity than by an inevitable sense of mutual need. It is, perhaps, best to speak of them as affinities. So, if for no other reason, the *Canterbury Tales* are unique: in the crucible of a poet's genius the crude, fierce Anglo-Saxon spirit is mellowed by French urbanity into a rare elixir. To this we owe the aesthetic splendour, the sanity and coherence which

tempered the fermenting imagination of the Elizabethans, of Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Webster. For one thing is very clear. The genius of the English renaissance is already in Chaucer, awaiting the proper spiritual climate for its flowering. Remember that description of Mars' temple in the *Canterbury Tales*:

The northern light in at the dore shone,
For wyndow on the walle was ther none,
Through which men might the light of day discerne.
The dores wer alle adamant eterne,
Y-clenched overthwart and endelong
With iron tough; and, for to make it strong,
Every pillar the temple to sustaine
Was round and greet, of iron bright and sheene.
Ther saw I first the dark imagining
Of felony, and al the compassying;
The cruel wrath, as eny furnace red;
The pickepurs, and eke the pale Dread;
The smyler with the knyf under his cloke;
The stables burnyng with the blake smoke;
The tresoun of the murtheryng in the bed;
The open warres, with woundes al y-bled;
Conflict with bloody knyf, and sharp menace.
Al ful of shriekyng was that sory place.
The slayer of himself yet saw I ther,
His herte blood hath bathed al his hair;
The nayl y-dryven in the skull at nyght;
The colde deth, with mouth gapyng upright.
In midst of al the temple sat Meschaunce,
With sory comfort and evil countynaunce.
Ther I saw Madness laughyng in his rage;
Armed complaint, alarm and fierce outrage.
The body in the bushe, with throte y-bled.

It may be objected, however, that poetry, even when woven into the pattern of fiction as in these tales, reflects

merely the taste of a select coterie. But in drama the same phenomenon is to be observed. Here, if we compare the mysteries and miracles of England and France of the Middle Ages, only a professorial eye can discern the symptoms of that divorce which, in the seventeenth century, was to produce in France a conception of the dramatic art almost diametrically opposed to our own. Yet the first important religious play in Europe, *Le Jeu d'Adam*, was written in French by an Anglo-Norman and staged before an English audience. That superb morality, *Everyman*, it is nearly certain, had its origin in fifteenth-century England. But it might just as well have been conceived in France; its dramatic texture, the quality of its emotions, and the manner of their expression arise from a vision of life that was then common to the English and French soul. No doubt here the great unifying force was Catholicism, which, after the coming of Luther, became self-conscious and thus more national.

With the approach of the Elizabethan *floraison* one can see evidence of a cleavage in French and English literature. Not that our writers broke off commerce with their French *confrères*. On the contrary, like Chaucer, our poets, dramatists, and essayists read and translated French books. They knew and admired the poets of the *Pléiade*, as well as Amyot, Rabelais, Montaigne, and many others of lesser fame. To a great extent, indeed, France served as an intermediary for Italian culture; it was often through French translations that many of our Elizabethans first got to know the Greek and Roman classics. Humanism, which after 1530 so quickly permeated French thought and taste, did not meet with a like success in England. Many of our scholars, such as More and Colet, became Hellenists quite early in the sixteenth century. It is also true that our playwrights, even before the French, imitated the

theatre of Seneca. Nevertheless, humanism was slow to affect our literature. The English Renaissance was not a triumph for humanism: it was essentially a national achievement.

It would be ungrateful, of course, to deny that our conception of poetry was vastly ennobled by the spirit of humanism as reflected through the Italian masters. Yet the dynamic force which suddenly transfigured English letters came from within our land. The enthusiasm for literature was only one aspect of a national urge that sent our mariners to the ends of the earth in quest of new horizons and accelerated the rhythm of English life. The great victory over Spain excited the popular imagination as did the severing of our ties with Rome. All Englishmen were intoxicated with a new sense of freedom and power and national pride. They lived on the summit of the world, demanding, therefore, a literature which should nobly reflect such emotions. And for once the imagination of our writers proved equal to the occasion. For sixty years, English dramatists vied with each other in an effort to portray with magnificence and truth the dream-world of their countrymen. To satisfy the public craving for the sublime, they explored the gamut of the human passions, tearing down the barriers that separate reason from madness, knocking at the very gates of the unknown. Never again did our theatre attain such heights of splendour. For all these playwrights—Shakespeare, Marlowe, Greene, Webster, Ford, Dekker, Beaumont and Fletcher—differing in so many other respects, implicitly agreed that imagination is the source of beauty. They felt instinctively that the rational qualities which form such an important part of the classical aesthetic must be looked upon as dangerous ideals. Sometimes, no doubt, this insistence upon the absolute freedom of the artist led the Elizabethans

to overshoot the mark, and to offer us imagery that is precious or bombastic. On the whole, however, they chose the mode of expression best suited to the temper of their age. That is clear from the example of Ben Jonson, who reacted against the prevailing mood and tried to model himself on the ancients. Jonson did not lack dramatic power, but, as did Addison much later, he entered upon a road which led away from the genius of our literature.

If humanism made small impression on our now traditional way of seeing life and of expressing that vision in beautiful words, its impact on France was very great. For our neighbours it was a liberating force resulting in an almost complete break with the spirit of the Middle Ages. Contact with the great writers of Greece and Rome killed all belief in the dogmatism of the scholiasts. From the writers of pagan antiquity, the French acquired a fresh attitude towards life. They saw that human nature, portrayed as corrupt by the medieval theologians, was an interesting and profoundly beautiful thing. Man, with his blessed faculty of reason, is capable of almost divine achievements. He is great, not by virtue of faith which is believing without thinking, but because of his refusal to admit any limits to the processes of thought. At this stage it was still possible for a Frenchman to be a humanist and yet remain a true Catholic. Indeed, some of the most ardent classicists were the enemies of Protestantism. The seeming anomaly is to be explained by their detestation of Calvin, who, like the scholastic theologians, regarded human nature as fundamentally corrupt and doomed, but for God's grace, to eternal damnation. Such a view was utterly opposed to the sensuous *joie de vivre* of the pagan classics. The humanists, therefore, rejected it as unreasonable and stupid.

The French writers of the Renaissance set out joyously

to imitate and, if possible, to excel their masters, Horace, Ovid, Vergil, Pindar, and Homer. Nor did they despise the Italians, Petrarch, Ariosto, and many others. In the early flush of humanism it seemed as if French poetry might flower into lyricism and, up to a point, this was the case. The poems of Ronsard, Joachim du Bellay, and Belleau betray an exultant sense of delight in the beautiful things of life: the love of woman, the coming of spring, the exquisite pleasure of reading and of conversation. Inevitably, all this is tinged with Horatian regret that death should set a term to human joy. None of these poets, however, recaptures Villon's poignant note of sincerity: the lyrical abandon of the *Pléiade* is always restrained and discreet. Ronsard's most intimate sonnets achieve something approaching the tone of Villon, and this is specially true of his grave and generous *Discours sur les misères de ce temps*. But more often he reminds us of Wyatt or Surrey. One cannot question the sincerity of his reactions to experience. But he is so anxious to lend them beauty of form that his emotions seem to lack intensity and depth. Take, for example, the justly famous sonnet:

Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle,
Assise auprès du feu, dévidant et filant,
Direz, chantant mes vers, en vous émerveillant:
'Ronsard me célébroit, du temps que j'étois belle!'

Lors vous n'aurez servante, oyant telle nouvelle,
Déjà sous le labeur à demy sommeillant,
Qui au bruit de mon nom ne s'aille réveillant,
Bénissant votre nom de louange immortelle.

Je seray sous la terre et, fantôme sans os,
Par les ombres myrteux je prendray mon repos;
Vous serez au foyer une vieille accroupie,

Regrettant mon amour et votre fier dédain.
 Vivez, si m'en croyez, n'attendez à demain,
 Cueillez dès aujourd'hui les roses de la vie.

Here the pupil improves on his antique models, for it would be difficult to express the familiar classic theme in more harmonious language. Yet somehow one does not enter into communion with the poet's soul as we do when we read the sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney or the lyrics of the English Renaissance. The *Pléiade*, in their most expansive moods, see life always through the shimmering veil of classic memories.

But, singing of natural beauty, they sometimes reveal an urgent sense of actuality. After all, they were Frenchmen, living in one of the loveliest regions of France. So, very often, their verses reflect the luminous climate of Touraine or the Vendômois. Thus Belleau achieves a note of springtime freshness in his *Avril*, and du Bellay, exiled in Rome, sighs for the rustic simplicity of his Angevin village:

Heureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau voyage,
 Ou comme cestui-là qui conquiert la toison
 Et puis est retourné, plein d'usage et raison,
 Vivre entre ses parents le reste de son âge.

Quand reverrai-je, hélas! de mon petit village
 Fumer la cheminée, et en quelle saison
 Reverrai-je le clos de ma pauvre maison,
 Qui m'est une province et beaucoup davantage?

Plus me plaît le séjour qu'ont bâti mes aïeux
 Que des palais romains le front audacieux;
 Plus que le marbre dur me plaît l'ardoise fine;

Plus mon Loire gaulois que le Tibre latin,
 Plus mon petit Lyré que le mont Palatin,
 Et plus que l'air marin la douceur angevine.

We may well linger over this chapter in the story of French poetry. The lyric springtime of the *Pléiade* was of brief duration, and with Malherbe, if we except that belated missel-thrush Racan, external nature was quietly ejected from French literature for two hundred years. This, to an Englishman, is so strange as to be hardly credible. Yet a Frenchman, surveying the dramatic achievements of the seventeenth century and of the age of enlightenment, can accept the fact without dismay or even regret. Here we strike a real and basic difference in the English and French conceptions of art. As a nation, we regard literature really as a confession, as the direct expression of a writer's ego. The implication is that what matters supremely is not to offer an abstract universal idea of the real, but the poet's or dramatist's or novelist's individual vision of the real.

Shakespeare appears to belie this statement, but that is because his vision is so kaleidoscopic, his genius for swiftly absorbing and reflecting experience is so protean that no man's mind is great enough to grasp the Shakespearian ego. So rich and varied is the tonality of his work that we lack the power to do it justice. And though we vaguely describe it as Shakespearian we know perfectly well that the Shakespeare of the sonnets is vastly different from the Shakespeare who gave us *Hamlet* or *Masbeth*. But the work of nearly every other great English writer, even in our classic eighteenth century, more or less directly betrays the author's intimate self in a way that is not typical of the French. That is true even when an Englishman writes in Latin.

For this reason, we marvel at a nation whose poets, for two centuries, apparently felt no urge to tell what the great mysteries of love and death meant to them as individuals. We wonder why Corneille, Racine, and Boileau

are so silent about the changing pageant of the seasons, the glory of sea and sky, of forest and mountain. Were the French of the 'golden century' quite dead to these things? The answer is that life is not all art, though art enriches the lives of that small fraction of humanity privileged to enjoy it, and, though practically no Englishmen will admit such a thing, it is possible for artists to be more interested in the mind and soul of man than in his natural environment.

So, for a long time, French men of letters were exclusively obsessed by the complexity of human nature, fascinated by the eternal conflict of the reason and the passions. It became the sole function of the artist to plot the graph of man's destiny with reference to ethical and aesthetic norms of a purely rational sort. Outside religion there were no mysteries, and soon the mysteries of religion were thought to be medieval and absurd. Obviously, external nature could have no place in such a scheme of art. The disorder of wild nature repelled the artist. A forest acquired beauty—that is to say, symmetry and balance—only when the rational genius of a Le Nôtre had transformed it into *un beau parc*. Only then might one glimpse nature through the stanzas of an ode. True, La Fontaine rebelled against this convention, but it is safe to say that no one in his time read the *Fables* because of their flashes of rustic beauty.

By 1660 rationalism had dominated French literature, excluding, therefore, the very ideals which had inspired our writers of the Renaissance period—lyricism, imaginative freedom, the profound sense of natural beauty, the right to portray life in all its aspects. In their place the French set up the ideals of a literature governed by rational order. The artist must not depict nature in the raw; he must select in nature what is natural and durable, lending to it a universal, eternal form. His object must be to

isolate from his experience of men the traits common to all men and nations; to discover, as it were, their greatest common measure.

Obviously our two literatures had now drifted away from each other. How profound was this divergence is clear to any one who will consider the dramatic methods and ideals of Shakespeare and Racine. The first striking point of difference is the latter's refusal to mingle the comic and the tragic in one play. Not only did he eliminate all comic elements, but also any circumstances not immediately pertinent to his dramatic purpose. This was not to show how a tragic situation arises but, starting from the hypothesis that a situation is tragic, to demonstrate the terrible havoc produced in the souls of his characters by a passion which all reasonable people condemned as unreasonable. The objective of Racinian tragedy is always thus deliberately limited. Racine shows us, not how a certain assemblage of circumstances will inevitably give rise to a passion as, for instance, some combination of harmless ingredients will cause an explosion. On the contrary, taking as his starting-point a passion already mature, he demonstrates its inevitable effects primarily on the person thus obsessed, and then, incidentally, on his entourage. Like Descartes, like Molière, Racine moves from the general to the particular: Shakespeare, on the other hand, works from the complex and local to the universal. With him, the awful import of the main situation emerges from a complex multitude of happenings, gradually presented to our view. And more often than Racine, Shakespeare gives his audience a knowledge of the hero's situation which he himself does not possess, a dramatic device that can easily degenerate into melodrama yet somehow in Shakespeare seldom does. The elements of the tragedy in Shakespeare coalesce and

crystallize before our eyes; Racine shows us a crystal which we think intact and transparent until by his marvellous art it slowly glows with myriad secret fires, as illumination strikes it from a number of cunningly selected points.

Here an Englishman would maintain that Shakespeare is greater than Racine, but for reasons which would not convince a Frenchman. The elements that are absent from a Racinian play, the local circumstances explaining the genesis of a tragic obsession, are hard to translate into dramatic action: they belong really to the province of the novelist. And only by a *tour de force* of genius did Shakespeare contrive to dramatize these elements of the *milieu*, of the appropriate ambience which shall determine the characters and explain their tragic problem. It is Shakespeare's way, the experimental way, of arriving at reality. It is also the method of the great novelists. But its effect upon a Frenchman is to make him impatient. For him *Hamlet* begins to be intense only after the scene of the play within the play, or *Othello* not until the reference to Michael Cassio.

The French audience of the seventeenth century, moreover, was highly cultured, well used to grasp psychological ideas directly without the aid of imagery. The wealth of metaphor and simile which Shakespeare drew from the experience of everyday life and alchemized into language of immortal beauty is so utterly absent from Racine as to give English hearers an impression of chill severity, nay, of drabness. We forget that words trail an aura, a secret perfume which vanishes in translation. The language of Racine which we think inadequate is not so to the French. Indeed, for them, the fewer words that intervene between the idea and the hearer's mind, the clearer will be the impression. And in Racine's day the vocabulary, as well as the structure of tragedy, was governed by fixed canons.

Household words, the humble words of everyday life, were not considered noble enough for tragedy.

More, perhaps, than anything else, it is the absence in Racine of all that suggests fields, flowers, beasts, and trees which repels the English reader. How is it possible, he wonders, to take all these things for granted? Surely Frenchmen, too, must have sometimes known

a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine.

How sober, restrained, and chill must the following lines from *Phèdre* sound to an ear attuned to the music, the imagery, the splendid abandon of Shakespeare's tragic verse!

Tu le savais. Pourquoi me laissais-tu séduire?
De leur furtive ardeur ne pouvais-tu m'instruire?
Les a-t-on vus souvent se parler, se chercher?
Dans le fond des forêts allaient-ils se cacher?
Hélas! ils se voyaient avec pleine licence.
Le ciel de leurs soupirs approuvait l'innocence;
Ils suivaient sans remords leur penchant amoureux,
Tous les jours se levaient clairs et sereins pour eux.
Et moi, triste rebut de la nature entière,
Je me cachais au jour, je fuyais la lumière;
La mort est le seul dieu que j'osais implorer.
J'attendais le moment où j'allais expirer;
Me nourrissant de fiel, de larmes abreuvée,
Encor, dans mon malheur de trop près observée,
Je n'osais dans mes pleurs me noyer à loisir;
Je goûtais en tremblant ce funeste plaisir;
Et sous un front serein déguisant mes alarmes,
Il fallait bien souvent me priver de mes larmes.

Is there in this passage a line which Shakespeare would not have magnificently elaborated, an idea which he would

not have emmeshed in a shimmering net of imagery? Think of what he would have done with 'furtive ardeur,' or with the ineffably plaintive 'Tous les jours se levaient clairs et sereins pour eux.' The mere thought of it fills an English reader with amazed pity for Racine's benighted compatriots! Yet these starved wretches would have doubted the sanity of an author who could interrupt the march of tragic action to brood over the spectacle of a bird winging homewards to the 'rooky wood,' or insult the intelligence and shock the taste of his audience with the drunken witticisms of a senile and incredibly lettered porter. To the French of Racine's day one of the touchstones of poetic excellence was condensation. A phrase like 'furtive ardeur' needs no elaboration; it is already perfect. Every hearer could orchestrate it from his own imagination or experience. Nor did he want a Shakespearian description of the sylvan glades where Aricie dallied with her love. Description, in his opinion, would only localize and restrict; it was for him a matter of supreme indifference whether a wood was in Arden, in Touraine, or in Greece. 'Dans le fond des forêts allaient-ils se cacher?' What on earth did it matter where? And what has natural environment got to do with the dramatic idea, which is here to reveal the procession of emotions in Phèdre's tortured soul? Poetry, for the seventeenth-century connoisseur, was poetry only in so far as it directly served the dramatic purpose of the poet. If, as in *Iphigénie*:

Les vents agitent l'air d'heureux frémissements,
Et la mer leur répond par ses mugissements;
La rive au loin gémit, blanchissante d'écume,

it is because the sea and the winds are actors in the drama, not merely elements of a poetic setting.

The unities had a considerable influence on the structure

of French drama of the eighteenth century and, to a lesser extent, on that of English. It is imperative, however, to remember that they were adopted by Racine because they happened to suit his conception of drama: they were not imposed on him by public opinion, as they were, originally, on Corneille. To Racine, the unities provided a useful cadre within which his mind could work in comfort: a larger one would have embarrassed him. He had not, like Shakespeare, the constant urge to let his imagination run glorious riot: the whole temper of his age was opposed to riot. Only by a nice compromise between the reason and the fancy could the work of art achieve balance, symmetry, purity of line: in short, plastic perfection. The time had not yet come to doubt the infallibility of his rational aesthetic and to substitute sentiment for reason as the criterion of artistic beauty. Descartes had mastered the laws of thought. Boileau, in his *Art poétique*, formulated those which were supposed to govern literary taste. He had never heard of Shakespeare, but it is certain that the Shakespearian theatre, had he known it, would have been contemptuously dismissed, like the Spanish, as 'un spectacle grossier' conceived by an ignorant rhymester who 'sur la scène en un jour renferme des années.'

Racine's conception of beauty and reality in art is obviously incompatible with that of Shakespeare. Whether this reflects a traditional or national disparity of taste is another question. Even before Charles II and his Francophile court returned to London, a classic spirit had begun to invade our literature. The closing of the theatres in 1642 gave the quietus to our drama, which, however, had already entered on its decline. On the other hand, there was no lack of poets—Cavaliers, Puritans, and Anglicans who experimented with various styles. Some, like Herrick, recall the manner of the *Pléiade*. Marvell, following

Donne, dabbles in metaphysics yet writes verses fraught with intense passion. Cowley, Waller, and Denham, by their formal elegance and emotional restraint, announce the vogue for classical literature.

Historians have examined the social, political, and spiritual origins of this new outlook. It seems, in the last analysis, that after sixty years of a literature which in its boldest flights penetrated the stratosphere of human imagination, our writers sought relief in a return to the quieter, more intellectual regions of the mind. This caused them to welcome the French modes of expression imported by the returning exiles. The general tendency now was to substitute for the brave disorder of the Elizabethans a literature more exclusive in its appeal, more studiously formal.

It is, therefore, surprising to note that the greatest poet of the Restoration is Milton, though this situation has its parallel in seventeenth-century France. Pascal, too, stood aloof from the prevailing fashion. In both, the dynamic force lifting them above the rationalism of their period is an intense religious ardour. As artists, however, they are not to be compared save in the classic contours which enclose their emotion and thought. In Milton, all that is noble in the art of antiquity fuses with the spirit of Hebrew poetry into epic grandeur. *Samson Agonistes*, one of the few English masterpieces that Frenchmen really admire, reveals a climate of the soul that is ineffably serene. Here, it seems, Milton expresses the functions of great tragedy, which is to reassure the anxious spirit of mankind in such a manner as to reach the understanding of all civilized peoples.

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

In a very general sense, the French and English classicists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were in agreement. Their common ideal was a literature in which reason should discipline imagination. The qualities they most admired were primarily intellectual: critical or analytic power, clarity of ideas, temperance, and symmetry in expression. In neither country, however, did this conception of art imply lack of sensibility. No one, for example, has better understood than Racine the complex workings of the passions and their disintegrating effect on the soul. But to the classic, the expression of sensibility is only artistic when it is objective or universalized. When he treats of love or jealousy or revenge, the artist must never seem to reflect a personal experience. *Le moi est haïssable*. Its presence dims the crystal of eternal beauty and truth.

But in craftsmanship the French and English exponents of classicism reveal little similarity of taste or method. Consider, for instance, the work of Boileau and of Pope. Boileau's artistic method reflects the philosophic attitude, the habit of thought peculiar to his race and time. Like all the writers of the French neo-classic period, he adhered consciously or unconsciously to the Cartesian view that if we can discover the basic, rational motive for human behaviour, the explanation of individual psychology is a mere matter of deduction. Pope, it will be remembered, could not bring himself to believe that human conduct can be so easily explained. In the manner of Racine or Molière, he searches, no doubt, for 'the ruling passion,' but with this vital difference, that he does not approach it by 'the high-priori road' of Descartes. His is the more circuitous, more thorny path traced by Bacon. Once again, therefore, we encounter that almost impassable barrier separating English and French tradition, that

obstacle we have already alluded to in our consideration of the drama of these two races.

To Boileau and his school, even passion obeyed the dictates of reason: its motive, therefore, must be commensurate with its intensity. Irrational passion, the passion that can be diverted from its course by something as irrelevant as Pope's shifting 'east wind,' was unthinkable. Such a conception of human nature was inadmissible in French art. Pope, and in this he is as truly a poet as Boileau was not, discerned and expressed most nobly something of that mystery in life which is of the very essence of great poetry. In an unwonted flash of genius he anticipated, indeed, some of those Bergsonian ideas so perfectly illuminated in Proust's *Recherche du temps perdu*. Pope sensed, though he did not develop, the Proustian views that reality is not a mere matter of objective observation, a 'mere cinema vision'; that the true reality of life is subjective and extra-temporal, and that, to quote Proust himself: 'We cannot narrate our relations with a being, however little we may have known him, without picturing the succession of the most different sites of our lives.' Such, admittedly in embryo, is what we find already in Pope's fine lines:

Yet more; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discolour'd thro' our passions shown;
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.
Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft in the passions' wild rotation toss'd,

Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determined, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep
(Tho' past the recollection of the thought),
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought,
Something as dim to our internal view
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.

In passages like these Pope is lifted beyond himself. Intellect and imagination fuse into poetry. Such moments Boileau never knew; nor did he ever attain to Pope's profound wisdom on the rare occasions when he laid down the lash of satire and tried to understand, not castigate, human frailty. To him human nature was never, as it was to Pope, a bright flux of complexities, but an organism endowed with free will subjected to the dual force of passion and reason. He would have vigorously rebutted the assertion contained in the lines of Pope:

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls and shifting eddies of our minds?
On human actions reason tho' you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man.

Boileau delights us by the subtlety of his wit, the keenness of his observation. There is in his satirical portraits a manly vigour and that firmness of texture which derives from a robust, logical mind. He has the 'firm hand,' 'the unerring line,' the limitations of which Pope was quick to suspect. Yet in all his works there is not one couplet vibrant with poetic feeling. Really Boileau was a *conteur*, not a poet. We have nothing by Pope to compare with the *Lutrin*, that masterpiece of anti-clerical satire in the heroic-comic vein. It is illuminating to pass from the *Lutrin* to

The Rape of the Lock, Pope's essay in the same manner. At once we move in a different ambience. The Englishman wafts us into a land of faery, into 'the crystal wilds of air'; with Boileau our feet are planted always on the solid earth. Even the latter's symbolic characters, *La Renommée*, *La Discorde*, *La Mollesse*, are comically and earthily human. Not of them can it be said:

Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.

One must first read Boileau to acquire the illusion that Pope is a poet of great imagination, and the conviction that these two writers have very little in common. It is time, surely, to jettison the comfortable legend that Pope is the English Boileau and Boileau the French Pope. It is easy, however, to see how it arose; for, if one but selects his passages with reasonable care from the *Essay on Criticism* and the *Art poétique*, it is possible to write a convincing comparative thesis on the classicism of the two authors. So, when Pope says that

Those rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are nature still, but nature methodiz'd,

he sounds more dogmatic than Boileau himself. But read on until you light upon the passage opening with these lines:

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there 's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach.

Boileau goes so far as to admit that, under vigilant supervision, an *esprit vigoureux* may once in a while kick over the traces and learn from Art herself to defy the prescribed

rules. Yet never does he remotely suspect that 'happiness' which Pope so often tried to grasp and sometimes did.

All through Pope's writings we can glimpse these strivings to escape from the bondage of the intellect into a more luminous and happy climate of the soul. Pope is obsessed by the idea of light and cherishes the words that suggest it. Like wildfire, it flashes fitfully low on the horizon of his mind. He is haunted by 'the bright idea of the skies,' by visions of 'heavens bespangled with dishevelled light,' by the fiery glow of diamonds in 'the flaming mine.' There is a strange pathos in Pope's reluctant surrender to these and kindred dreams of sensuous beauty. For music and colour and perfume obsessed him, too. Yet by its very rarity, the luminous word, when it appears in Pope's verse, lights up the sombre austerity of his moralizing like a smile on the face of a sad woman. And when he abandons himself to the rare ecstasy of a musical, condensed phrase, it is with the ascetic voluptuousness of his own Eloisa:

Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning beams of promis'd heav'n.

Thy image steals between my God and me.

Here, the marriage of sentiment and expression is complete and inevitable. But when, elsewhere, he writes:

She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft silver stream dissolved away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps,

Pope, the intellectual and the moralist, is simply indulging in the illicit joy of dabbling in lovely sounds.

Boileau, of course, had no contact with our thought or literary taste. On the other hand, Voltaire came to

England in 1726 and spent two years, almost in daily commerce with our great writers. He knew our language and literature well. 'Pope's *Essay on Man*, he said, 'appears to me the most beautiful, the most useful, the most sublime, didactic poem ever written in any language.' However, some twenty years later, Voltaire reacted fiercely against the comfortable optimism of Pope's *Essay* in his superb *Poème sur le désastre de Lisbonne*, which reveals a conception of deism utterly at variance with that of the English poet. Yet quite apart from their temperamental difference the two poets were otherwise divided. The art of Voltaire is distinguished by a dramatic quality. This and the pungent irony we call Voltairian, imparts vitality and form to his abstractions. One can best realize, however, the contrast between the genius of the French and the English poets by comparing their treatment of the same theme—virtue. This is the subject of the seventh *discours* of Voltaire's *Poème sur l'homme*, and of the fourth epistle in Pope's famous essay. For Pope, virtue is self-love enlarged so as to embrace God and the world in one 'close system of benevolence.' For Voltaire, it is *bien-faisance*. But what is really interesting is not their respective ideas of virtue so much as their manner of expressing them. With the discursive Englishman we travel by a mazy, circuitous road through brooding, philosophic groves suffused with the 'calm sunshine' of familiar thoughts nobly uttered. That there may be an end to this journey is not apparent till we reach it. Nor does it seem to matter; for, in an elusive way Pope has already suggested all that he shows us in the final vision. Voltaire's way is very different. It is the dramatic method of a Molière, or a Racine, by which a central idea is illuminated from several chosen points till it emerges in its full radiance. In a series of vivid portraits graven by the acid of

satire, he exposes the various masks which hypocrisy wears when it counterfeits true virtue; the stoicism of the pagan, the stupid asceticism of the monk, the corybantic exaltation of the fanatic, the inhuman austerity of the professional judge. Towering above these is the figure of the Christ, the divine simplicity of whose every act and word shines forth with an accentuated purity, as each new image of falsehood is added to the group clustered round His feet.

It was really through Voltaire that France discovered the existence of Shakespeare. In 1734, Frenchmen read of him in the *Lettres philosophiques*:

Shakespeare, whom the English regard as a Sophocles, flourished about the time of Lopez de Vega. He created the theatre. His genius was full of energy and fertility. He was natural and sublime without the smallest spark of good taste or the slightest knowledge of the rules. I am going to say something very risky but true; the merit of Shakespeare has been the ruin of the English stage. Scattered throughout his monstrous *farces* called tragedies there are such fine scenes, such great and terrible passages, that these plays have always been produced with great success. Time, which alone makes the reputation of men, renders in the long run their defects respectable. After a hundred years, most of the bizarre, gigantic ideas of Shakespeare have acquired the right to be considered respectable.

The intrinsic value of this passage is enhanced if we remember that, in 1726 when he wrote these words, Voltaire was in revolt against the philosophic and spiritual doctrines of the *grand siècle*. Yet observe how every line reflects the imperialistic attitude of the French neo-classic régime towards any form of art foreign to its own. And Voltaire, though he made several timid essays to impart a Shakespearian quality to the French theatre, lived to regret these early indiscretions. Thus, at eighty-two, on learning that Le Tourneur was about to publish an

extensive translation of Shakespeare's plays, Voltaire condemned, in a famous letter to the Académie Française, the folly of a project which, he said, could only pollute French dramatic taste. 'Shakespeare,' he wrote, 'is a barbarian with sparks of genius which shine out in a horrible night.'

At this date, 1776, Voltaire had some cause for alarm. French interest in our literature, which he himself had been one of the first to stimulate, had enormously increased. The focus of Anglomania had gradually shifted from the England of science and philosophy to the England of sensibility, from Newton and Locke to Richardson. Diderot in his famous *Éloge* simply could not find words adequate to express his admiration for the author of *Clarissa Harlowe*. Translated by Prévost, this novel set a fashion for *romans à l'anglaise*, though they had very little English in them but their titles. Diderot also discovered Lillo's *George Barnwell* and Moore's *The Gamester*, which struck him as perfect examples of his new dramatic genre, *la tragédie bourgeoise*. Sensibility, which had crept into French comedy quite early with Destouches, invaded comic opera. Le Tourneur translated Young's *Night Thoughts*, the sombre tone of which appealed to the more fervent Anglomaniacs.

He also translated the apocryphal *Works of Ossian*, thus pandering to the taste of those who, like the followers of Rousseau, dreamed of a golden age, and of the first dawn of poetry. *Ossian*, however, was too violent and crude for eighteenth-century France, which found a more rational outlet for its nostalgia in the craze for English gardens. Their picturesque disorder and winding paths invited dreamy meditation, just as their smug rusticity recalled that sunny patriarchal Arcadia where every one, from Louis XVI down to the humblest peasant, was to find peace and joy in a return to the occupations of primitive man. Thomson's *Seasons*, in Saint-Lambert's chastened adaptation, re-

flected the new attitude to nature. Something which was vitally to affect the destiny of French poetry had occurred since Pascal jotted down this thought: 'The weather and my mood have little connection. I have my foggy and my fine days within me.' But the French eighteenth-century poets, like our own, had a horror of uncivilized nature. It was the nineteenth-century Romantics who rediscovered the grandeur of mountain, forest, and sea.

To understand the Anglomania of eighteenth-century France we must regard it not as the surrender of classicism to English influence but as one consequence of the social and moral revolution which, ever since the Regency, had been developing within France herself. At the same time, our own country was undergoing a rather similar change. But since our literature, even at the height of classicism, had never lost its traditional core of romanticism and our writers had never ceased to be subjective, English pre-romanticism cannot be regarded as a revolutionary phenomenon. In France the contrary was true. The break with classicism in literature meant, in drama, the overthrow of a system consecrated by Racine and Molière; in poetry, the substitution of sensibility for reason as the criterion of beauty, a doctrine advocated by the Abbé du Bos as early as 1719. It implied, too, the invention of a new poetic vocabulary and of a more supple and varied prosody. In the novel, although this was a relatively new genre, it produced a great expansion of the contours of literature to embrace aspects of social life never before recognized by the artist. All this, of course, was but the reflection of deeper changes. Cartesianism, attacked by Voltaire and Montesquieu, was challenged by experimentalism—the mode of reasoning which bases its principles on observed facts. It was no longer assumed that men of different countries and ages thought in the same way or

shared a universal conception of beauty or truth. Montesquieu showed that all man-made laws are relative. All this led to an intense curiosity about the differences between men and nations. The scientific spirit of criticism was applied to the Church and to other institutions with devastating results. It produced a swarm of subversive ideas, the collective force of which helped eventually to overthrow the old régime.

It is easy, therefore, to see why Frenchmen of the eighteenth century were attracted by our literature. Instinctively, they knew that our poets and dramatists had long enjoyed liberties to which they themselves aspired, although as yet timidly. In both countries there arose a growing desire for a literature more in harmony with the tastes of the middle classes. That is why the moralizing tone of our domestic plays and novels appealed to the French, who had already moved far in the same direction. A similar parallelism can be observed in poetry, in the growing popularity of sombre and melancholy themes. Yet the melancholy that came into our poetry with the Pope of *Eloisa*, with Young, Hervey, and the Wartons, is something deeply embedded in the Anglo-Saxon character. It is not to be compared, for example, with the *heroïdes* of Dorat. Here melancholy is born of ennui: it reflects a sophisticated craving for emotional stimulants but rarely escapes classic domination. The French pre-romantics, unlike our own, eschewed sensationalism. To this must be attributed their failure to acclimatize the plays of Shakespeare and Lillo and the harsh, physical imagery of our *necromantics*, such as Hervey and Young. In nature poetry, too, they preferred subtler pastel tints reflecting a quieter, sweetly sentimental mood. For, despite the great influence of Rousseau, sentiment was not yet paramount. Always in the background there loomed

the spectre of *la raison* and its shadow haunted the French, soul. Rousseau himself, in his passionate *Nouvelle Héloïse*, stopped in mid career and quietly rationalized his passion into mere sensibility. A Julie all for love would have estranged even his most sentimental readers.

Yet when all is said, the French and English pre-romantics had the same poetic ideal. They were convinced that poetry springs from imagination and sensibility, not from reason. Here, indeed, our English poets were in advance of their French contemporaries, who had yet to forge the instrument of their liberation. In England this was unnecessary, for the vocabulary of Shakespeare and of the English version of the Bible was now the fibre of our language. Thus whilst in France Parry and Roucher and Léonard made timid efforts to break the cast-iron mould of *le style noble*, the novelists, Rousseau and Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, were the true pioneers of reform in poetic diction. Yet in both countries the same generous ferment of ideas can be observed at work, the same enthusiasm for the social virtues, a like interest in the welfare of the humbler classes. And if in France the artistic expression of this new conception of human dignity seems to us inadequate one cannot doubt its sincerity. But it is clear from the poetry of Gray and Cowper that we were a generation ahead of the French. On the other hand, not since the Middle Ages had we been so close to them in spirit.

Yet there is little essential resemblance between the poetry of the great French Romantics and our own. That is chiefly because English romanticism was not, as in France, a revolution which shook the foundations of the national literature. Our romantic movement, despite its philosophic contacts with Germany, was a return to national tradition, achieved, moreover, with little opposition. We

had nothing comparable to the *Préface de Cromwell* or the tumultuous first night of *Hernani*. In England, though classicism purified our prose, it never established an absolute dynasty. But in France, romanticism invaded every form of literature and thought, meeting with stubborn resistance. Its origins were confusedly intermingled with liberalism and it had its accredited press. It divided even the Académie Française. The Romantics composed a veritable army of poets, dramatists, and novelists, many of whose excesses jeopardized the cause. In the ranks were many ideologists like Stendhal and Mérimée, who were not of the true faith and later deserted.

Though we speak of our two generations of Romantics, all of them, from Wordsworth to Keats, had virtually produced their most significant poetry before 1830, when the French movement really began to echo the new spirit of the nation and to create what some call *le grand romantisme* to distinguish it from the writings of the dilettantes and others who turned to foreign literature for their inspiration. Yet none of our romantic poets, save Byron, can be said to have really influenced the great French poets of the new school. In the novel and in drama Byronism left its traces: it was never an integral part of French romantic poetry. No doubt, in 1819, Lamartine confessed: 'Lord Byron est incontestablement à mes yeux la plus grande nature poétique des temps modernes.' Yet in a poem dedicated to his hero, Lamartine showed how very different were their ideals. Byron's satanism distressed the French poet, and in *L'Homme* he counselled submission to the will of God:

Ici-bas la douleur à la douleur s'enchaîne,
Le jour succède au jour, et la peine à la peine.
Borné dans sa nature, infini dans ses vœux,
L'homme est un dieu tombé qui se souvient des cieux.

The romantic theatre, heralded by a great fanfare of trumpets, loudly proclaimed its allegiance to Shakespeare, who was played, in 1827, on a Parisian stage with great success. Five years previously a similar attempt had produced a riot. Vigny translated and produced *Othello*, but the handkerchief scene, because of the unfortunate word *mouchoir*, aroused a storm of protests mingled with laughter. Actually, though the French romantic dramatists professed to model themselves on Shakespeare the heroes staged by Hugo and Dumas were Byronic. Nevertheless, though this contact with our theatre converted French tragedy into melodrama, it had one happy effect. It was responsible for the lyricism which redeems Hugo's theatre from oblivion and still enchants us in Musset's diaphanous comedies. That it has come to stay we know from the plays of Rostand and Maeterlinck.

Scott's novels, with their vivid, picturesque detail and romantic adventures, were joyously received not only by the Romantics but by the traditionalists. It is easy to understand why. Scott prided himself upon the accuracy of his documentation. This positive and pseudo-didactic trend of his art made a strong appeal to the French Classics. To the Romantics what mattered was the imaginative element in Scott—his pageantry and *bravura*. His latest novel was the subject of fashionable conversation in the Parisian *salons*. Scotland became a place of pilgrimage for young French Romantics and, in 1826, the novelist was presented to Charles X. A stream of imitators arose, amongst them a young man flaunting the pretentious *nom de plume* of Horace de Saint-Aubin. This was Balzac, whose *Héritière de Birague* must, however, be ranked along with the numerous and dreadful attempts to write historical novels à la Walter Scott.

But under Scott's influence the French began to take

the historical novel seriously. *Notre-Dame*, so different in other respects, shows how Scott taught Hugo the value of local colour and picturesque detail. Probably, too, Flaubert learned in the same school how to recreate the spirit of the past. Yet Scott even could not change the traditional bent of the French mind. This is very obvious when we read Stendhal, Mérimée, Anatole France, or Henri de Régnier. For these novelists, local colour is psychological local colour: the physical environment of the characters and the customs of bygone days interest them only in a minor way. Yet how marvellously they succeed in evoking the spirit of past centuries! *La Chartreuse de Parme* and *La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque* are typical examples: they are masterpieces.

In all this Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats played no part. That they were virtually unknown in France is not surprising: England only began to realize their greatness after 1830. In any case, there could have been no true *rapprochement*. As it is, though now and then we catch what seems to be an echo of Wordsworth in Lamartine or of Keats in Musset, the resemblance is one of theme, not expression. Lamartine, with a fervour equal to that of Wordsworth, saw nature as man's eternal sanctuary. Without doubt he, too, experienced

a sense sublime

Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

Yet in the expression of that feeling for natural beauty Lamartine is still a Classic:

Mais la nature est là qui t'invite et qui t'aime;
Plonge-toi dans son sein qu'elle t'ouvre toujours:

Quand tout change pour toi, la nature est la même,
Et le même soleil se lève sur tes jours.

Suis le jour dans le ciel, suis l'ombre sur la terre,
Dans les plaines de l'air vole avec l'aiglon;
Avec le doux rayon de l'astre du mystère
Glisse à travers les bois dans l'ombre du vallon.

Admittedly, this is not Lamartine at his greatest: he was greatest as the interpreter of human suffering. But these lines reveal how impossible it is to seek in any French poet of the romantic period that quality of interfusion of the poet's soul with nature which is the essence of English lyricism. We get close to it in Hugo, closer still in Vigny:

La Nature t'attend dans un silence austère,
L'herbe élève à tes pieds son nuage des soirs,
Et le soupir d'adieu du soleil à la terre
Balance les beaux lys comme des encensoirs.
La forêt a voilé ses colonnes profondes,
La montagne se cache, et sur ses pâles ondes
Le saule a suspendu ses chastes reposoirs.
Le crépuscule ami s'endort dans la vallée
Sur l'herbe d'émeraude et sur l'or du gazon,
Sous les timides joncs de la source isolée
Et sous le bois rêveur qui tremble à l'horizon,
Se balance en fuyant dans les grappes sauvages,
Jette son manteau gris sur le bord des rivages,
Et des fleurs de la nuit entr'ouvre la prison. . . .

This, however, recalls Keats rather than Wordsworth, and such passages are rare in the French romantic poets of the first period. They were not yet ready to surrender themselves to nature. They did not, like Shelley, experience an irresistible urge for communion with nature:

Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My Spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth.

Poetry for them was not an incantation. Rather, as for the Wordsworth of the later manner, it was the expression of a 'deep distress' which had humanized their soul. The quality of their imagination is not that of our Romantics. To say that it lacks a sense of mystery would be wrong; one has but to recall the hallucinatory visions of Hugo, the strange ballad-like tone of Musset's *Nuit de Décembre*. But the lyricism of all the French Romantics betrays a classic tendency. They are often subjective to a much greater degree even than our romantic poets, but the natural trend of their genius is to universalize their individual emotions. And their prevailing tone, if we except Lamartine, is one of rebellion against human destiny. This attains its noblest and most acute expression, of course, in Vigny. But it is the vitalizing, inspiring force which flows through all French romantic poetry. This it is which deprives them of that sensuous joy in nature which all our Romantics experienced. From this point of view the true French Romantics are the Symbolists, especially Baudelaire and Verlaine. In them we discover closer affinities.

'Quand un Français et un Anglais pensent de même,' said Voltaire, 'il faut bien qu'ils aient raison.' And at this moment, as always, we hold the same conception of truth, honour, and freedom. But it would be a sad thing if we ever tried to reconcile our individual notions of beauty in literature and the arts. It would be equally unfortunate if ever our two nations were to interrupt those contacts which, in the past, have exercised such a liberating effect during crucial moments in our literary

evolution. On such occasions, of course, the traditionalists never fail to raise cries of alarm and to speak of the decadence of the national genius. But we have seen that the true spirit of a nation's literature is unaffected by such commerce, nay, benefits from it. For a great national literature, in recurring cycles of its progress, selects, transforms, and assimilates elements of foreign provenance. You may graft shoots of Californian stock on the vines of France, but the wine pressed from her grapes will still be of the true and noble vintage.

Ful wel she song the service divyne,
Entuned in hir nose ful semely;
And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe,
For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

FRENCH AND BRITISH PAINTING

BY JAMES LAVER

THE Channel is such a narrow strip of water that it seems strange that it should have had so great an effect on the course of history and the history of culture. The Roman occupation abolished it, the Norman Conquest bridged it for a time, the Angevin Empire, which included so much of both France and England, maintained a thousand contacts, but with the rise of nationally conscious states the gulf widened once more, and the countries on both sides of it developed their special characteristics in what seems to us now astonishing isolation.

Even the Renaissance, that new unifying impulse, reached us through different channels and by different routes; reached England, too, with a time-lag of at least two generations, so that even what is comparable in the art of the two countries does not belong to the same period. There is little point in comparison until the second half of the seventeenth century, and then only by way of contrast. For the faces of the two nations were now turned in opposite directions, and the movement which led to the centralizing of the monarchy and the glorification of Louis XIV had no counterpart in England.

That glorification, that attempt of 'Le Roi Soleil' to shine with an effulgence such as had never been seen before, proved to be a fact of supreme importance in the development of French art, both in decoration and in the purely pictorial field. In France the monarchy; in England the oligarchy. In one country the patrons of art were courtiers, in the other country gentlemen. Even the

court in England, even Charles II, most French of all our kings, looked to Holland rather than to France, and beyond Holland to Italy.

It is interesting to note that almost the only French painter to influence English art in the eighteenth century, and then only after an interval of nearly a hundred years, was Claude. His 'grand manner' (but how poetized and individual!) found an echo in our own Richard Wilson, and ultimately, of course, in Turner.

Even when the French turned from the stiffness of Louis Quatorze, even when the formal patterns of Boulle and Bérain melted into the *style Régence*, and disintegrated into the pure rococo of Louis Quinze, this had little or no effect on English taste. And in painting the paths of the two nations were widely divergent. There is no English equivalent for the miracle of Watteau. Even in the matter of *mœurs* the difference is striking, as we can see by contrasting Chardin and Hogarth, or Stubbs and Fragonard. The great English school of portraiture, of which the peaks were Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney, was indeed in the grand tradition, but it overleaped the French, and reached back to Van Dyck. The eighteenth century was a great period of culture for both peoples, but their cultures were widely different, and the differences are nowhere reflected more clearly than in the sphere of painting.

National and 'period' tendencies are often shown more completely in the work of minor artists than in that of the great masters. In France there was a whole school of designers working in grisaille or water-colour for the engravers, and to them we owe some enchanting glimpses of intimate manners. Freudeberg, Lavreince, Gabriel de Saint-Aubin are names which conjure up a whole miniature world of polite *galanterie*, a world of light loves in boudoir

and bedroom, stolen kisses, surreptitious *billets-doux*, 'Au moins, soyez discret!' and 'Qu'en dit l'abbé?'

England, on the other hand, was discovering other uses for water-colour, was finding in it, indeed, the ideal medium for the rendering of trees, and fields, and rain-washed skies, of cloud formations and the evanescent effects of natural light and shade. There is nothing more English than water-colour used, not as a preparation for engraving or as a study for composition in oils, but for its own sake, and most of all for representing the country in all its aspects. Even when an artist like Rowlandson touches the French by his interest in human life, his feeling for landscape places him in the centre of the great tradition of English water-colour. It is as if the Frenchman was always looking into a room and the Englishman was always looking out of a window.

To insist so much upon the *country* aspect of English painting at this period will not, perhaps, seem excessive if we remember that Frenchmen, too, in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, were endeavouring to 'return to Nature.' Rousseau's influence turned even Marie Antoinette into a pseudo-milkmaid, and the straw which roofed the Petit Trianon, if it did not constitute it a cottage, at least served to show which way the wind was blowing. But the English in French eyes had already returned to nature (perhaps they had never left it), and so when Frenchmen abandoned their embroidered coats at the Revolution, they adopted the dress of the English country-gentleman. They showed by so doing (for clothes are never frivolous or accidental) that they were ready to receive an influence *from* England, and they did receive it.

In painting it was overlaid for a time by the official, pseudo-classical art of David and his followers, and it began, modestly enough, with a single Frenchman's admiration for

the work of Thomas Girtin, who died, aged twenty-seven, with much of his promise unfulfilled. 'If Tom Girtin had lived,' said Turner, 'I should have starved.' Girtin was in Paris in 1802, after the Peace of Amiens, but it was in England that he had taught his water-colour technique to the French artist, Louis Francia, who in his turn taught it, curiously enough, to Richard Parkes Bonington. Bonington died even younger than Girtin, but he lived much in France, won a medal at the Salon, and had an undoubted influence on French painting.

A much greater influence was that of Constable. Here was a man who not only painted the country, but painted it with a directness of approach, an 'eye on the object' which was something new in the history of art. Even in an age like the present when, in reaction against the excesses of impressionism, the architectural qualities of painting are more and more insisted upon, it is impossible to deny the greatness of Constable and the importance of the revolution he instituted, not only in manner of treatment but in the handling of paint. It was oil paint, too—the French will always regard water-colour as a minor art—and the great Delacroix himself, who visited England in the eighteen-twenties, confessed how powerfully he had been influenced by Constable.

It was an influence which was to be picked up again later. The so-called Barbizon school derived its direct inspiration from the seventeenth-century Dutchmen, but its artists assimilated Constable none the less and, in Mr Clive Bell's happy phrase, made of his 'splendid but idiosyncratic and untidy vernacular a teachable language of widest application.' To understand how much later men owed to Constable one has only to compare one of his oil sketches of Brighton beach, at South Kensington, with a Boudin seascape. It is, in fact, in the later Impressionists

that Constable's 'vernacular' finds its fullest and most logical expression.

Meanwhile the living impulse in England had died away. Commercial painting had degenerated into sentimentality and anecdote, and whatever we may think of those admirable rebels, the Pre-Raphaelites, they were certainly divorced from the main stream of European painting. In so far as they had any continental connections these were with the German medievalizing Nazarenes. They were essentially local and provincial, and there was a strong literary flavour in their work which was just what their best French contemporaries were striving to discard. There is no escape from the fact that from Courbet onwards the main stream of European painting is French.

It is interesting to speculate as to what might have happened had Whistler stayed longer in France or developed afterwards on less individual lines. While in France he was powerfully influenced by Courbet (compare his 'Wave' and Courbet's 'La Vague'), and for a time it seemed that he and Manet would place themselves at the head of a new school. But in the early sixties Whistler came to England, dropped out of the Impressionist movement, and elaborated an art which was at once exquisite and sterile, for it has had no progeny.

Alphonse Legros, a humbler artist who fled from France after the war and the Commune and settled in England as a teacher for the rest of his life, had much more effect in re-establishing the lost contact between the art of the two countries. Yet Legros was never an Impressionist, at least in the later and now established sense of the word.

It is impossible to reduce impressionism to a single formula. In subject-matter it was a revolt against the theatricality of the romantic painters, and against the frozen prettiness of the followers of Ingres. It rejected

ready-made interests of all kinds. It deliberately chose 'ugly' models and left out the 'story' altogether. It was, in fact, a reminder that the point of painting is that it should rely for its effects upon balance of masses, the harmony of line and colour, and the quality of paint. The first of these, of course, tended to be overlooked, and so provoked the reaction of Cézanne. But the Impressionist revolt against the 'vice of subject' has driven the subject picture from the walls of public galleries all over the world.

Impressionism was also an attempt to approach painting in a scientific manner, to exclude as far as possible the personal reaction, and, in Cézanne's phrase, to paint one's mother as if she were a cabbage. On the technical side, having abandoned every kind of studio preparation and under-painting, it was a method of 'direct' painting with opaque pigments, sometimes not even mixed on the palette, but laid side by side on the canvas in touches of pure primary colour. The logical conclusion of this—the *pointillisme* of Seurat—never gained a footing in England, but the general Impressionist technique became, for a whole generation, the only accepted method of painting.

Even the reaction against impressionism came from France, so that here, too, painters on this side of the Channel must acknowledge their debt. Where impressionism failed was in its lack of architectural qualities, its failure to give due weight to the formal relations of planes and masses. We have already mentioned Cézanne, whose reputation has continued to grow ever since his death, even among those whose methods of work are very different.

Cézanne was logical, with a French instinctive logic which might have been thought unlikely to find an echo in the English mind. But those who came after him—the post-Impressionists who acknowledged him as their

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begetter—pushed logic a stage further. If the important thing in a picture was a series of formal relations, with colour not as a mere addition, but as an essential part of the structure, then a 'story,' a subject, was obviously a hindrance. But might not representation itself be a hindrance, too? Would it not be possible to reduce everything to a small number of elementary forms, and then use these forms to build up a composition which would be completely satisfying without 'representing' anything. This was the impulse behind one phase of Picasso's development, the phase which gave rise to the almost fanatical school of pure cubism.

Cubism was, no doubt, valuable as a discipline, but it had no long growth even in France. In England it never really took root at all, for the English mind has never moved easily in a world of abstractions. There was a reaction on both sides of the Channel, and this was to be expected and desired, for no one would wish painting to be confined for ever in the strait jacket of so rigid a formula. And much as we may admire French painting and respect those influences from France which have played so large a part in the developments of the last half-century, it is equally undesirable that British painting should be nothing but a pale reflection of the aesthetic movements which take their rise in Paris. England has its own contribution to make to the history of painting, and if it is true to itself cannot help but produce something which will be of value both to England and France.

Artists have to thank the French for the freedom which they now enjoy to paint as they please. The pettifogging realism and 'truth to nature,' so eloquently, if misguidedly, preached by Ruskin, the desire that every picture should not only tell a story but display a definite moral purpose, as Tolstoy demanded—all these extraneous and irrelevant

considerations have been swept aside. But gone, too, is the Impressionist tyranny of the 'photographic eye.'

This liberty is the great modern gift of France to British painting, not any particular method or technique, not any special line of treatment or approach. It remains to be seen what will be done, on both sides of the Channel, with the enormous range of possibilities open to the modern artist.

Within recent years there have been signs once more of a growing divergence, which is surely all to the good, for close *entente* and identity of political aim need not, and indeed should not, imply the blending and blurring of national characteristics. The only school which now spans both countries (if we except ordinary commercial painting, which has absorbed some of the methods of impressionism without being fundamentally altered by them) is that of the Surrealists. This brave attempt to dig below the surface of the mind, and produce a harmony by subconscious juxtaposition, is not without value, if only for its stressing of the truth that no art can be produced by pure intelligence and mere surface sensibility. The essential synthesis always takes place below. But surrealism is too psychological, too literary even, in the derogatory sense, to provide a universal answer to the problem of pictorial art. It should be used to enlarge the field, not allowed to restrict it.

It would be premature to attempt to foresee the developments of European painting during the next few troubled years. It is certain, however, that painting has in the last generation become too far divorced from life. 'Back to Nature' is a dangerous cry, yet it is probably the only starting-point for a new evolution, and nature, as the Surrealists have shown us, need not mean only the countryside.

There is a common tradition to which the French during the last century have contributed more than any one else; but there is also an English tradition which tends rather too easily perhaps to fall into the superficial and the anecdotal. But there is no need for it to do so. The movement in England may take the form of a new primitivism, or even of a neo-romanticism. The important thing is that it should be sincere, and should not be frightened of its national characteristics. Then, as it has been fecundated by French painting, it may none the less develop its own individuality afresh, and one day may have some contribution to make to the common stock as important as the influence which Constable once had on Delacroix.

L'accent du pays où l'on est né demeure dans l'esprit et dans le cœur, comme dans le langage.

Nous gagnerons plus de nous laisser voir tels que nous sommes, que d'essayer de paraître ce que nous ne sommes pas.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, *Maximes*.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE MUSIC OF FRANCE

BY RONALD CRICHTON

THE necessities of present circumstance demand that we should grow familiar with every aspect of French life. The literature and the art of France have no lack of admirers in this country, but French music has for years had to fight against a combination of academic prejudice and public apathy. There seem to be two main reasons for this state of affairs. The first reason is that most English people possess only a superficial knowledge of France, of its inhabitants, and of their magnificent contribution, both past and present, to the civilization of Europe. French music as a whole reflects faithfully the attributes of the national character, of what the French themselves call *l'esprit français*. Most of the great French musicians have shown the same respect for shapeliness, restraint, and clarity, the same fertility of invention and spirit of inquiry, the same passion for discussion and analysis, and the same disinclination to be duped by size and grandiloquence, that we find in the works of the great writers, thinkers, painters, and architects of France. A realization of what is meant by the phrase *l'esprit français* is, then, essential to a full appreciation of French music.

The second reason is that the English, to an extent which they are not always willing to admit, are inclined to judge all music from the point of view of the German tradition. Thus it comes about that even well-educated people who admire the work of French writers and painters are inclined to deny an equal eminence to her musicians, who, quite naturally, do not always conform to German standards.

The French have a musical tradition of their own, and a very ancient one it is. In the Middle Ages the songs of the *trouvères* and *troubadours*, and the choral music of Pérotin le Grand, to say nothing of works of the great poet-musician Guillaume de Machault, show characteristics which remain typical of French music to this day. There is a danger, however, in regarding French music as a thing entirely apart from the main European tradition. There has been through the ages a constant exchange of musical influences between France and other countries. At the time of Pérotin and of the first flowering of polyphony, French musicians led the civilized world. The seventeenth century saw the invasion of Paris by the new Italian form of opera, which was finally and successfully adapted to French tastes by Lully, himself an Italian who had settled in France. In the eighteenth century, a time of unhampered intellectual exchange between nations, French influences had once again made themselves felt. Meanwhile opera had become so thoroughly acclimatized that another infusion of Italian blood was considered advisable, and the famous *guerre des bouffons* was a result. Henceforward, until the close of the nineteenth century, Italian and German influences predominate in French music. Italy provided melody, passionate and caressing, melody considered not primarily as a vehicle for the words of a poet, as in France, or as a vehicle for instrumental development, as in Germany, but as an end in itself. Germany provided the example of a preoccupation with so-called 'pure music,' music, that is, nominally freed from external associations, and with the forms of sonata and symphony. It is not easy to define in a few words the difference between French and German conceptions of 'form' in music. French composers have not failed to realize the advantages to be gained from a ready submission to formal discipline,

just as the tragedies of Racine draw additional strength from his adoption of the three unities and the paintings of Cézanne from his constant preoccupation with considerations of form and volume. On the other hand, French composers have retained a more inventive and inquiring spirit regarding these matters than the Germans, and have been less inclined than they to practise a given form out of purely academic respect. Thus it is rare to find a French composer doing violence to his own nature by the deliberate adoption of a form to which he is not temperamentally suited.

This constant interchange of influences has been made possible by the role played in history by Paris. It was in Paris that the English and Flemish composers of the Middle Ages absorbed French influences and, in turn, made their own felt. It was to Paris, the intellectual capital of Europe, that the Italians Cavalli and Lully came in the seventeenth century, as did the Austrians Gluck and Mozart; and a further horde of Italian singers and composers of opera came a century later. It was to Paris, too, that Rossini, Cherubini, Meyerbeer, Wagner, Liszt, Offenbach, and Franck came in their turn. Most of these foreigners, some of whom came to stay, not only played their part in the evolution of French music but were in turn, and to various degrees, influenced by it. Paris has, in fact, been the means by which French music has remained a sturdy national growth with a remarkable gift for absorbing foreign influences, and a no less remarkable capacity for turning these influences to good, and typically French, account. Towards the end of the nineteenth century, after the great revival of French music which took place around 1870, a different series of extraneous influences begin to play their part. This time Paris was not the only medium of contact. Of equal importance to the

appearance of Eastern dancers at the Paris Exhibition of 1889 and the first Diaghilev seasons of Russian opera and ballet some twenty years later, were the visits of Debussy to Russia, of Roussel to Indo-China, and of Milhaud to South America. Without these exotic influences the works of Debussy would have been shorn of much of their strange beauty, and the *Évocations* and *Padmâvatî* of Roussel, the *Saudades do Brazil* and *Création du Monde* of Milhaud, might never have been written.

How is it, then, that in spite of these strong and diverse influences from outside, music in France has remained so consistently French? One reason is that French music has never lost contact with its origins in the exercise of the human voice. From the earliest days music in France has been in close association with words, and through words, with concrete ideas. To a Frenchman song is a natural means of expression. The important thing to him is not the mere physical exhilaration of the act of singing, but rather the intellectual pleasure of communicating words and ideas in an attractive and shapely form. We can see this in the productions of the aristocratic *trouvères* and *troubadours* of the twelfth century, and in the fact that popular song, whether genuine folk-song or the product of more or less sophisticated places of entertainment, has never ceased to flourish in France, and has never ceased to have some contact with what we are pleased to call 'serious' music. For this reason there has never been any necessity for an artificial revival of French folk-song.

In view of this close association of music and literature, it is not hard to understand the importance for a student of the music of France of a working knowledge, at least, of the French language. This language is by no means so well adapted to the needs of the singer as, say, Italian, yet French composers have constantly shown the utmost

resource in dealing with the problems which it raises and in giving full attention to its values. To a large extent, melody in French music has remained subservient to the requirements of the language; hence the perpetual attraction for French musicians of the sensual, untrammelled melodies of Italian music. French composers have, on the other hand, frequently enjoyed the unstinting collaboration of poets of the highest rank, for the French mind has always been attracted by the idea of collaboration between the various arts. Many medieval musicians wrote their own words. Music played a part in the recitation of *cantefables*, such as the famous *Aucassin et Nicolette*. The members of the *Pléiade* in the sixteenth century paid great attention to musical questions. Ronsard himself, writing in 1565, spoke of ' . . . la musique et accord des instruments, en faveur desquels il semble que la poésie soit née; car la poésie sans les instrumens ou sans la grâce d'une seule ou plusieurs voix, n'est nullement agréable, non plus que les instruments sans être animés de la mélodie d'une plaisante voix.' A different aspect of the same pre-occupation can be seen in the efforts of the Symbolist movement—inspired, curiously enough, by the example of Wagner—to invest poetry with the quality of music. Even in the rational eighteenth century there was no divorce between literature and music. Voltaire did not scorn to write books for operas, though he was not conspicuously successful in that direction, while the *guerre des bouffons* was more a literary than a musical battle, precipitated largely by the passionate partisanship of Rousseau and the *Encyclopédistes* for the Italian as opposed to the French type of opera. In our own day we have seen the readiness of such eminent writers as Valéry, Gide, Claudel, and Cocteau to collaborate with contemporary musicians. If English poets and writers had shown the same inclination

to work with musicians the history of opera in England might well have been different.

The fact that French composers have, since the time of Louis XIV, turned naturally to the stage both as a means of expression and of livelihood, has undoubtedly prejudiced the success of their music in England. Of the vast number of excellent operas by French composers only *Faust*, *Carmen*, and possibly *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* can really be said to have become acclimatized. One reason is undoubtedly the difficulty of providing a satisfactory translation into English and, unfortunately, the scenes which suffer most in the process are often those which are half-way between recitative and formalized song, supreme examples of the skill of French composers in setting their language to music. This tradition was perfected in the seventeenth century by Lully, perpetuated in the following century in the operas of Rameau and his contemporaries. Examples of this kind of skill may be found in *Faust* (in the Garden Scene), in *Carmen* (notably in the scenes between Carmen and Don José), in many of the works of Massenet, and, in an extreme form, in *Pelléas* and other operas of that period. There has always been a tendency in England to regard opera as an inferior form of art. This has not been the point of view of many of the finest French minds. La Bruyère, anticipating Diaghilev's dream of a synthesis of the arts, wrote of opera that 'le propre de ce spectacle est de tenir tous les sens dans un égal enchantement.' Over two hundred years later Valéry told how he used to dream of an ideal form of opera wherein each of the component elements, orchestra, song, action, mime, dance, lighting, and scenery, would be given a clearly defined, separate, and yet co-ordinated function to fulfil, and described the result as 'une débauche de discipline et de construction formelle.'

It would be hard to over-estimate the importance of this intellectual quality of French music. Indeed, in order to enjoy it to the full, it is as necessary to exercise the mind as the senses. An open and alert intelligence is of more use than the mood of acquiescent reverie suitable to the more reflective methods of German and English composers. Consider, for example, the attitude of most French composers to nature. Where a German or an Englishman will endeavour to record the emotions aroused in him by the contemplation of a scene, a Frenchman is more concerned with recording the salient facts of the scene itself. Being a Frenchman, he will select and arrange these facts with the utmost taste and skill, and with the delight in fine craftsmanship that we can see at work throughout French history, alike in the work of great creative artists and thinkers, in the work of the anonymous sculptors and masons of the Middle Ages, at all times and in all classes of society. This process of refinement may lead to what is, from the English point of view, a rather sophisticated presentation of nature. But this does not imply any lack of sympathy. The average Frenchman is deeply attached to his native soil (even to-day France is a predominantly agricultural country, and a far greater proportion of the population than in England lives on the land), and loves it without affectation, but he takes this feeling for granted, and is seldom inclined to rhapsodize about it. In order to understand the difference between the French viewpoint and ours, compare the objective attitude to nature of Couperin (whose music is full of allusions to the songs and dances of country life), or of Ravel, the nearest to Couperin in spirit of modern composers, with the pastoral meditations and folk-song arrangements of Vaughan Williams. Again, contrast the blurred outlines and distant vistas of Delius's *Song of the High Hills* with the *Symphonie Cévenole*

of d'Indy, a work constructed with the maximum of formal cohesion and yet instinct with mountain air. It is equally instructive, in another direction, to consider the difference between the exquisite translucence of the 'Chasse royale' from Berlioz's *Les Troyens*, or of the pastoral scenes from Gounod's *Mireille*, and the deliberately sublimated radiance of Wagner's tone paintings, of the 'Forest Murmurs' from *Siegfried*, for instance, or the Good Friday music from *Parsifal*.

The most generally recognized qualities of French music are those of elegance, charm, and wit. In themselves they largely explain the superiority of French light music, but they have a wider significance; the French craftsman's pride in beautiful material and in perfect finish, the expression by a highly civilized people of a sensible predilection for the good things of life. These amiable qualities are so apparent that many people are under the impression that French music consists of little else but elegance, charm, and wit. Others have been misled by the frequent occurrence of a brilliant and sometimes irreverent frivolity which comes easily to a nation convinced of the soundness of its own civilization. The fact that two composers who have had great influence on the development of music in France in the past fifty years, Chabrier and Satie, are chiefly known by works of a humorous nature, has only served to deepen the impression that the French are too often concerned with frivolous matters, for a superficial knowledge of the music of these two composers will not reveal how serious they were at heart.

A further aspect of French music which has led to misconceptions abroad is the quality of restraint, which the French themselves sometimes refer to as *pudeur*, or modesty. This is a direct result of their mistrust of grandiloquence and over-emphasis. Gounod once wrote that: 'La France

est essentiellement le pays de la netteté, de la concision, du goût, c'est à dire l'opposé de l'excès, de l'enflure, de la disproportion, de la prolixité.' It must be realized that this dislike of excess and exaggeration is by no means incompatible with the qualities of strength and vitality; rather, these qualities are actually enhanced by the application of a rigorous formal discipline. Gounod's definition of French taste is not, therefore, irreconcilable with the spirit of the following words by Baudelaire, who, of all poets, reconciled intensity with concision: 'En matière d'Art, j'avoue que je ne hais pas l'outrance; la modération ne m'a jamais semblé le signe d'une nature artistique vigoureuse. J'aime ces excès de santé, ces débordements de volonté qui s'inscrivent comme la bitume enflammé dans le sol d'un volcan.'

A Belgian critic recently quoted a passage from the essays of Montaigne in which the author enumerated the qualities which he admired and preferred in poetry: '... premièrement une fluidité gaye et ingénieuse; depuis une subtilité aiguë et relevée; enfin une force meure et constante.' Claiming that these were essential qualities of the French spirit, the same critic applied them with convincing success to French music. Few would dispute the application of the first two, but, in this country, at any rate, critics and public alike remain curiously ignorant of the extent to which the works of French composers show the 'ripe and constant strength' of which Montaigne spoke, a strength which does not rely on sonority and magniloquence, but rather on a perfect adjustment between form and content. When we have heard more of the works of the eighteenth-century composers than a handful of harpsichord pieces, when we have listened more widely to the rich storehouse of French song, and have been introduced to the symphonies of Magnard and Roussel,

when we have learnt that the gentle Fauré, in the last twenty years of his long and distinguished career, produced works of a strength and austerity of which only Sibelius among composers of that generation has been believed capable; when we have learnt all this and much more besides, we shall be able to appreciate the splendour of the long, unbroken stream of ordered beauty which is the French musical tradition. At times this stream has overflowed its banks, at times it has dwindled to a trickle and has sought refreshment from foreign tributaries, but it has never run dry, and for much of its course it has run through an earthly paradise where -

tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme, et volupté.

France, mère des arts, des armes, et des loix,
Tu m'as nourry long temps du lait de ta mamelle:
Ores, comme un aigneau qui sa nourrisse appelle,
Je remplis de ton nom les antres et les bois.

Si tu m'as pour enfant advoué quelquefois,
Que ne me respons-tu maintenant, ô cruelle?
France, France, respons à ma triste querelle:
Mais nul, sinon Echo, ne respond à ma voix.

Entre les loups cruels j'erre parmy la plaine,
Je sens venir l'hyver, de qui la froide haleine
D'une tremblante horreur fait herisser ma peau.

Las! tes autres aigneaux n'ont faute de pasture,
Ils ne craignent le loup, le vent, ny la froidure:
Si ne suis-je pourtant le pire du troupeau.

JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

MÉSÉSENTENTE CORDIALE

BY J. E. MANSION

Nous traduisons les Anglais aussi mal que nous nous battons contre eux sur mer.—VOLTAIRE.

THE 'last war' brought the French and the English peoples, united in a common cause, more closely together than ever before in their history, and during the ensuing twenty-five years a continuance of close co-operation and growing opportunity for intercourse, for travel and holiday-making in each other's countries, had accentuated the *rapprochement* and fostered some degree of mutual understanding between two nations far apart in temperament and in ethical concepts.

There remained, it is true, the barrier of the difference in idiom; but then French, beyond all other languages, is reputed to be crystal clear, and it has long been an article of faith on our side of the Channel that it is easily read by any 'fellow of ordinary intelligence' who has at hand a grammar and a dictionary. And again, English, essentially analytical, is one of the easiest of languages, being made up, half of short easy words with no distracting changes of endings as in Latin and German, and half of longer Latin-born words which are 'practically the same' in French and English, and 'offer no difficulty.' Thus a smattering of French, and a smattering of English, should work wonders in the matter of bridging the Channel and promoting an *entente cordiale*.

And for the benefit of those who have no gift of tongues, let those who are able act as interpreters! It seems easy

and, indeed, on the strength of a 'smattering' much translation is ventured upon, in fiction and in journalism, and even in higher spheres, with a rashness that often leads, in all good faith and goodwill, to humorous or tragic *mésésentente cordiale*, if the word *mésésentente* may be stretched to cover also *malentendu*.

I refer, of course, only to the simpler task of translating from the foreign idiom into the mother tongue; the reverse process is fraught with dangers that are more clearly realized though not always eschewed; witness those bilingual catalogues of art exhibitions, in one of which, of a French Salon, *Le Retour de l'enfant prodigue* was rendered, for the benefit of English and American visitors, as 'The return of the profuse child.' Every traveller in a foreign country comes home with a collection of similar *cocasseries*, and every modern language master can match them from Smith minor's attempts at self-expression in the foreign tongue. I can vouch for the following (in a Scotch Leaving Certificate paper): *Quand mon père nous trouve fumants, il nous donne une cachette*, which I took to mean 'When father catches us smoking he gives us a hiding.'

Leaving these out of account, most collections of school-boy howlers include such choice specimens as *un chien de grande taille*, 'a dog with a big tail'; *elle endossa la jaquette de son tailleur*, 'she put on her tailor's jacket'; *les favoris de la reine Élisabeth*, 'Queen Elizabeth's whiskers'; '*Je suis blessé!*' *s'écria-t-il*, "'Well, I'm blessed!'" he exclaimed' (the standard chestnut, dished up *à toutes les sauces*). Of these gems some few may be authentic.

But howlers are not confined to school, and may be more subtle than the above. In autumn 1939 the B.B.C. announced that the Germans, on evacuating Saarbrücken, had destroyed all works of art (without explaining why German art galleries had been subjected to vandalism).

This confusion of *ouvrages d'art*, or *travaux d'art* (constructive engineering works, bridges, and tunnels), with *œuvres d'art*, was frequent, and frequently put right, twenty-five years ago, but the new generation is none the wiser.

It was during the last war also that Mr H. G. Wells gave us *Mr Britling sees it through*. This *œuvre d'actualité* was promptly translated into French under the title, *M. Britling commence à y voir clair*, and our reviewers were hugely amused to find the translator mixing up 'sees it through' with 'sees through it.'

The translation of titles of works is always a tricky business. *The Vicar of Wakefield* has been so long established in French as *Le Vicaire de Wakefield* that the mis-translation has acquired a prescriptive right. More startling is the rendering of R. L. Stevenson's *Weir of Hermiston* by *Le Barrage d'Hermiston*, to be found in a celebrated French work of reference, which also fathers on J. M. Barrie *Fenêtre tendue d'étamine* (*A Window in Thrums*), and *Idylles éclairées d'un jour passé* (*Auld Licht Idylls*). The translator would, no doubt, plead that Kirriemuir, and its faithful remnant of Illuminati, were far removed from his ken.

To revert to *Mr Britling*, the English verbal phrase has always provided pitfalls for the Latin races. 'I heard him out,' 'Let me see you out,' 'He has offered to stand down,' give rise to strange misunderstandings. In the opening lines of Stevenson's *Catriona*, David Balfour 'came forth of the British Linen Company, some of the chief of these merchants bowing him from their doors.' Accord-
int to the French version: *David Balfour, sortant de la Banque des Toiles Britanniques, se vit saluer par les principaux commerçants, qui du seuil de leurs portes le regardaient passer*. The translator has understood 'bowing him from their doors' as 'bowing to him from their doors,' and visualizes the High Street shopkeepers bobbing to him as he goes by.

Baudelaire's famous translation of the *Tales* of Edgar Allan Poe is anything but flawless; there are frequent *faux sens*, such as the following: 'A fine fire was blazing in the hearth. . . . I took an arm-chair by the crackling logs, and waited patiently.' *Un beau feu flambait dans le foyer. . . . Je traînai un fauteuil auprès des bûches et j'attendis patiemment.*

It was more obscure translators who rendered 'The recipient of these gifts' by *Le récipient qui contenait ces dons*, and 'to lisp in numbers' by *balbutier dans les foules*. And Mr David Garnett has told us of his feelings when in the translation of one of his books he found 'a flea-bitten white pony' inviting compassion as *un poney rongé de vermine*.

Nor do we always fare better when grappling with French. In every book of 'French idioms' is to be found *s'acheter une conduite*, 'to turn over a new leaf.' So *Il s'était acheté une conduite intérieure* will be found ingeniously translated as 'In his heart of hearts he had turned over a new leaf.' Actually, the person referred to had bought a saloon car.

In Dumas's *Vingt ans après*, M. Voiture is stated to be at death's door. *Bon, dit avec aigreur Mlle Paulet, lui mourir! il n'a garde!* The simplest rendering of *il n'a garde* is, perhaps, 'not he!' A famous retort in Mr G. B. Shaw's *Pygmalion* may suggest another. But in the most readily available English edition of the novel the translation runs: "'Nonsense!" said Mlle Paulet with bitterness [sic], "he going to die? He has no nurse!"'

In the field of slang the pitfalls are innumerable. Galsworthy, some years ago, told an audience that 'the horse cannot talk, but he's a beggar to think and feel.' The speech was reported in a French periodical, where you will find: *Le cheval ne parle pas, mais il mendie la pensée et le sentiment*. The readers must have wondered at this mendicant horse.

In Ian Hay's *First Hundred Thousand* one officer takes leave of another with the words: 'We are getting rather bored here! So long!' The French version runs: *Nous commençons à nous ennuyer ici. C'est long, long, cette guerre!*

They have been arranging for a transfer of supplies, and a few lines earlier the matter has been settled with the words: 'Right oh! I'll have the whole caboodle pushed over for you by to-morrow night.' Rendered: *Voilà qui va bien, je vous aurai fait abattre le cahute pour demain soir.* The translator seems to have vaguely associated 'caboodle' with 'cabin,' hence *cabine* or *cahute*.

A prolific source of misunderstanding lies in those 'easy' words that are 'practically the same' in French and in English. They have been aptly termed *faux amis* and *mots perfides*, and in recent years a number of scholarly books have been devoted to the study and analysis of their exact meaning in each of the two languages.

Le pupille et son tuteur does not correspond to 'the pupil and his tutor.' The former means 'the ward and his guardian'; the latter should be rendered '*l'élève et son précepteur*'. This we were taught at school, and were also warned against translating *billet*, *brasier*, *casquette*, *chimiste*, *inhabité*, *misère*, *ombrelle*, *sot*, by '*billet*,' '*brazier*,' '*casket*,' '*chemist*,' '*inhabited*,' '*misery*,' '*umbrella*,' and '*sot*.'

Most of us who travelled abroad know that *un apéritif* is an appetizer and not an aperient, that *essence* is petrol, while *pétrole* is paraffin oil, that *un autocar* is a char-à-banc or a motor coach. But I have heard *chien de fusil* mistaken for a gun dog, and seen a motorist, on inspecting a car advertised as upholstered *en moleskine*, very indignant to find a cheap leatherette, or American cloth, where he had expected moleskin.

Military terms are often misleading, and the daily press is apt to blunder over *adjudant*, *havresac*, *major*, *peloton*,

subalterne, all of which have undergone shifts of meaning in English.

Similar shifts occur in a good many botanical and horticultural terms: *primrose* and *pimprenelle* do not correspond to 'primrose' and 'pimpernel'; the French and English 'endive' are entirely different, and on our table the artichokes usually turn out to be *topinambours* and not *artichauts*.

Again, *ignorer un fait* is not 'to ignore a fact,' but to be unaware of it. *Il était sobre* is not intended to convey that the man was sober; nor does *Il a mauvais caractère* brand a man as a bad character; 'She has a fine figure' is not adequately rendered by *Elle a une jolie figure*; to translate 'a luxurious life' by *une vie luxurieuse* might very well lead to an action for libel; and the English words 'concussion,' 'dejection,' 'deportment' must also be handled with caution, and with strict avoidance of their 'opposite numbers' in French.

Reference to a school lexicon will keep us right with regard to these, and to hundreds more that are equally misleading, but here are a few doublets, all words in frequent use, which few dictionaries deal with adequately: *contrôle*, control; *candide*, candid; *cynique*, cynical; *fastidieux*, fastidious; *nerveux*, nervous; *frustrer*, to frustrate; *aviser*, to advise.

Contrôler means to verify, whilst 'to control' is *diriger*, *maîtriser*. So *contrôle postal* means, not control of the post office, but postal censorship; on the other hand, 'to lose control of oneself' is *n'être plus maître de soi*.

Une réponse candide is not a candid answer, but a guileless or ingenuous answer; a candid answer is *une réponse franche, carrée*.

Une réponse cynique is a brazen, unblushing, answer. A 'cynical answer' is almost untranslatable; perhaps *d'un scepticisme railleur*.

Un travail fastidieux is dull or tedious work; to be fastidious, *être exigeant, difficile*.

Être nerveux: to be excitable, highly strung; sometimes to be 'nervy' or 'on edge.' To be nervous, *être inquiet, intimidé*; to feel nervous, *avoir le trac*.

Frustrer quelqu'un: to defraud someone; to frustrate someone: *faire échouer les projets de quelqu'un*.

And lastly, the word *aviser* will ever stand as an example of the treachery that lies in words. In Article X, the crucial article, of the Covenant of the League of Nations, the French text directs that in an 'emergency' the Council *avisera aux mesures à prendre*. This appears in the English text as 'shall advise on the measures to be taken.' Now in French *aviser à un cas* means 'to take such steps as are required by a case.' That is to say, the French text of Article X constitutes the Council of the League as an executive body. The English text makes it purely advisory. Surely a tragic misunderstanding!

Traduttore, traditore! But this is not always the translator's fault. Indeed, it is the accomplished translator, thoroughly at home in two languages, and with a keen sense of the niceties of each, who is most conscious of the truth underlying this jibe. For again and again in the course of his work he finds himself up against words and phrases which cannot be 'got across.' Words with a 'tang,' words with a lilt of their own, that tickle or flatter the ear, words instinct with a force, a beauty, or a humour all their own. There are plenty such in French: *être débrouillard*; *avoir du cran, un air crâne*; *crâner*; *avoir du panache*; *persifler quelqu'un*; *se morfondre à attendre*; *la blague parisienne*; *un dévoyé*; *un jobard* (not exactly a mug or a juggins); *jobardise*. These and many more break the heart of the translator. But when he endeavours to convey English into French he is in even worse case. The host of words—everyday,

homely words—without any equivalent in French, is beyond computation.

We all give 'parties' or go to parties, both at home and abroad, but there appears to be no French word for a party! At a party we are sure to meet young ladies, some of whom are *ladies*, and some *ladylike*, some *coy*, others *genteel*, some *plain* and *dowdy*, others *winsome*, some *artless*, but most of them *sophisticated*. *Peep in* or *peer* round the door, and with a *jaundiced* eye you *espy* the company *lolling* on *settees* or *nestling* in arm-chairs. You may hear *giggles*. . . . Now reference to any English-French dictionary (including the one for which I am largely responsible) will reveal that not one of the words italicized above has been translated. Some are explained, and others dealt with *par à-peu-près*, but French equivalents simply do not exist.

There is the further difficulty of rendering the social background peculiar to each country; the various implications of the word *bourgeois*, the exact meaning of such terms as *gendarme*, *garde champêtre*, *métayer*, *vers de mirliton*, *espagnolette*; or again, how to render intelligible to the French reader such institutions as the agony column, the *Punch* cartoon, a public school, a church social, a rambling club, the school blazer, and the old school tie. Or take our puddings: the rice, the pease, and the Yorkshire, to say nothing of the steak-and-giblet, all difficult to explain to a nation for whom *un pouding* is a slice of plum cake.

To the Parisian a special significance attaches to many of the streets and quarters among which he spends his life: *la rue de la Paix*, *le boulevard des Italiens*, *la rue d'Alésia*, *la rue Mouffetard*; *Neuilly*, *Montmartre*, *Montparnasse*; to us some of these may convey little or nothing, and a Frenchman may be equally in the dark about Bond Street, Park Lane, Harley Street, Wardour Street, the Whitechapel Road, Belgravia, Bloomsbury, Poplar, and the past history of Seven Dials.

To us Squire Allworthy, Mr Squeers, Mark Tapley, Dogberry, Bill Sikes, Sairey Gamp, Colonel Blimp, stand out very much alive against their literary or journalistic backgrounds; we may not react so spontaneously when we meet a reference to *Alceste*, *Monsieur Jourdain*, *Giboyer*, *Monsieur Poirier*, *Monsieur Prudhomme*, *Gavroche*, *Jocrisse*, *Calino*, or *un labadens*.

The supreme test of understanding is the fullness of our response to a quotation, or to a veiled allusion. *La mouche du coche. On cria haro sur le baudet. Qui diable est-ce donc qu'on trompe ici? Brigadier, vous avez raison.* In France these common sayings at once call to mind fables known since childhood, a scene of supreme humour in a great play, a famous *chanson* by Nadaud.

They may convey little to us; but then we have our own little jokes and 'evocations': 'to ask for more'; 'wait and see'; 'taken in a Pickwickian sense'; 'a bald and unconvincing narrative.' Two years ago *The Times*, in a leader on the Senior Bar, wrote: 'It is a proud day when, robed in stiff silk gown . . . the new K.C. billows along the corridors of the Courts, stopping on the way at each Court to be called within the Bar. The crossing is accomplished in safety; no moanings are heard; it is a day of smiles and congratulations. . . .' A passage hardly intelligible to any stranger who is not well acquainted with Tennyson; a passage that in any case defies any attempt at 'translation.'

In truth, to quote a French writer: *Le traducteur, lorsqu'il comprend, voudrait faire comprendre; lorsqu'il apprécie l'humour de son auteur, il voudrait faire savourer cet humour à ceux qui liront sa traduction; lorsqu'une allusion s'impose à l'esprit, il voudrait s'en rendre l'interprète; le plus souvent il se sent impuissant, et il souffre de son impuissance.*

The moral? That translation, at its best, is only a

second best. If we wish to know our neighbours the approach must be direct; indeed, the world at large has developed to a point that gives language study a vital importance in our present-day civilization. If we are to follow Goethe's advice to 'understand the world about us,' if we are to achieve international co-operation, the key to these things lies in the mastery of our neighbours' languages, or at least of those among them which to us matter most. Not a mere smattering, but such a knowledge as shall beget insight, forbearance born of the ability to appreciate the opposite point of view, and harmoniousness of purpose. The way may be hard, but it grows easier the further we progress, and the rewards are great: mental discipline, a broadened culture, and something more, for, to quote Goethe again: 'Whosoever has acquired a new language has acquired a new soul.'

SOME BOOKS OF FRANCE

BY W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

FRENCH literature is the richest and most varied in the world except in one respect; the French on the whole are indifferent poets. They have, on the other hand, cultivated all the arts of prose with abundance and the most brilliant success. It is only proper that they should have had for so long so great an influence on the writers of our own nation, for till recently, in prose composition the French had almost everything to teach us, and we almost everything to learn. France, of course, had manifest advantages: its central position in Europe, its dense population, its wealth, its civilization, were favourable to the growth of a great literature; and the natural bent of the French mind towards lucidity, moderation, and reasonableness—qualities more useful to the writer of prose than to the poet—was favourable to the emergence of great talent. French became a precise and logical language, enabling writers to express themselves with grace and clarity, when English, not yet having assimilated the languages it had been for centuries absorbing, was still muddled and cumbersome. From the immense wealth of this literature it is plain that in the small space at my disposal I can pick out but a handful of books.

The first one to which I would draw your attention is very short. It is *The Princess of Cleves* by Madame de la Fayette. It was published in 1678, and the historians will tell you that it is the earliest psychological novel. That, of course, is interesting, but what is more to the point is that it is a very singular and a very modern story. The

scene is the court of Henry II. The heroine, a very great lady and a virtuous woman, respects, but does not love her husband, and when she meets the Duke of Nemours at a court ball, falls deeply in love with him. But she is determined not to dishonour herself; and so that she may, with her husband's help, more easily resist the temptation that distracts her, she confesses her passion to him. He is a man of fine character and he trusts his wife, he knows that she is incapable of betraying him; but human nature is weak, and against his will he is racked with jealousy. He becomes suspicious, irritable, exasperating; I know nothing in fiction more natural than the way in which his character, under the strain, gradually deteriorates. It is a moving tale, for the personages concerned are desirous of doing what they consider their duty, and are defeated by circumstances beyond their control. The moral seems to be that you should ask of no one more than it is in his power to give. It is an instructive book to read nowadays, when it seems generally accepted that love knows no law and that duty must, in all cases, yield to inclination.

Next I would have you read another novel, but of a very different sort. This is Prévost's *Manon Lescaut*. Its persons have none of the nobility of soul which enables those of *The Princess of Cleves* to face their tragic situation in the grand manner; they are but frail, erring human beings, and our hearts go out to them because we recognize in them our own weakness. Here is a human story. I envy any one who reads this delicious book for the first time. How fresh, how natural, and how charming is Manon, for all her faults; and how moving is Des Grieux's constant love for the faithless creature! Weak? Of course he is weak. A baggage? Of course she is a baggage. She is inconstant, mercenary, and cruel, and she is loving, generous, and tender; the type is immortal, and I think it will be

long before the memory of pretty Manon fades from the hearts of men.

Now let us speak of another short novel, Voltaire's *Candide*, within whose few pages are contained more wit, more mockery, more mischievous invention, more sense, and more fun, than ever man compressed in so small a space. It was ostensibly written, as every one knows, to ridicule the philosophical optimism which was then in fashion, and at a moment when the earthquake of Lisbon, with its widespread destruction and great loss of life, had given a nasty jar to the worthy people who believed that the world we live in is the best of all possible worlds. Never has a man had a more versatile and lively mind than Voltaire, and in this novel he exercised his cynical gaiety at the expense of most subjects which men have agreed to take seriously—religion and government, love, ambition, and loyalty—and its moral, such as it is (and not such a bad one, either) is: Be tolerant and cultivate your garden: that is, do whatever you have to do with diligence and fortitude.

Then I come to a very important work—*The Confessions of Jean-Jacques Rousseau*. It is a book that few, I should imagine, will read without interest, though many will read it with disgust. But if you find the study of human nature the most absorbing of all studies, you cannot fail to find this book rewarding, for here you have a man who has laid bare his soul with candour. He does not, like many who have written of themselves, merely exhibit frailties which, after all, are rather engaging; he does not hesitate to show himself ungrateful, unscrupulous, dishonest, base, and mean. You can have little sympathy with him, since he is despicable; and yet such is his love of natural beauty, so tender is his sentiment, so miraculous his narrative gift that, however great your repulsion, you

are fascinated; and I don't know who, if he is completely honest with himself, can read the confessions of this weak-willed, petulant, vain, and miserable creature without saying to himself: 'After all, is there so much to choose between him and me? If the whole truth were known about me, should I, who turn away shocked from these revelations, cut so pretty a figure?' So I warn you, I think no one can read this book without some disturbance to the self-complacency which is our chief defence in our dealing with this difficult world.

During the nineteenth century France was wonderfully rich in fiction. Its three greatest novelists were Balzac, Stendhal, and Flaubert. Taking him all in all, I suppose Balzac is the greatest novelist who ever lived. Like Dickens, he was more at his ease with the extraordinary than with the usual, and he depicted the vile with greater force than the deserving; but he was a creator even more prodigious than Dickens, and his scope was greater. He sought to write the history of society in his own time, and in some measure he succeeded. When you read him you do not feel that you are concerned with a limited group of persons, but with the commonweal at large, in which bigger issues than the fate of individuals are involved. I think he was the first novelist to realize the importance of affairs; his people have shops or go to business, make fortunes or lose them; and though love—as with all novelists—plays a large part in his novels, money is the motive force in the world of his invention. He wrote badly, he was excessive, he had no taste, but he had a passion and a vigour which enabled him to create characters, extravagant and abnormal doubtless, who are violently and magnificently alive. He is often blamed for the melodramatic nature of his stories, but I ask myself how it is possible to expect that these exceptional persons should move in a world of measure and

restraint. The storm needs the mountains and the sea for its grandeur. It is hard to choose one among the many deeply interesting novels that Balzac wrote, but since to my mind *Father Goriot* shows most completely his thrilling and varied power, I think that is the one I would recommend to your attention.

Stendhal wrote two novels which I would have you read; first, *The Red and the Black*, and then, if you like it as much as I do, *The Charterhouse of Parma*. For I must tell you that he is my favourite novelist. I like the plain and exact manner in which he wrote, and the cool precision of his psychological analysis. He scrutinized the workings of the human heart with perspicacity. Energy was the quality that he most admired in men, and the creatures of his fancy that he has studied with most elaborate and anxious care are those who will allow no obstacle to prevent them from exercising their forceful will, and who will hesitate at no crime to achieve the end on which they have determined. To my mind, *The Red and the Black* is for its first two-thirds one of the best novels ever written; I think it fails then, and for a very singular reason. Stendhal founded it on fact, but the character he invented, Julien Sorel, ran away with him, as the characters of our invention often do, and when Stendhal forced him to behave in such a way as to fit the actual circumstances which had been the inspiration of his story, you are disconcerted, for you cannot believe that the unscrupulous, ambitious, and resolute man whom he has drawn would act with such a foolish disregard of consequences. Now I come to Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*. It is a landmark in the history of modern fiction. On reading it again recently I could not but feel that Flaubert's desire to be unshrinkingly objective had resulted in a certain frigidity of tone, a certain dryness, and this somewhat qualified my admiration; but I still thought

it a great and powerful work. The characters are described with minuteness and verisimilitude. It leaves you, when you have finished it, with a feeling of profound, yet half-contemptuous, pity for those commonplace people for whom life has proved so cruel. The persons that the author has set before you are so real, they suffer so desperately, that they cease to be merely individuals, they become typical of humanity; and if you must extract a moral from a novel, you may extract from *Madame Bovary* the not unimportant one that idle dreams, reveries that have no chance of fulfilment, can lead only to disaster; and oddly enough you return to the moral of *Candide*—take things as they come and do your duty with goodwill.

I have reached the limits of my space, and though there are other books, of smaller consequence, which I should have liked to talk to you about, I must content myself with only briefly mentioning a few more. Benjamin Constant wrote a short novel called *Adolphe* in which, reversing the practice of most authors, who are more inclined to describe the beginnings of a love affair, he has analysed with rare power its decline. In *The Three Musketeers* you have a grand romantic novel. It may not be literature, the characters may be sketchy and the plot ill contrived, but it is wonderfully readable; and to be that, I may remind you, is the novelist's indispensable faculty. Anatole France had a small but exquisite talent, which he displayed with rare felicity in a volume of stories called *The Mother-of-Pearl Case*. He was at one time too highly esteemed, but the neglect which has now befallen him is unjust.

Finally, I must remind you that our own time has produced in Marcel Proust a novelist who can stand comparison with the greatest. His work has been so well translated that I am inclined to think it alone, of all those I have mentioned, loses nothing in its English dress. He

wrote one novel only, but that in fifteen volumes. When first they were made known to an astonished world, they were praised out of all reason. I myself wrote that I preferred being bored by Proust to being amused by any other writer. A second reading has made most of us assume a more sensible attitude. He is often repetitive, his self-analyses grow wearisome, and his obsession with the tedious emotion of jealousy fatigues, in the long run, even his most willing readers; but his defects are far more than compensated by his merits. He has subtlety, creative power, and psychological insight; but I think the future will hail him, above all, as a wonderful humorist. So I recommend you to start at the beginning of this copious novel, read till you are bored, skip, and start reading again; but take care to miss nothing of Madame Verdurin or the Baron de Charlus. They are the richest creations of the comic fancy our time has seen.

EXTASE

J'ÉTAIS seul près des flots, par une nuit d'étoiles.
Pas un nuage aux cieux, sur les mers pas de voiles.
Mes yeux plongeaient plus loin que le monde réel;
Et les bois, et les monts, et toute la nature,
Semblaient interroger dans un confus murmure
Les flots des mers, les feux du ciel.

Et les étoiles d'or, légions infinies,
A voix haute, à voix basse, avec mille harmonies,
Disaient, en inclinant leurs couronnes de feu;
Et les flots bleus, que rien ne gouverne et n'arrête,
Disaient, en recourbant l'écume de leur crête:
— C'est le Seigneur, le Seigneur Dieu!

VICTOR HUGO.

REMEMBERED PARIS

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

PARIS is, as I think, the most fascinating city in the world because of its infinite variety. It is different things to different men. Your Paris may not be my Paris; though the Paris I know has many facets. There are a score of ways of walking in its streets. You may, for example, walk with your eyes raised to the level of Notre-Dame and the Arc de Triomphe; or you may walk with your eyes lowered to the level of the variegated pavement under the bright-coloured awnings of the cafés. Perhaps we may broadly put Paris under two heads: the Paris of the monuments, the Paris of history written in stone; and the living Paris of gay, animated folk, the Paris of men and women who seem more keenly bent on business or on pleasure than they are anywhere else. Yet the Paris of the monuments and the Paris of the people cannot really be separated.

A friend of mine has, for more years than I care to count, passed his mornings in visiting the houses associated with famous persons and events, and his afternoons in ascertaining, in his library, all the available facts concerning these memorable domiciles. Sometimes I accompanied him, and admired the loving care with which he examined an ancient doorway, or studied the details of a church portal. He has found a lifetime occupation; never will he exhaust the interest of these historico-architectural volumes that the average Frenchman who runs does not read. And yet the average Frenchman is not indifferent to these public pages. He is aware of them, proud of them, and he likes to be reminded of them. Hence the innumerable

feuilletons in the newspapers, and the never-ending flow of books, which tell over and over again the rich story of those who have played their part on the Paris stage in the *décor* which still exists and is, indeed, piously preserved. Nowhere is there such a sense of tradition, such an appreciation of the gorgeous tapestry of life, as in Paris.

For remark that, in a manner peculiar to Paris, the incidents and personages are never detached from their fitting scene; they are never thought of vaguely, as in a void; they belong to a particular site and surroundings; and personages, incidents, and sites are juxtaposed and superimposed in an evocative jumble of centuries.

Here are the thronged boulevards, and around the corner is a piece of the Middle Ages. One passes under an arch of Louis XIV, and lights upon a testimonial to the Revolution. This thoroughfare is a reminder of the spacious Second Empire, and suddenly it plunges into the hubbub of the Third Republic. It is impossible to stroll in the streets of the city without being conscious of a cloud of witnesses, the ghosts of the Valois kings, of the vagabond Villon arm-in-arm with the poet Verlaine, of Molière with Balzac, of Voltaire with Victor Hugo; and the great Cardinal Richelieu accompanies us precisely when Robespierre joins our train.

I once lived in a house on one of the Paris hills, and from my roof had a daily vision of the marvellous churches of many centuries, towers and spires and cupolas; and such different constructions, some new, some old, as the gilded dome of the Invalides, the iron skeleton of the Tour Eiffel, the white mass of the Sacré-Cœur, and the temple of the Panthéon in which repose the bones of those to whom France is grateful. It was a superb sight of which I never tired, unique, unimaginable, an opal sky encrusted with architectural gems: and these

buildings became as friendly to me as the members of my household. I loved also to stand in the gardens of the Tuileries, once the home of the Monarchy, behind me the great palace of the Louvre, and to gaze along the finest perspective in the world, between the Horses of Marly, up the magnificent Avenue des Champs-Élysées to where, beyond the fire which burns to the memory of the Unknown Soldier, it loses itself in the greenery of the Bois de Boulogne. Or from the Place de la Concorde, where the Obelisk replaces the guillotine, and from which rise the statues of the Cities of France, I saw, confronting and, as it were, replying to each other, the pillars of the Palais-Bourbon and of the Madeleine. From the column which marks the spot on which stood the Bastille to the column of the Place Vendôme, Paris is filled with these innumerable trophies of history.

And yet, much as these things may move us, Paris is not a museum. Paris is not a collection of old stones. It is not a casket in which are preserved the dry bones of the past. There are everywhere reminders of heroic and noble forerunners—Joan of Arc, her sword uplifted; Henri Quatre on the Pont-Neuf, commanding the many-bridged Seine—but what I think the true lover of Paris rejoices in is the living city. To be sure, the relics of antiquity are an integral and perhaps the most important part of Paris; I, for one, could not dream of a Paris without the low building of the Institut founded by the Cardinal Mazarin. Paris is a vital blend of the ancient and the modern; the modern vivifies the ancient, the ancient lends substance to the modern. Paris can afford to be progressive because it is solidly conservative; it may properly remain conservative because it is audaciously progressive; it is on the foundations of the past that Paris perpetually transforms itself in the present.

Bright bustle in the midst of immemorial scenes is the keynote of Paris. That is, perhaps, largely because Paris, much more than any other city in such a latitude, lives its life out of doors. It is also due to the temperament of the French people: peculiarly happy, insouciant, cultivating a smiling philosophy. But, however cheerful by nature the French may be, the foreigner would not be so pleasingly conscious of the difference in essence of Paris and much more southerly cities, were it not that the French have acquired the habit of living in the open air—not, be it understood, because they love the open air as such—the Anglo-Saxons have a far greater love of the open air than the French—but because the open air happens to be more public than any indoor place. Let us be careful to make the distinction: it is not the open air in itself that the Parisian affects; he cares nothing for the open air of the countryside; what he wants is the pavement, the crowded pavement, the perennial spectacle of parading humanity in the paved open air.

That is why Paris can be summed up in one word—Boulevard. Please do not take the word too literally. There are sub-boulevards and tiny streets which can hardly pretend at all to the spirit of the boulevard, but which do, nevertheless, provide a chair from which one can contemplate the theatre of Parisian life.

A chair on the Boulevard! That is the indispensable appanage of every true Parisian. Even the *concierge*—that much abused but highly convenient custodian of Parisian houses—emerges from the dark den which is his home, when, the day's work done, he may take his ease, with a chair which he plants by the doorway. Sitting with his arms crossed on the back of the chair, he smokes his pipe and surveys his little world. I have always thought that the *concierge* on his chair by the doorway is

a symbol of Paris—or rather is Paris. He represents the unfailing curiosity, the complacent, comprehensive, amused, slightly cynical, and always tolerant interest in the human comedy of the true Parisian.

We were all, in a certain sense, *concierges* in Paris. That is to say, we watched, with detachment but unflagging attention, the outward manifestations of the foibles of our fellows. We saw the street as a playhouse: on our chair, by the little table on which stood our coloured drink, we settled ourselves, in our moments of leisure, to enjoy the endless procession. Surely there was no more fascinating pageant than this unrehearsed exhibition that the boulevard always provided in infinite variety.

If I were asked to name the principal Paris institution I should not hesitate: it is not the Académie Française, it is not the Chamber: it is the Café.

Without its cafés Paris would not be Paris. To be sure the cafés come and go, or they change their character; so that if I entered that favourite and famous café in which, twenty years ago, my table was reserved, and in which I sat among the dramatic critics whose verdict in the newspapers could make or damn a play, and the journalists whose inventions and attacks and jokes might set all Paris in an uproar, and the reputed wits and *flâneurs* and boulevardiers, I should find no familiar face. The literary café of the boulevard is given over now to the *bourgeois*. Where are the painters of Montparnasse, the writers who, for the decade which followed the war, discussed their new theories of art in a score of cafés? Where are the snobs of yester-year? All, all are gone; but a fresh generation has taken their places in the gaudier cafés of to-day, and life continues.

Perhaps I am less conscious of changes in the Latin Quarter than elsewhere. To me the Latin Quarter was the

Luxembourg Gardens, where we talked so grandly under the trees, and the four or five cafés of the boulevard Saint-Michel—the Boul' Mich'—in which we resolved all the problems of the universe night after night—and sometimes (though these distractions were rarer in those serious days of youth) flirted. Of the many phases of a man's life, it would seem that this phase would be the hardest to rediscover. Yet when I revisited the glimpses of the Latin Quarter, I found the same eager students, I overheard the same eternal discussions. The cafés, it is true, were not the cafés of my youth; they had become garish with neon lights, glaringly and blaringly up to date. Yet behind them stands the Sorbonne, where Abélard taught in the twelfth century, frequented to-day by a host of boys and girls for whom all knowledge is new and desirable. Youth! youth! Wars and revolutions and neon lights cannot destroy the Latin Quarter, where life is always beginning.

And the mention of the university reminds me that Paris is different from many capitals in that it is the centre of every kind of French activity. It is the seat of government, of learning, of literature, of art, of the theatre, of the newspapers, of industry; it is even, though so far inland, among the largest ports of France.

With parrot-like iteration we are told that Paris is not France. This is one of those half-truths that in their suggestion are falsehoods. Of course, in the literal, physical sense Paris is not France. But Paris is the epitome of France. There is little that is French that cannot be found in Paris. New York is definitely not America; it is not even the governing capital of America; it is, in many important respects, different from the rest of America. London is much more England, but outside London are the chief universities, and capitals of commerce, and centres

of industrial enterprise. Whereas Paris is not only the headquarters of every department of French life; it moulds the thoughts, the feelings, the tastes of the country. It is to Paris that everything trends, it is from Paris that everything goes. If you are a gourmet and wish to savour the regional *plats* of France, it is to the Paris cuisine that you should appeal!

Paris is peopled by Parisians of adoption. There are, of course, born Parisians, but they are comparatively few; the real Parisian is made, not born. It is not even necessary to be French to be Parisian. I regard myself as a Parisian, though I am a foreigner in France; and some of the most authentic Parisians I have known, men and women, are of Rumanian, of Greek, of Belgian, of Austrian nationality — distinguished painters, poets, diplomatists. For Frenchmen Paris is the magnet; it draws every ambition to itself, every talent; it is only in Paris that social, political, intellectual capacities can expand. So that Paris is composed of men and women from every corner of France; and they, acquiring the spirit of Paris, perpetually enrich that spirit, and direct it, a fertilizing stream, back into every corner of the land.

It is no longer possible to divide Paris into clearly defined districts. Montmartre, for example, used to be regarded by the Anglo-Saxon visitor as the entertainment quarter. (Though the Montmartre I knew best was an old-world village, simple, poor, artistic, bohemian, on the top of the hill; knowing nothing of the lower slopes of frenzied amusement.) But the Montmartre of the cabarets, of the more or less fashionable *boîtes de nuit*, descended to the Boulevard, and thence to the Champs-Élysées, and is now ubiquitous. In the same way, the rue de la Paix used to be a synonym of *la mode*. The world-renowned dressmaking houses were really to be found in and about the

rue de la Paix. But now the rue de la Paix is a generic term; the little street spans Paris; traditions have been broken, and feminine style in robes and jewels and even in personal beauty is dictated from showrooms which are far more than the proverbial stone's throw from the rue de la Paix.

Feminine style! It does not require great gifts of observation to realize that Paris is, in a thousand ways, a woman's town—in contrast with London, which is a man's town. At least, that is the impression which the two cities produce on me: the comfortable solidity of London, its clubs, its shops, its banks, its business houses, have an air of masculinity—though doubtless women have, in recent years, invaded the citadels of men, violated the very sanctity of the clubs, transformed the shops, broken into the banks and business houses—whereas there is an indefinable perfume and atmosphere of femininity in the window display, the restaurants, the elegant rendezvous, even in the character of the architecture—of the Opéra, for example—of Paris. It is not, be it understood, an atmosphere of frivolity, or of gallantry, nor is it only that so much in Paris is designed to please and to cater to the requirements of women; it is that the city itself, as a whole, in spite of dark and massive medieval constructions, is light and dainty, in perfect good taste, and that there are public gardens which resemble well-kept conservatories, and public squares which somehow remind one of beautifully furnished drawing-rooms. In a mansion the touch of the mistress is unmistakable, and in Paris one has constantly the feeling that the edifices and the street decorations have been arranged by and for the lady of the house.

Yet this impression must not be allowed to make us forget that Paris is built on the essential seriousness of its population. If it abounds in places of pleasure, if it (in peacetime) is lit so brightly as to deserve the description of

'La Ville Lumière,' if it is the abode of fashion and of good taste, if Parisians know how to take their leisure lightly and to cultivate a gay philosophy, the majority of Parisians are exceedingly hard-working. There still lingers an aristocracy in France, but it is sadly faded and often impecunious, and has no privileges. The *bourgeoisie*, sober, moderate in everything, directing its ambitions, not towards money-making enterprises, but towards the liberal professions which provide quiet opportunities for social service, is an important element of the Paris population. It may sometimes vote for the Radicals, sometimes, indeed, for the Socialists, but it should always be remembered that if, by tradition, the heart of the Frenchman—in politics—is on the Left, his pocket is on the Right.

And, of course, Paris is peopled by hundreds of thousands of workers—normally the most industrious workers in Europe. They took a pride in their handicrafts. They liked to be called artisans—which is not very different from artists. Now huge factories have been erected on the outskirts of Paris; mass production has changed the conditions of modern life. Has it changed the worker? Perhaps it has changed him superficially, but not fundamentally.

There was a time when my duties took me home on foot in the early hours of the morning, through the dim dawn of the Paris streets, and I watched the awakening of the city with ever-renewed interest. From their underground rooms the half-naked bakers would emerge after their night's toil in hot cellars; and the bread-carriers would fill their baskets with the long, brown, warm loaves. Noisy old-fashioned trains would puff along the streets in the vicinity of the markets, Les Halles, bringing provisions from the outlying districts; and great tumbrils laden with vegetables would discharge their coloured contents—cabbages, carrots, leeks, salads—in picturesque mounds on

the pavements. The Métro would open, and from beneath the ground would suddenly surge hosts of workers hurrying, even at this early hour, to their workshops, their offices: men, women, and girls, pell-mell. These matutinal perambulations of mine, obligatory for several years, taught me, I think, more about Paris than can possibly be known by those who merely frequented the first nights at the theatres, the cafés, the dressmakers', the boulevards: they taught me that Paris is, despite surface appearances, essentially a city of workers. I loved to be a *flâneur* in Paris, to turn over the second-hand books in the miles of boxes along the Seine, to study the faces of the strollers, to look into the shop windows, to feel the joy and animation of the city; but I never lose the vision of those early morning crowds suddenly released from below the pavement—the workers of Paris.

LA GUENON, LE SINGE ET LA NOIX

UNE jeune guenon cueillit
Une noix dans sa coque verte;
Elle y porte la dent, fait la grimace. . . . Ah! certe,
Dit-elle, ma mère mentit
Quand elle m'assura que les noix étoient bonnes.
Puis, croyez aux discours de ces vieilles personnes
Qui trompent la jeunesse! Au diable soit le fruit!
Elle jette la noix. Un singe la ramasse,
Vite entre deux cailloux la casse,
L'épluche, la mange; et lui dit:
Votre mère eut raison, ma mie,
Les noix ont fort bon goût; mais il faut les ouvrir.
Souvenez-vous que, dans la vie,
Sans un peu de travail on n'a point de plaisir.

FLORIAN.

L'ESPRIT DE LONDRES

BY PAUL MORAND

LONDRES est un entrepôt de richesses: elles y arrivent de tous les coins de l'univers et elles en repartent pour d'autres destinations; grâce au courtage perçu dans chacune de ces deux opérations, Londres a fait fortune. L'expression monétaire de cette fortune est la plus extraordinaire accumulation de biens terrestres qu'aucune nation ait jamais amassés: les lois anglaises n'ont jamais été des lois de spoliation; elles ne dressent pas l'état contre l'individu ou classes ennemies: soit par l'appel des capitaux étrangers, soit par le libéralisme discret des usages de la Cité, les lois anglaises ont été créatrices d'épargne; ce sont des lois qui ont la vie dure parce qu'elles sont nées, non des idéologies, qui passent, mais de l'expérience, qui demeure. Aussi l'Anglais a-t-il pu thésauriser sans interruption depuis le *xi^e* siècle.

La première charte que Guillaume le Conquérant, l'envahisseur normand, octroya au bailli de Londres et à tous les bourgeois de la ville, est un acte les confirmant dans leur droit d'hériter, c'est-à-dire de jouir de leur pécule ancestral et de créer des réserves; ainsi, cette faculté d'épargne, indispensable au progrès des sociétés et à l'amélioration des individus, est le secret de la grandeur de Londres et l'origine de son crédit mondial.

C'est parce que les bourgeois de Londres ont eu des trésors, qu'avec ces trésors ils ont, de leurs seigneurs, pu et su acheter le premier des biens, leur liberté. Libres, c'est-à-dire à même de traiter avec les nobles d'égal à égal; à

même de se payer la plus précieuse des franchises, le ward, la garde; c'est-à-dire le droit de surveillance, c'est-à-dire la faculté de faire sa propre police, de se débarrasser une fois pour toutes de la soldatesque et de ses exactions; à même de s'affranchir enfin du plus grand des maîtres et du plus redouté: le roi, en l'envoyant habiter non pas la cité de Londres, mais le village voisin, Westminster sur Tamise.

Ainsi libérée du roi, de l'armée et des nobles, dès le ^{xii}^e siècle, Londres a pu grandir comme une ville moderne: plus qu'aucun autre bourgeois, le bourgeois londonien est maître chez lui: voilà près de dix siècles que, quand le roi d'Angleterre veut aller de son domicile, Westminster ou Buckingham Palace, à quelques kilomètres de là dans la Cité, il est obligé de sonner à la porte — porte d'ailleurs toute fictive — et de demander les clefs — clefs toutes imaginaires — qui lui permettront d'entrer. Le bourgeois londonien, bien protégé par la mer contre ses ennemis internationaux, a donc eu le privilège et le loisir de perfectionner sa défense contre ses adversaires les plus proches, les plus intimes, les plus nationaux. Ensuite, rassuré sur son sort, il est devenu l'homme le plus riche de l'univers et il a pu et su faire de sa ville un prodigieux et mondial réservoir-aspirateur des liards et des magots, mais aussi une pompe refoulante, dispersant sans avarice pour de nouveaux profits, ces profits momentanés de la prévoyance.

Londres est un entrepôt; dans un entrepôt, on ne peut vivre, à cause du bruit, du mouvement, de la cherté des loyers, du peu de place disponible, de l'engorgement du marché; on y vient travailler, on y possède son bureau, mais aussitôt le travail fini, on abandonne ce lieu de peines; on s'y rend en vue d'un bénéfice, mais on le quitte comme un joueur avisé quitte à temps la salle de jeu, et on s'en va jouir de son bien le plus loin possible, au soleil, dans

l'herbe, parmi les animaux et les fleurs. Certes, il y a bien les parcs et les squares, les poumons de Londres où l'oxygène des arbres s'efforce de neutraliser l'acide carbonique de toutes ces cheminées, mais ces gazons urbains ne sont pour les Anglais qu'un ersatz. Et d'ailleurs cette verdure diminue chaque jour ; 'Dans mon enfance,' me disait un jour Bernard Shaw, 'Londres n'était qu'une succession de jardins.' Des jardins, de l'espace, il y en a de moins en moins. Il y a bien les anciens domaines des faubourgs devenus propriété publique où les dormeurs pauvres campent la nuit en plein air sous l'œil indulgent du policeman, mais pour l'Anglais amateur de sports, de solitude et de nature, rien n'est assez loin de sa capitale. Les trains, les tramways, les autobus de la ligne verte, l'underground, les avions, les autos emmènent chaque soir, hier jusqu'aux suburbs et aujourd'hui beaucoup plus loin, jusqu'aux villes de province, jusqu'à Brighton, jusqu'à la mer, les habitants de la Cité. (Imagine-t-on un Parisien, qui, sa journée finie, s'en irait coucher à Rouen, à Tours, au Havre?) Ainsi Londres se remplit chaque matin comme une outre énorme et se vide chaque soir d'une partie de sa population: étrange migration, influx sporadique qui n'a son équivalent dans aucune capitale et qui est la plus grande originalité et la poésie de cette ville unique.

CROSSING THE CHANNEL

BY MORAY McLAREN

ON most days of the year if you stand upon the cliffs above Dover and look south all that you can see is a grey waste of waters that a few miles away mingles with an equally grey sky. Even upon clear days when the coast line of our nearest neighbour is visible it appears ghostly and unreal, as intangible as something perceived in a dream. France, though so near to us, is, and has been, incredibly remote to the majority of English people, almost as remote as America, and quite as remote as Spain from France—Spain lying beyond the impenetrable and eternal Pyrenees. Thus, from the earliest days of our history, the crossing of the Channel and the penetration of that strange exciting world of France and the Continent has been for us and our forefathers an adventure quite out of proportion to its geography. Even up to the days immediately preceding the present war, when we could cross in comfort from Dover to Calais in one hour, or fly the Channel in ten minutes, the element of adventure still coloured the proceedings to an imaginative mind. I do not envy the man who, though he may have passed from England to France and back again a hundred times, can lose all sense of excitement in the simple but historic journey.

Sometimes when one made the pre-war crossing one could see in imagination the throngs of dead and forgotten boats that had made the journey before. The galleys of the invading Romans, the perilous little craft of Saxons and Franks. Beside them the proud decorated galleons and the elaborate sailing ships of the seventeenth and eighteenth

centuries. From Victorian prints and the back numbers of *Punch*, the eye of imagination can perceive the almost as distant and forgotten paddle steamers and pleasure boats of the Victorian era. The whole Channel is crowded and jostling with them.

In the days of Victoria the crossing of the Channel was quite openly regarded as an adventure. Novelists who had achieved it wrote lavishly about it. Thackeray has many pages in which he expatiates on the foreignness, the excitement of the whole business. In his writings we see again those bucks going over to enjoy themselves in the Paris of Louis Philippe, the French governesses returning after their bitter and inexplicable exile in England, the ballet dancers, the military men, the *bourgeois* holiday travellers intent upon discovering the hidden delights of Boulogne or Dieppe, and, indeed, all the strange multi-coloured traffic launched upon the tumultuous waters of the Channel by the first steamboats. Before the nineteenth century the more practical, less romantic writers would concentrate upon the immediate facts, upon the object of their journey; and there are, with a few tantalizing exceptions, not many graphic descriptions of the actual voyage itself. The nineteenth century, however, all but makes up for them. The illustrated papers, the novelists, and the journalists show ample evidence of the romantic and comic light in which the journey was then viewed.

To-day it still, I insist, remains both comic and romantic. How many travellers must have noticed that while every one who gets on the boat at Dover is English, every one who gets off at Calais or Boulogne or Dieppe is foreign. I do not say French, but foreign. Out of the recesses of the vessel there seem to creep Slavs, Latins, Teutons, and Magyars who, upon the northern shore, were content to remain unobtrusive. Here, suddenly, they have the

effrontery to speak their own language and display their own gestures. Even before the boat has actually touched French soil, the protective Englishness of England has dropped away, and the alarmed British traveller is already assuming his really quite unnatural cloak of stupidity and indifference with which he hopes to outwit the wicked foreigner. Times change: methods of crossing over, under, or through the waters of the Channel grow and multiply. But the eternal English type making the voyage remains the same. Always, surely, there must have been those shy, good-looking, but awkward youths going into France for their schooling, their apprenticeship, or for fortune. Always there must have been in every crossing the really nervous, but outwardly aggressive, British merchant who is travelling to France on business or to join his family on holidays. As the shores of England recede his fear increases and so does the bluster that shows he is not going to be deceived by any foreign ways. Always there must have been the Englishman who is more French than the French, and who starts chattering to every Frenchman in a French that is distressingly colloquial the moment he has set foot on board. The outward appearances of the types may change, but at heart they remain the same. The comic element is always there.

But so, as I have said, is the romantic. The enchantment of this simple journey remains for those who are ready to perceive it. How dull, one feels, it must be to live in a country not surrounded by water. How much of the salt of travel must be lost if, upon leaving home, there is no necessity to cross the sea; if one merely has to show passports at a frontier without even changing trains. Even for the most constant traveller there is surely some charm, if not excitement, in the time-honoured ritual and experience of the voyage.

There is the initial curiosity as to whether the boat will be English or French. If French, there is the delight of having to talk French without being affected about it while still attached to English soil. There is the pleasure of buying French drinks and French cigarettes at French prices, and even enjoying a French meal before you expected. If the boat is English, then there is all the pleasure of delaying the delicious shock of Frenchness until you are actually on French land. Up till the very last moment of leaving this little bit of floating England you can (if you enjoy the savour of contrast) lean against the bar drinking lukewarm bottled beer, while the sharp chatter of French draws near from the quayside. Then, in a brief moment, you can pass from one country to the next, from one civilization to another.

There is, if the day is misty (and it usually is), the pleasure of watching the last visible cliff of England disappear, and of straining the eyes to catch the first sight of the long, low French coast. There is the moment when you distinguish the first house upon that approaching shore, the first and unmistakable house built in the hideous style of northern France. There is the moment, too, when you see the first blue-bloused porter at the end of the quay and hear from his hoarse throat your first words of French from France on this trip. And finally, perhaps most poignant of all, there is the first sniff from the station buffet of that smell which is all France, and all over France—the smell of aromatic cigarettes, omelettes, and chicory-laden coffee.

Most people have their favourite crossing. Some, intent on speed, prefer the historic Dover-Calais route. Others, more romantically inclined, like to approach France by way of the west, enjoying the long voyage that brings them into Brittany. For myself, I remain faithful to the middle course, and am never so happy as when I am crossing from

Newhaven to Dieppe. Three hours seems to me to be just the right length of time to enjoy the crossing on a fine day. It may be that this crossing, because it is the cheapest, is most used by holiday-makers; but every one upon it seems more natural, more gay, less weighed down with great affairs than those who cross by the shorter route. Moreover, while there are those who despise Dieppe because it is so full of English tourists, there are others who, having once fallen under the spell of this charming, un-chic, gay little town, are always faithful to it.

Alas! it may be a long time before the Channel is open again to the time-honoured and changeless traffic with which we have grown familiar. All that we can do now is to think of a time when the mines and submarines will have passed away, allowing us to cross the Channel once again to a France set free.

In my Opinion, of all the Countries in *Europe* where I was ever acquainted, the Government is no where so well manag'd, the People no where less obnoxious to Violence and Oppression, nor their Houses less liable to the Desolations of War, than in *England*, for there the Calamities fall only upon the Authors.

PHILIP DE COMINES, *Memoirs*.

'DIS-MOI CE QUE TU MANGES . . .'

BY X. MARCEL BOULESTIN

THE great book on the history of cuisine has not yet been written. Perhaps it will be, some day, when cooking, having lost its immediate appeal, has become a thing of the past, an almost legendary relic which will interest only the historian and antiquarian.

It will be then of some value for the scholar to know of the cutlets *à la Reform*, of the saddle of mutton of James Forsyte, and of the dishes which were prepared in the small kitchen of Mrs Smith, 'The Rookeries,' in the easy days of the Victorian era, as well as in the fast-decaying period of a civilization which reached its finest height in 1914. In the same way the scholar is thrilled when he discovers the details of the menus and their cost for *La Maison du Roy* at Versailles, what His Majesty used to have when he dined with the queen, or with the Duc de Bourbon, or on hunting days and on days of abstinence, and what was the last fare of Louis XVI at the Temple and why, for him, food was as important as death.

With these small details the historian of the future will be able (as archaeologists do about the customs of buried empires, through finds during excavations) to complete a picture of a civilization which will seem almost incredible to those then living entirely on food pills.

This book is bound to be monumental, three times as big as Carlyle's *French Revolution* or Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, if it has any pretence at dealing thoroughly with the inexhaustible subject. And it should have as epigraph: 'There's no accounting for tastes,' or 'A chacun sa vérité,' to quote Pirandello.

Indeed, the Chinese eat dogs and old eggs; the Nordic races serve compote of fruit with meat; the Dutch, lobster just before the sweet; the Spaniards like rancid oil; the Africans, butter that is 'off'; the Americans eat everything together; the French adore snails and frogs; and the English are fond of bread sauce.

If we look backwards and try to visualize the curve of gastronomy we cannot help admiring the tastes and fashions of each period. We wonder about Esau's mess of pottage (which must have been a kind of vegetable soup or stew with lentils), about the Spartan *brouet*, also a primitive concoction; about the Roman 'Salabaccy,' made, according to Apicius Caelius, with 'Parsley Seed, dry'd Peneryal, Ginger, green Coryander, Raisons ston'd, Honey, Vinegar, Oyl and Wine, crusts of Pycentine bread, the flesh of a Pullet, Goat Stones, Pine kernels, Vistine Cheese and dry'd onions minc'd small.'

The medieval period leaves us equally astonished. We have reliable documents about the fourteenth century, for there is a cookery book written in 1392 by a Guillaume Tirel, who was chef to Charles V and Charles VI. Nothing more gross can be imagined than a dinner at that time: piles of different kinds of meats, of birds, of fish, were served strongly seasoned and mixed up together in large vessels, accompanied by 'sauce Carneline' or 'sauce de trahison.' There was not much improvement for over a hundred years, and the sixteenth century can only boast of one horrible innovation: it became the fashion to put spices and scents in and over everything; orris, marjoram, rose water, musk, and ambergris perfumed every dish, sweet or not, and capons were fattened with pills of musk so that the flesh of the bird became impregnated with the fashionable perfume.

Cooking became more civilized in the seventeenth

century, yet at Versailles, then brand new, with small trees, the meals were of incredible coarseness and length. During the Regency fine cooking really evolved, the culinary traditions were carefully preserved at the court of Louis XV, but it may be said that it reached its height, its supreme excellence, a little later. The period which began in 1803, when the charming Grimod de la Reynière was publishing so successfully his *Almanach des gourmands*, saw perfect cuisine. It was then that it was fixed for ever, with its classic rules, an 'ever' which only lasted till the scientists and chemists started interfering in the kitchen.

Meanwhile, what was England doing? England for centuries was but a vast grill-room, where sheep and oxen were roasted whole at the fire of enormous trees. There were a few stews and no sauces. Edmund King, writing to Dr Lister, the royal physician (about his edition of *Apicius Caelius concerning the Soups and Sauces of the Antients*), complains about it.

What Hopes can there be of any Progress in Learning whilst our Gentlemen suffer their Sons at *Westminster, Eaton and Winchester* to eat nothing but Salt with their Mutton and Vinegar with their Roast Beef upon Holidays? What Extensiveness can there be in their Souls? Especially when upon their going thence to the University, their Knowledge in *Culinary Matters* is seldom enlarg'd, and their Diet continues very much the same, and as to Sauces they are in profound Ignorance.

Yet the influence of the Continent began to make itself felt; it came, through France, from Italy and Spain.

In France there always were in the provinces indigenous dishes of peasant origin, some marvellous, some susceptible of improvement at the hands of great chefs. These chefs, arriving in the days of the Renaissance, found these splendid materials and inspiration, and used some of these dishes together with those they had imported. The happy inter-

change, the harmonious combination, soon became *la cuisine française* with its nuances and subtleties.

Many of these chefs went over to England to work in royal palaces and in the establishments of the nobility, so that in the eighteenth century, for instance, the cooking in great houses was mostly French. The cookery books of the period are instructive on the subject with their Pottages, Ragoo-à-la-mode, and such like. But this cuisine of England can hardly be called English, for it is not based on anything local or traditional.

And so it remains more or less to-day. Cooking in England seems to be lacking in character. I say 'cooking in England,' and I am not, needless to say, alluding to English cooking which, when good and frankly English, has great merits: an Irish stew, a veal and ham pie, a steak and kidney pudding, eggs and bacon, turbot and oyster sauce, roast lamb and mint sauce, new potatoes boiled with mint, fruit fools, Devonshire fried potatoes, roast beef, Lancashire hot-pot, silverside of beef are first-rate dishes.

But where the English cook fails is when she attempts what she thinks is French cooking, which results in strange concoctions and alarming sauces, simplified or over-elaborated with names which are equally vaguely French.

There we trace the influences which do so much harm to cooking in England, the influence of the Continent badly digested, the indifferent imitation of French cookery. Many cooks, disappointed at seeing that some continental dishes are simple, complicate them purposely, adding other flavours often detrimental to the taste. Also 'daintiness' sometimes adds to the failure: frills and arrangements, colour schemes, decorations, parsley all round the dish (and not enough in it), tit-bits made of gelatine, all the horrors of a third-rate table d'hôte—such is often the ideal

pursued and unfortunately often attained. Alas, also, the fine English dishes are sometimes not what they ought to be.

Another reason for this state of affairs is the indifferent attitude towards food.

To the Frenchman good cooking is a serious question not to be treated with levity. Indeed, everybody in France realizes that cooking and wines are things a country can be rightly proud of, not only for what they are, but for what they stand for, I mean, the finer civilization.

On the other hand, apparently many English people eat without even noticing what they are eating. Such a thing is possible in a country where one is not supposed to talk about food. This English habit of ignoring food strikes the foreigner, however long he may have lived in England, as quite an unnatural custom. It seems somehow so aloof and ungrateful—that is, if the dinner has been good, for, in other cases, on the whole, silence is better than any exhibition of peevishness or pained surprise.

A famous author, I think it was Voltaire, once said that in England there were many religions but only one sauce. In spite of the exaggerated expression, there is a great deal of truth in the *boutade*. And that is where the great difference lies between French and English cooking: in one case the sauces are made in the kitchen, in the other they are ready-made, in a bottle, on the dining-room table.

Sauces are extremely useful. After all, we cannot live on things plainly roasted, boiled, or grilled any more than we can live on elaborate dishes. But a sauce does not mean an elaborate dish, and some of the best sauces are the simplest. A French cook, even if she cannot read or write, can make a sauce; furthermore, she has the gift of creating it out of nothing, as it were. If you ask her, as I did once, what her recipe is, she will probably answer: 'Oh! there's

no recipe. . . . I prepare my meat, I make my *petite sauce*, and cook it, that 's all.' 'But you make it with what?' 'Oh, I don't know, with *ce que j'ai sous la main*.' Too often what is *sous la main* in England is a bottle of manufactured sauce. (Some of these sauces are very good, well and carefully made, and even fashionable in smart Paris restaurants . . . 'la sauce anglaise,' but that is beside the point.)

I often wonder what the majority of English people really think of French cooking. I know that some are genuine gourmets, and that a large number like it, but the rest . . . ? Some may tolerate it at times, not too often, for they find it what they call 'too rich'—a great many actually dislike it.

I remember hearing a conversation on a Channel boat going over to France. An Englishman and his wife were taking their summer holiday there, and the man said to his wife: 'Come, my dear, let us have lunch. We shan't have another good meal for some time.'

To the French, on the other hand, English cooking is too simple and often coarse. They may admire the meat and the fish, but they cannot forgive the salads or forget the vegetables, and the puddings fill them with alarm. As for the delicious mint sauce (there they are wrong), they talk about it with bated breath.

It can be said that mint sauce is at present the only thing about which France and England will never agree. Parisians have gone as far as eating rhubarb and pretending to like it, *par politesse*, I should say, but mint sauce, no!

Anyhow, there are other things which are supremely good when well prepared. But even in England they are not easy to find.

Ah, the elusiveness of English food! If I had to show a French friend, coming to England in peacetime, things

typically English, I would not let him waste time in a London which is becoming less and less characteristic. I would take him to Hampton Court, Canterbury, Bath, or Exeter. Then, being French, he would no doubt express the desire of tasting English cooking and local dishes, and there my task would become arduous.

I could, of course, in town, take my friend to places where he would have whitebait, dressed crab, grilled sole, steak, and mixed grill; to some club where the cold buffet and the Stilton would be perfect; to at least one public house near Leicester Square, and to that place near Regent Street where the oysters are fat and exquisite.

We could also take a car and start in search of traditional dishes, to a few good places here and there . . . alas, that would not occur very often. Still, there are in England some autochthonous, sapid, simple, and good; but the Englishman seems to be very reticent about, or strangely ignorant of them. And my friend would return to France disappointed, convinced that English cooking is a myth belonging to the days of King Arthur when:

Our Cambrian fathers, sparing in their Food,
First broil'd their hunted goats on Bars of Wood.

It is a good thing to be better informed, to read foreign books, to hear exotic music, to try new dishes. It adds to understanding between two countries. For we must not underrate the mellowing influence of meals. We all have our likes and dislikes, but we must not make the mistake of standardizing. Food can smell of French garlic or English mint, but let it be what it is. We must not gallicize the one, or anglicize the other. Let the dishes stand on their own merits.

A COLLECTION OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH DISHES FOR
UNRATED DAYS

FRENCH RECIPES

Bouillon de poisson.

Take one leek, one carrot, one onion, cut in pieces; fry these in butter or fat for a few minutes, then add a bouquet of parsley, bay-leaf, thyme, and garlic, and one pound of any fish (for four or five people); any cheap fish will do as long as it has plenty of flavour—sole or turbot would not do well for this soup. Cut the fish in pieces and add a pinch of curry powder, one of mixed spice, one of paprika, salt and pepper, and boiling water, allowing for reduction. Bring to the boil again and let it simmer for at least one hour.

Strain, and serve with this *bouillon* thin, small pieces of bread spread with butter and grated cheese and saffron, fried or toasted crisply.

Potage Germiny.

Melt in a small piece of butter two handfuls of sorrel, cleaned and cut coarsely; when reduced to a *purée* add a quart of *consommé* or clear soup, bring to the boil, and keep simmering ten minutes.

Prepare in a basin a binding of four yolks of egg, well broken, to which you add a teacupful of warm, fresh cream. Two minutes before serving add, one by one, two table-spoonfuls of the hot soup, then the rest, slowly, and put it on a slow fire; it should not reach boiling point. Stir in at the last minute, off the fire, two small pieces of butter, shake till they have melted. Serve with *croûtons*.

Loup au fenouil.

Take a good-sized bass, clean it, and put it in a greased

fire-proof dish. Sprinkle it all over with fennel seeds and also put inside about a coffee-spoonful. Season with salt and pepper and put to bake in a moderate oven, basting occasionally.

When it is almost done, pour in a little brandy which you set alight. Baste with it and serve. There should be only a very short sauce which makes itself during the cooking.

John Dory or brill can be treated in the same way.

Rougets marseillaise.

Take some small red mullets, one for each person. Rub them all over in flour, lightly, and fry them in olive oil.

Fry, also in olive oil, slices of French roll, one to each mullet. When brown and crisp, remove them and rub them with a little garlic and saffron. In the same oil, cook for a few minutes the flesh of some tomatoes, cut in pieces, allowing two tomatoes for each person; season with salt and pepper.

Dispose the red mullets, well drained, in the serving-dish, with the *croûtons* all round, spread over with the cooked tomatoes.

Another way of serving is this: Cut the roll on the slant to make long slices; on each you put one mullet, and some of the tomatoes on top.

Gigot d'agneau princesse.

Take a leg of lamb and roast it in the ordinary way, basting well. Meanwhile, prepare a bowlful of bechamel sauce, fairly thick, and also boil two or three bundles of asparagus tips. When the joint is cooked remove it, carve it, and remodel it in the serving-dish. Add to the bechamel sauce the asparagus tips, well drained, and the gravy (fat removed) from the joint. Cook one minute and pour all over the leg of lamb.

Faisan poché au céleri.

Put in a saucepan two onions and two carrots, finely chopped, a bouquet of thyme, parsley, and bay-leaf, a few celery stalks, and two pints of meat stock. Cook for about one hour.

Prepare a pheasant as for roasting, put it in the stock and cook about half an hour (according to size). Remove it, drain, and keep it hot.

In another saucepan melt a piece of butter, the size of an egg, stir in the same quantity of flour, cook one minute and add, little by little, some of the stock, through a fine strainer. When it has thickened add more, and so on till you have enough sauce; the consistency should be that of cream. Five minutes before serving put in the pheasant, stir in a tablespoonful of fresh cream, see that it is well seasoned and hot, and serve.

Put all round the dish pieces of celery which has been braised separately, the pheasant in the middle, and pour the sauce all over.

Canard sauvage à l'orange.

The wild duck, or ducks, should be roasted in the ordinary way, but kept underdone. Remove them, take off the skin, and carve fillets out of the breast and the best part of the legs. Put the carcass in a saucepan with one carrot and one onion, sliced, a bouquet, salt, pepper, and enough water to cover the bones. Bring to the boil and let it reduce for half an hour or so.

Take one orange and peel off the skin, taking no pith, chop these peelings *julienne*-like and boil them for five minutes. Add the juice of the orange and the gravy from the roasting to the reduced sauce. Put the fillets of duck in a dish, sprinkle the *julienne* of orange-skin all over, pour in the sauce through a strainer, and cook slowly for five minutes more.

Macédoine de légumes chaude.

Cook, in different saucepans, as some vegetables take longer than others, young carrots, young turnips, and fresh peas. When cooked drain them well, cut the turnips and carrots in thin slices, and mix the lot together in a saucepan; it should be really hot so that the piece of butter you put in melts at once when you shake and stir. The butter should not cook at all. Add at the last minute salt, pepper, chopped parsley, and chervil. Serve at once.

Pommes flambées.

Take some good eating apples, peel them, and cut them in quarters. Cook them in butter on a moderate fire, turning them carefully on each side. When ready, that is, soft and golden brown, sprinkle with sugar and a pinch of cinnamon; put in two (or three, according to quantity) tablespoonfuls of liqueur, which you set alight. The liqueur may be rum, brandy and curaçao, or kirschwasser.

Serve, burning, with (separately) very cold whipped cream flavoured with the same liqueur you have used for *flamber*.

RECETTES ANGLAISES

Scotch Broth.

Prenez trois livres de poitrine de mouton, quatre litres d'eau, et une grosse poignée d'orge. Quand l'eau bout mettez la viande et l'orge, du sel, et laissez bouillir doucement en écumant bien. Une demie-heure après, ajoutez un navet, une carotte, le blanc de deux petits poireaux, tout cela coupé en dés, et une pincée de sucre. Laissez bouillir quelques minutes, ensuite mijoter à feu doux, pendant deux heures et demie. Un quart d'heure avant la fin ajoutez une cuillerée de persil haché et de carotte rapée.

Si vous voulez servir la viande avec le potage, retirez-la environ une heure avant de servir.

Kedgeree.

Pour ce plat d'origine indienne, il faut un quart de livre de riz, une livre environ de poisson bouilli froid et deux œufs durs.

Faites cuire le riz et le séchez à l'entrée du four, mettez-le dans une casserole avec un bon morceau de beurre, les blancs d'œufs coupés mince, le poisson en petits morceaux, sel, poivre fraîchement moulu et poivre de Cayenne. Réchauffez jusqu'à ce que ce soit bien chaud en remuant bien et saupoudrer avec les jaunes d'œuf passés au tamis.

Irish Stew.

Prenez de la poitrine de mouton, enlevez la plus grande partie du gras, et coupez en morceaux. Mettez au fond d'une casserole une couche de pommes de terre coupées en tranches, et quelques petits oignons préalablement blanchis, sel et poivre; puis une couche de la viande que vous assaisonnez; une autre couche de pommes de terre et oignons, et ainsi de suite, en finissant par une couche de légumes.

Recouvrez avec un mélange de bouillon et d'eau et faites bouillir; écumez si nécessaire; couvrez et faites cuire à feu doux au moins deux heures; saupoudrer de persil haché avant de servir.

Steak and Kidney Pudding.

Prenez deux livres de bœuf dans la culotte et une livre de rognons, coupez le tout en gros dés. Hachez trois oignons et un peu de persil et assaisonnez avec sel et poivre. Mélangez.

Pour la pâte il faut 175 grammes de graisse de bœuf (prise autour du rognon), hachée, 350 grammes de farine, du sel; ajoutez de l'eau en quantité suffisante pour faire une pâte consistante.

Prenez une terrine, mettez-y une couche assez mince de pâte. Remplissez avec les morceaux de viande, ajoutez trois cuillerées de Worcester sauce et du consommé ou de l'eau, sel et poivre. Recouvrir avec une couche de pâte et ensuite avec un linge que vous attachez. Faites cuire six heures dans un bain-marie couvert.

Veal and Ham Pie.

Prenez du filet de veau, coupez-le en tranches; ayez aussi des tranches assez épaisses de jambon cuit, pas trop gras. Disposez dans un plat creux assez profond en porcelaine allant au feu, une couche de veau assaisonnée avec sel, poivre, épices et persil haché, une couche de jambon, quelques tranches minces d'œuf dur, et ainsi de suite, jusqu'à ce que le plat soit plein; ajoutez un verre de bouillon; couvrez avec une couche de pâte demi-feuilletée et cuire au four modéré pendant une heure et quart environ. Ce plat est meilleur froid.

Welsh Rarebit.

Faites fondre dans une petite casserole du fromage, du Chester ou du Gloucester de préférence, avec un peu de *pale ale* ou de bière blonde et de moutarde anglaise. Ayez des croûtes de pain frites au beurre et recouvrez-les avec le fromage fondu. Passez un instant dans le gril ou dans un four très chaud et servez.

Christmas Pudding.

Prenez une livre de raisins secs et de raisins de Corinthe mélangés, six œufs, un verre de rhum, un quart de livre de graisse de bœuf (autour du rognon), même quantité de beurre, une livre de farine, deux verres de lait, une écorce de citron hachée, un peu de sel, et de muscade; quelques amandes hachées et aussi des fruits confits coupés en petits morceaux. Mélanger avec un peu de chapelure;

que l'appareil soit épais; cousez-le dans un linge et faites bouillir cinq ou six heures.

Servez avec la sauce suivante: mettez dans un bol une cuillerée de sucre en poudre, une de rhum, et une de beurre fondu; fouettez bien, ajoutant de temps en temps un peu de rhum et de beurre, jusqu'à ce que la sauce ait la consistance d'une mayonnaise.

Oatcakes.

Prenez deux tasses de flocons d'avoine (ou *Quaker Oats*), une pincée de levure anglaise et une de sel et une petite quantité de graisse. Bien mélanger avec de l'eau bouillante, travaillez un peu la pâte et roulez-la très mince. Coupez en carrés, en lozanges, comme vous voudrez et faites cuire à four modéré. Ces petits gâteaux peuvent se garder longtemps, mais il faut les réchauffer avant de s'en servir.

RONDEAU

MORT, j'appelle de ta rigueur
Qui m'a ma maistresse ravie,
Et n'es pas encore assouvie,
Se tu ne me tiens en langueur.
Onc puis n'eus force ne vigueur;
Mais que nuysoit elle en vie,
Mort?

Deux estions, et n'avions q'ung cuer;
S'il est mort, force est que devie,
Voire, ou que je vive sans vie,
Comme les images, par cuer,
Mort!

FRANÇOIS VILLON.

OF FRENCH WINE AND ENGLISH ALE

BY *ANDRÉ L. SIMON*

BOTH in France and in England there have been good and bad harvests, years of plenty and years of misery, more particularly in the 'good old days,' when means of transport were lacking and means of food storage inexistent. But at no epoch of the history of either France or England has there been a time when there was a shortage of water. Yet, as far as we care to go back in the annals of the past and down to the present day, the great majority of the peoples of both nations have never been satisfied with the plentiful supply of water at their command. During all those centuries, millions and millions of sensible, hard-working, and careful Frenchmen and Englishmen have deliberately chosen to spend a substantial share of their hard-earned money in order that they, and those dependent upon them, should drink something else than plain water, either wine in France, or ale in England. Why did they do it? Why do they do it still to-day? Is it reason or instinct? It is instinct, of course. In the same way, the need of some sort of noise is an instinct in all except the deaf. Silence oppresses and distresses. Music is an instinctive craving. There are many to whom any noise means music, and the more there is of it the better they like it; the louder the brass band the more they love it. There are others to whom harmony is everything. It is the same with wine and ale: there are many for whom alcohol, like noise, is everything; the greater the power or strength of their drinks the better they like them; the sooner they forget and the sounder they sleep, the better pleased they

are. But there are others to whom the ethereal fragrance or 'bouquet' of an old wine is a pure joy; its subtle flavour a true artistic delight. There are yet others who are as deaf of taste as some are deaf of hearing; for them both wine and ale are just waste or worse.

France produces far more wine and better wines than any other country in the whole world, in spite of which the quantity of wine imported into France every year is ever so much greater than the quantity of French wines exported from France. Which speaks well for the Frenchman's thirst. France is also the soberest among civilized nations, which speaks well for the wines of France: it is far more correct to say of the wines of France that they 'cheer but not inebriate' than of any decoction of tannin. France also produces a greater variety of wines than any other land. In every part of France, the northern seaboard excepted, there are vines growing and wine being made, mostly as potatoes are being grown in Ireland, for the sustenance of the people who grow them. But there are also a few privileged regions of France where the vines grow so well and yield wine in such abundant quantities, that there is more than the natives can drink themselves, the balance being available for the population of large cities in France, and for the peoples of the vineless north.

There are three French *départements*, the Gard, Aude, and Hérault, often pooled together under the name of Le Midi, which produce more wine than the rest of the country put together, not merely rivers of wine, but a red sea of wine which disappears every year in the sands of the French proletariat's parched throats. Such wines are like unto the Salvation Army brass bands on Saturday nights, but more so since their call to the workers to sing and be good is heard every day of the week as well as on

Sundays. The wines of Le Midi are not exported; they are not good enough; they are not worth paying duties and charges on, as all wines must which seek a market overseas; nor are they strong enough—that is, their alcoholic power is not great enough—to compete with any chance of success against the national beverages prepared in other countries to give the workers and others—not harmony, but the noise they demand in terms of alcohol at a cost within their means.

The French wines which are mostly sent all over the civilized world, wherever there may be men and women of taste blessed with an appreciative and artistic thirst, come from a few particularly favoured regions where the soil, poor in humus, but rich in minerals, produces smaller crops of grapes than elsewhere, but grapes of exceptional quality, from which wonderful wines are made; wines which are never considered in terms of their alcoholic power or strength, but in terms of the sheer delight that harmony holds out to them in whose soul harmony finds an echo.

Bordeaux is the metropolis of Gascony and of the land which has given to a suffering humanity a greater quantity by far of fine wines than all others during the last two thousand years. Bordeaux is on the River Garonne, a river which flows in a north-by-west direction towards the Bay of Biscay. Soon after it has left Bordeaux behind, the Garonne is met by the River Dordogne, and their united waters are then known as the Gironde until they reach the sea. There are vines growing and there is wine made on the right and left of those three rivers: Garonne, Dordogne, and Gironde; much of it is white wine, but most of it is red wine. There are over one hundred million gallons of red and white Bordeaux wines when the vintage is a success, and a mere fifty million gallons when

it is a failure. All this wine is not fine, of course, but much of it is, more particularly among the wines of the Médoc, Graves, Sauternes, and Saint-Émilion districts, all within the Bordeaux country. The vineyards of the Médoc are those upon the left of the River Gironde; they produce excellent red wines, or claret, as the red wine of Bordeaux has been called in England since the days of the Plantagenets. The vineyards of Graves are upon the left of the River Garonne, nearer to Bordeaux, and they produce both red wines and white; the Sauternes vines are also on the left of the Garonne, further south, and they produce none but white wines of more luscious character than any other French white wine. The wines of Saint-Émilion are all red and come from vineyards upon the right of the River Dordogne. All the better wines of Bordeaux are sold, not merely under the name of Bordeaux, nor under the name of one of the main divisions of the district, such as Médoc or Graves, but under the name of the individual estate, usually known as *Château*, where the vines grew which gave the wine.

Claret is the simplest, the most natural, and the best of all red wines: in all wine-producing countries the ambition of the growers is to make a wine as near as possible resembling the red wines of Bordeaux, the first and still the true claret. It is made of black grapes which are pressed, when ripe, and their purple-dyed juice is allowed to ferment at its own pace, in its own way, transforming the grape-sugar of unstable grape-juice into alcohol that will make wine more stable; all sorts of minor yet most important changes take place during the early stages of the new wine's existence, but all of them are merely natural consequences of fermentation. Man does not interfere but just watches to see that nothing untoward happens, so that Nature may carry out her wonderful alchemy smoothly. When this is

done, the wine is put in a bottle, corked down, and binned away in a cool cellar to grow in grace and charm with age, and be ready for the day when the call will come and it is to fulfil its noble mission.

Burgundy shares with Bordeaux pride of place among the most famous wines of the world. There are both red and white Burgundies, some of superlative excellence, and others occupying all the rungs of the long ladder of quality from the fair to the very good. The finest red wines of Burgundy come from the vineyards of a range of hills, south of Dijon, known as the Côte d'Or or Golden Slope. Further south, from Chalon-sur-Saône almost until the River Saône meets the Rhône, above Lyons, there is a considerable quantity of red Burgundies made every year, none more popular than those coming from the Beaujolais hills. The Côte d'Or also gives us the finest white Burgundies, although the white wines of Chablis are better known; their vineyards, a good deal further north, were once upon a time part of the old Duchy of Burgundy, so that they are entitled to the name of white Burgundy, but they are in a class of their own, being lighter, both as to colour and body, than the white wines of the Côte d'Or.

Further south, on both banks of the River Rhône, past Lyons, there are good wines, both red and white, made at Hermitage, Côte Rôtie, Châteauneuf-du-Pape, and elsewhere, which have earned full recognition overseas. All along the longest river of France, the Loire, from Auvergne, past Tours to Nantes and Saint-Nazaire, vines grow and wine is made in plenty, none more popular abroad than the white wines of Anjou and the red wines of Touraine. To the east, on the lower slopes of the Vosges Mountains, in Alsace, white wines of great delicacy are made which are gaining a wide popularity.

Last, but by no means least, there are the vineyards of the

Champagne country, between Rheims, Épernay, and Châlons-sur-Marne, producing that most fascinating wine, sparkling champagne, the pattern and model for all sparkling wines made in every part of the world where grapes grow. Champagne always has been and still is the best of all sparkling wines, but its cost is unfortunately rendered prohibitive by the penal taxes it is made to bear. Because of its joyous message, it must pay to the Exchequer a fourfold duty, joy being evidently considered by our rulers a luxury.

There is a white wine of France which was exceedingly popular in England during the Middle Ages, and even after, when it was shipped from La Rochelle to England, where it was known as the wine of Saintonge. This wine came from the Cognac country, where vines still grow as of old, and where white wine is still made every year, but it has ceased to be sold as wine; it is now distilled and has become the famous Cognac brandy, the most wholesome, as well as the most fragrant and delicious, brandy there is.

Perhaps it is time that we crossed the Channel and tasted a draught of English ale or beer. It is a watery drink nowadays, but it was not ever thus. There was a time when English ale had substance and character: that was a long time ago, when people warmed their beer instead of icing it.

There are many sorts of ales and beers, just as there are men of Kent and Kentish men, Yorkshiremen and Cornishmen; and there are many different types of wines, just as there are many different types of Frenchmen. They all belong to two very ancient families, two clans of famous ancestry, *Jean Raisin* and *John Barleycorn*. They are entirely different from one another, but by no means hostile to one another. They have had their quarrels, in days gone by, but they have always come to terms in an honourable manner. They each in their own way do their best to

help us poor humans forget our cares and face the world and all its fears with calm and courage. When they unite and become one, they become irresistible. Do you doubt it? Try a pint of champagne and a pint of stout together when in doubt, fatigued, or worried, and you will soon be on top of all petty troubles. It is a drink for the day when the victory of Free France and Great Britain is celebrated.

LA CIGALE ET LA FOURMI

LA cigale, ayant chanté
Tout l'été,
Se trouva fort dépourvue
Quand la bise fut venue:
Pas un seul petit morceau
De mouche ou de vermisseau.
Elle alla crier famine
Chez la fourmi sa voisine,
La priant de lui prêter
Quelque grain pour subsister
Jusqu'à la saison nouvelle.
'Je vous paierai,' lui dit-elle,
Avant l'ôû, foi d'animal,
Intérêt et principal.'
La fourmi n'est pas prêteuse:
C'est là son moindre défaut.
'Que faisiez-vous au temps chaud?'
Dit-elle à cette emprunteuse.
— 'Nuit et jour à tout venant
Je chantais, ne vous déplaie.'
— 'Vous chantiez! j'en suis fort aise.
Eh bien! dansez maintenant.'

LA FONTAINE.

ILS DISENT . . .

AN ANGLO-FRENCH ANTHOLOGY

England

THIS royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
King Richard II, Act II, sc. i.

Le Lien fraternel

Le lien fraternel qui joint tous les humains
Se serre en chaque état par d'autres nœuds plus saints.
Je sais que, mis au jour, nourri par l'Angleterre,
Je lui tiens de plus près qu'au reste de la terre.
Je vois les mêmes nœuds de la France à ses fils.

DE BELLOY, *Le Siège de Calais.*

God speak this Amen!

God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,

That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other! God speak this Amen!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
King Henry V, Act V, sc. ii.

The Crowning of William, 1066

Within the massive freshly erected walls was the Saxon populace of London, intermixed with the retainers of the Norman Camp and Court. Outside sat the Norman soldiers on their war-horses, eagerly watching for any disturbance in the interior. The royal workmen had been sent into London a few days before, to construct the mighty fortress of the Tower, which henceforth was to overawe the City. Before the high altar, standing on the very grave-stone of Edward was the fierce, huge, unwieldy William, the exact contrast of the sensitive, transparent King who lay beneath his feet. On either side stood an Anglo-Saxon and a Norman prelate. The Norman was Godfrey, Bishop of Coutances; the Saxon was Alred, Archbishop of York, holding in his own hand the Golden Crown, of Byzantine workmanship, wrought by Guy of Amiens. Stigand of Canterbury, the natural depository of the rite of coronation, had fled to Scotland. Alred, with that worldly prudence which characterized his career, was there, making the most of the new opportunity, and thus established over William an influence which no other ecclesiastic of the time, not even Hildebrand, was able to gain.

The moment arrived for the ancient form of popular

election. The Norman prelate was to address in French those who could not speak English: the Saxon primate was to address in English those who could not speak French. A confused acclamation rose from the mixed multitude.

The Norman cavalry without, hearing but not understanding the peculiarity of the Saxon institution, took alarm, and set fire to the gates of the Abbey, and perhaps the thatched dwellings which surrounded it. The crowd—nobles, and poor men and women—alarmed in their turn, rushed out.

The prelates and monks were left alone with William in the Church, and in the solitude of that wintry day, amidst the cries of his new subjects, trampled down by the horses' hoofs of their conquerors, he himself, for the first time in his life, trembling from head to foot, the remainder of the ceremony was hurried on. Alred, in the name of the Saxons, exacted from him the oath to protect them before he would put the Crown on his head. And thus ended the first undoubted Westminster coronation.

DEAN STANLEY, *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*.

Six Men of Calais, 1347

Then did the noble Queen of England a deed of noble lowliness, seeing she was great with child, and wept so tenderly for pity, that she could no longer stand upright; therefore she cast herself on her knees before her lord the King, and spake on this wise: 'Ah, gentle sire! from the day that I passed over the sea in great peril, as you know, I have asked for nothing: now pray I and beseech you, with folded hands, for the love of our Lady's Son, to have mercy upon them.' The gentle King waited a while before speaking, and looked on the Queen as she knelt before him bitterly weeping. Then began his heart to soften a little,

and he said: 'Lady, I would rather you had been elsewhere; you pray so tenderly, that I dare not refuse you; and though I do it against my will, nevertheless take them, I give them you.' Then took he the six citizens by the halters and delivered them to the Queen, and released from death all those of Calais for the love of her; and the good lady bade them clothe the six burgesses and make them good cheer.

J. R. GREEN, *A Short History of the English People*.

The King meets 'Le Roi,' 1396

The King of France now left St Omer, and resided in the fort of Ardres; the plain was covered with tents and pavilions full of French and English; the King of England and the Duke of Lancaster were lodged at Guines. On the vigil of the feast of St Simon and St Jude, which fell on a Friday, in the year of grace 1396, the two kings left their lodgings on the point of ten o'clock, and, accompanied by their attendants, went to the tents which had been prepared for them: thence they advanced on foot to a certain spot which had been fixed on for their meeting, which was surrounded by 400 French, and as many English knights, brilliantly armed with swords in hand. These 800 knights were so drawn up that the two kings passed between their ranks, conducted in the following order: the Dukes of Lancaster and Gloucester supported the King of France, and the Dukes of Berry and Burgundy the King of England, and when the two kings were on the point of meeting, the 800 knights fell on their knees and wept for joy. The two kings met bareheaded, and having saluted, took each other by the hand, when the King of France led the King of England to his tent; the four dukes took each other by the hand and followed them.

The French and English knights remained at their posts, looking at their opponents with good humour, and never moving until the whole ceremony was over. The spot where the two kings met was marked, and a chapel in honour of the Virgin Mary was proposed to be erected on it, but I know not if it were ever put into execution. At the entrance of the two kings into the tent, the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon came forward and cast themselves on their knees; the kings stopped and made them rise; the six dukes then assembled in front, and conversed together; the kings passed on, and had some conversation, while wine and spices were preparing. The Duke of Berry served the King of France with the comfit-box, and the Duke of Burgundy with the cup of wine; in like manner the King of England was served by the Dukes of Lancaster and Gloucester. After the kings had been served, the knights of France and England took the wines and spices, and served the prelates, dukes, princes, and counts; and after them squires and other officers of the household did the same to all within the tent, until every one had partaken. Shortly after the two monarchs took leave of each other, as did the different lords.

FROISSART's *Chronicles of England, France, and Spain*.

A Letter of Defiance, 1475

Before the King of *England* embark'd, he sent one of his Heralds nam'd *Garter*, a Native of *Normandy*, to the King of *France*, with a Letter of Defiance written in such an elegant Stile, and such polite Language, that I can scarce believe any *Englishman* ¹ wrote it.

PHILIP DE COMINES, *Memoirs*.

¹ Our *English* historian *Habington* falls foul upon *Philip de Comines* for this very Passage, and casts severe Censures both on him and his *Memoirs*, for this unjust Reflection on our Nation.

'Tis dangerous meddling with 'em

On the one Side, by which our King was to come, was a fine champian country; and on the other Side it was the same, only when the King of *England* came to the River, he was oblig'd to pass a Causey about two Bow-shots long with Marshes on both Sides, which might have been of very dangerous Consequence to the *English*, if our Intentions had not been honourable. And certainly, as I have said before, the *English* do not manage their Treaties and Capitulations with so much Shrewdness and Policy as the *French* do, let People say what they will, but proceed more ingenuously, and with greater Freedom in their affairs; yet a Man must be cautious, and have a care not to affront them, for 'tis dangerous meddling with 'em.

PHILIP DE COMINES, *Memoirs*.

Shakespeare's French

Katherine. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre et tu parles bien le language.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main, en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appelée *de hand*.

Kath. *De hand*. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? ma foy, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense, qu'ils sont appelés *de fingers*; ouy, *de fingers*.

Kath. La main, *de hand*; les doigts *de fingers*. Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appelez vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? les appellons *de nails*.

Kath. *De nails*. Escoutez: dites moy, si je parle bien: *de hand*, *de fingers*, et *de nails*.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. *De arm*, madame.

Kath. Et le coude?

Alice. *De elbow*.

Kath. *De elbow.* Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez moy, Alice; escoutez: *De hand*, *de finger*, *de nails*, *de arm*, *de bilbow*.

Alice. *De elbow*, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; *de elbow*. Comment appelez vous le col?

Alice. *De neck*, madame.

Kath. *De nick*; et le menton?

Alice. *De chin*.

Kath. *De sin*. Le col, *de nick*: le menton, *de sin*.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur; en verité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu; et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée?

Kath. Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. *De hand*, *de finger*, *de mails*.

Alice. *De nails*, madame.

Kath. *De nails*, *de arme*, *de ilbow*.

Alice. Sauf, vostre honneur, *de elbow*.

Kath. Ainsi dis je; *de elbow*, *de nick* et *de sin*: Comment appelez vous le pied, et la robe?

Alice. *De foot*, madame, et *de coun*.

Kath. *De foot*, et *de coun*? O Seigneur Dieu! ils sont les mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user. Je ne voudrois

prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut *de foot*, et *de coun*, neantmoins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: *de hand, de finger, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.*

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois; allons nous à disner.

King Henry V, Act III, sc. iv.

James II and Louis XIV

Le lendemain le roi d'Angleterre devoit arriver; le roi l'attendoit à Saint-Germain, où il arriva tard, parce qu'il venoit de Versailles; enfin, le roi alla au bout de la salle des gardes, au-devant de lui; le roi d'Angleterre se baissa fort, comme s'il eût voulu embrasser ses genoux; le roi l'en empêcha, et l'embrassa à trois ou quatre reprises fort cordialement. Ils se parlèrent bas un quart d'heure; le roi lui présenta MONSEIGNEUR, MONSIEUR, les princes du sang et le cardinal de Bonzi. Il le conduisit à l'appartement de la reine, qui eut peine à retenir ses larmes. Après une conversation de quelques instants, Sa Majesté les mena chez le prince de Galles, où ils furent encore quelques temps à causer, et les y laissa, ne voulant point être reconduit, et disant au roi; 'Voici votre maison; quand j'y viendrai, vous m'en ferez les honneurs, et je vous les ferai quand vous viendrez à Versailles.' Le lendemain, qui étoit hier, madame la Dauphine y alla, et toute la cour. Je ne sais comme on aura réglé les chaises des princesses, car elles en eurent à la reine d'Espagne; et la reine mère d'Angleterre étoit traitée comme fille de France: je vous manderai ce détail. Le roi envoya dix mille louis d'or au roi d'Angleterre. Ce dernier paroît vieilli et fatigué, la reine maigre, et des yeux qui ont pleuré, mais beaux et

noirs; un beau teint, un peu pâle; la bouche grande, de belles dents, une belle taille, et bien de l'esprit; tout cela compose une personne qui plaît fort.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ, *Lettres*.

Food in Paris

'Tis extraordinary dear Living in *Paris*, in comparison of *London*; for a Gentleman cannot Diet at a good Ordinary under four Livres a Day, nor have a tollerable good Lodging for less than four *Lewis's d'Or per month*. The *French Cooks* are as Industrious in Inventing new *Ragoos*, and Kickshaws, as the *Taylors* in cutting out new Fashions. Their Fowl is good and well Larded; but their other Meat is generally so adulterated with Sauces, that 'tis impossible to determine whether what one Eats is Beef, Mutton or Veal. Except Legs of Mutton, I have not yet seen a whole Joint of Meat Serv'd up at Table; the Butchers being unacquainted with Surloins and Rumps, and generally cutting their Beef into thin Slices, scarce thicker than a Six-Penny Stake in *London*.

A View of Paris, 1701.

Voltaire in England

There is a legend that Voltaire's foreign dress caused him to be chased one day by a jeering mob of Londoners. He turned their insults to enthusiasm by jumping on a milestone and saying to them: 'My brave Englishmen, am I not already unfortunate enough in not having been born one of yourselves?'

Notes sur l'Angleterre

Les Anglais vous font peu de politesses, mais jamais d'impolitesses.

Il me semble que Paris est une belle ville, où il y a des

choses plus laides; Londres, une vilaine ville, où il y a de très-belles choses.

Si l'on me demande quels préjugés ont les Anglais, en vérité je ne saurais dire lequel, ni la guerre, ni la naissance, ni les dignités, ni les hommes à bonnes fortune, ni le délire de la faveur des ministres: ils veulent que les hommes soient hommes; ils n'estiment que deux choses, les richesses et le mérite.

MONTESQUIEU.

. . . and so to France

They order, said I, this matter better in France.

—You have been in France? said my gentleman, turning quick upon me, with the most civil triumph in the world.—Strange! quoth I, debating the matter with myself, that one-and-twenty miles' sailing, for 'tis absolutely no further from Dover to Calais, should give a man these rights: I'll look into them: so, giving up the argument, I went straight to my lodgings, put up half-a-dozen shirts and a black pair of silk breeches;—'the coat I have on,' said I, looking at the sleeve, 'will do'—took a place in the Dover stage, and, the packet sailing at nine the next morning, by three I had got set down to my dinner upon a fricaseed chicken . . . incontestibly in France.

LAURENCE STERNE, *A Sentimental Journey*.

Character of the French and English

A polished nation, my dear Count, said I, makes every one its debtor; and, besides, Urbanity itself, like the fair sex, has so many charms, it goes against the heart to say it can do ill; and yet, I believe, there is but a certain line of perfection that man, take him altogether, is empower'd to arrive at; if he gets beyond, he rather exchanges qualities than gets them. I must not presume to say how far this

has affected the French in the subject we are speaking of; but should it ever be the case of the English, in the progress of their refinements, to arrive at the same polish which distinguishes the French, if we did not lose the *politesse du cœur*, which inclines men more to humane actions than to courteous ones—we should at least lose that distinct variety and originality of character, which distinguishes them not only from each other, but from all the world besides.

I had a few of King William's shillings, as smooth as glass, in my pocket, and, foreseeing they would be of use in the illustration of my hypothesis, I had got them into my hand when I had proceeded so far:

See, M. le Comte, said I, rising up, and laying them before him upon the table, by jingling and rubbing one against another for seventy years together, in one body's pocket or another's, they are become so much alike you can scarce distinguish one shilling from another.

The English, like ancient medals, kept more apart, and passing but a few people's hands, preserve the first sharpness which the fine hand of Nature has given them; they are not so pleasant to feel—but, in return, the legend is so visible that, at the first look, you see whose image and superscription they bear. But the French, M. le Comte, added I (wishing to soften what I had said), have so many excellencies, they can the better spare this; they are a loyal, a gallant, a generous, an ingenious, and a good temper'd people as is under heaven; if they have a fault, they are too *serious*.

Mon Dieu! cried the Count, rising out of his chair.

Mais vous plaisantez, said he, correcting his exclamation. I laid my hand upon my breast, and, with earnest gravity, assured him it was my most settled opinion.

LAURENCE STERNE, *A Sentimental Journey*.

French Beds

After you pass *Boulogne*, you 'll not find the Beds like ours in *England*, they raise them very high with several thick Mattresses, and whoever is fearful of lying so lofty must take care and order the Maid, in Time, to throw off several Mattresses before she sheets the Bed, and as their Linnen is ill washed and worse dried, you must take particular Care to see the Sheets aired, after you pass *Boulogne*, or you 'll be forced to get out of your Bed again to have it done; this is bad sometimes in *England*, but in France 'tis superlatively worse; so that one would think *Frenchmen*, who can bear this kind of wet Linnen (as they are said all to do) need never fear of taking Cold by any Accident or Means whatever; as to an *Englishman*, scarce anything is more terrible to him than damp or wet Sheets, and yet I have actually caught them in *France* about to sheet a Bed with Linnen almost what we call wringing wet.

Lettres d'un voyageur anglais, 1752.

An Eighteenth-century Traveller

The people of this country dine at noon, and travellers always find an ordinary prepared at every *auberge*, or public-house on the road. Here they sit down promiscuously, and dine at so much a head. The usual price is thirty sols for dinner, and forty for supper, including lodging; for this moderate expense they have two courses and a desert. If you eat in your own apartment, you pay, instead of forty sols, three, and in some places four, livres a-head. I and my family could not well dispense with our tea and toast in the morning, and I had no stomach to eat at noon. For my own part I hate French cookery, and abominate garlick, with which all their ragouts, in this part of the country, are highly seasoned: we therefore

formed a different plan of living upon the road. Before we left Paris, we laid in a stock of tea, chocolate, cured neats tongues, and *saucissons*, or Bologna sausages, both of which we found in great perfection in that capital, where indeed there are excellent provisions of all sorts. About ten in the morning we stopped to breakfast at some *auberge*, where we always found bread, butter, and milk. In the meantime we ordered a *poulard* or two to be roasted, and these wrapped in a napkin, were put into the boot of the coach, together with bread, wine, and water. About two or three in the afternoon, while the horses were changing, we laid a cloth upon our knees, and producing our store, with a few earthen plates, discussed our short meal without further ceremony. This was followed by a desert of grapes and other fruit, which we had also provided.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT, *Travels through France and Italy*.

Too Much, too Little

Some of the English, it must be confest, are apt to carry this Remembrance of past Courtesies to very immoderate lengths, and to become so enamoured of France and its inhabitants, as to forget the superior Ties that bind them to their own Nation; and in the Enthusiasm of their attachment to that Country, are so lavish and profuse in its praises, as to prefer it to their own, even in those Things wherein its Inferiority is apparent.

This, however, is a Fault of which our English Travellers are not often guilty: the Generality of them being much more inclined to err on the opposite Side; and instead of suffering themselves to be dazzled by the Lustre of the good Qualities the French possess, are on the contrary, studious to discover, and quick-eyed in perceiving wherein they are deserving of Censure.

An Account of the Character and Manner of the French, 1770.

The Two Nations

The English have, like ourselves, always had a species of physiognomy by which they might be distinguished. Indeed, these two nations are the only ones in Europe, which properly deserve the appellation. If we had our Charlemagne, they had their Alfred. Their archers shared the renown of the Gallic infantry; their Black Prince rivalled our Duguesclin, and their Marlborough our Turenne. Their revolutions and ours keep pace with each other. We can boast the same glory; but we must deplore the same crimes and the same misfortunes.

F. A. DE CHATEAUBRIAND, *Recollections of Italy, England, and America.*

The Old Guard

Napoleon, in desperation, drew his sword and was about to rush into the midst of the enemy; he wished to perish with his fortunes. His generals surrounded him and dragged him on the road to Genappe. . . . It was after nine o'clock; night had fallen on this terrible battlefield and still the struggle continued. The old guard formed six squares; five were successively destroyed by an enemy thirty times its number; one only still remained for a time, that of Cambronne. These brave men refused to put down their arms; their chief answered to a summons by a valiant phrase which has become a by-word: 'The guard dies, it does not surrender.' Alone against a whole army they charged it with their bayonets to gain time for their beloved chief to escape. Their sacrifice was rewarded and won them immortal glory.

VICTOR DURUY, *A Short History of France.*

The English Guards

Napoleon was still able to hold his ground against them till their increasing masses forced him to stake all on a desperate effort against the English front. The Imperial Guard—his only reserve, and which had as yet taken no part in the battle—was drawn up at seven in two huge columns of attack. The first, with Ney himself at its head, swept all before it as it mounted the rise beside La Haye Sainte, on which the thin English line still held its ground, and all but touched the English front when its mass, torn by the terrible fire of musketry with which it was received, gave way before a charge from the English Guards. The second, three thousand strong, advanced with the same courage over the slope near Hougomont, only to be shattered and repulsed in the same way.

J. R. GREEN, *A Short History of the English People*.

Le Quatorze juillet

The sight which I have just come away from is as brilliant, happy, and beautiful as can be conceived; and if you want to see French people to the greatest advantage, you should go to a festival like this, where their manners and innocent gaiety show a very pleasing contrast to the coarse and vulgar hilarity which the same class would exhibit in our own country—at Epsom Race-course, for instance, or Greenwich Fair. The greatest noise that I heard was that of a company of jolly villagers from a place in the neighbourhood of Paris, who, as soon as the fireworks were over, formed themselves into a line, three or four abreast, and so marched singing home. As for the fireworks, squibs and crackers are very hard to describe, and very little was to be seen of them: to me, the prettiest sight was the vast, orderly,

happy crowd, the number of children, and the extraordinary care and kindness of the parents towards these little creatures. It does one good to see honest, heavy *épiciers*, fathers of families, playing with them in the Tuileries, or, as to-night, bearing them stoutly on their shoulders, through many long hours, in order that the little ones, too, may have their share of the fun. John Bull, I fear, is more selfish: he does not take Mrs Bull to the public-house; but leaves her, for the most part, to take care of the children at home.

W. M. THACKERAY, *Paris Sketches*.

Paris, 1840

Dear Paris!

Yes, it is something to have roamed over it as a small boy—a small English boy (that is, a small boy unattended by his mother or his nurse), curious, inquisitive, and indefatigable; full of imagination; and all his senses keen with the keenness that belongs to the morning of life: the sight of a hawk, the hearing of a bat, almost the scent of a hound.

Indeed, it required a nose both subtle and unprejudiced to understand and appreciate and thoroughly enjoy that Paris—not the Paris of M. le Baron Haussmann, lighted by gas and electricity, and flushed and drained by modern science; but the ‘good old Paris’ of Balzac and Eugène Sue and *Les Mystères*—the Paris of dim oil lanterns suspended from iron gibbets (where once aristocrats had been hung); of water-carriers who sold water from their hand-carts, and delivered it at your door (*au cinquième*) for a penny a pail—to drink of, and wash in, and cook with, and all.

There were whole streets—and these by no means the least fascinating and romantic—where the unwritten domestic records of every house were afloat in the air out-

side it—records not all savoury or sweet, but always full of interest and charm!

One knew at a sniff as one passed the *porte cochère* what kind of people lived behind and above; what they ate and what they drank, and what their trade was; whether they did their washing at home, and burned tallow or wax, and mixed chicory with their coffee, and were over-fond of Gruyère cheese—the biggest, cheapest, plainest, and most formidable cheese in the world; whether they fried with oil or butter, and liked their omelets overdone and garlic in their salad, and sipped black-currant brandy or anisette as a liqueur; and were overrun with mice, and used cats or mouse-traps to get rid of them, or neither; and bought violets, or pinks, or gillyflowers in season, and kept them too long; and fasted on Friday with red or white beans, or lentils, or had a dispensation from the Pope—or, haply, even dispensed with the Pope's dispensation. . . . Oh that I could hum or whistle an old French smell! I could evoke all Paris, sweet prae-imperial Paris, in a single whiff!

GEORGE DU MAURIER, *Peter Ibbetson*.

Le Caractère anglais

L'Anglais est plus sérieux que nous; son jugement est plus calme, plus sain, et plus solide que le nôtre; son patriotisme est mieux compris. Froid, d'un tempérament sobre et tranquille, d'une humeur chagrine et farouche, élevé dans le langage cru de la Bible, d'une religion austère et quelque peu jalouse du bonheur et de la joie, il est moins aimable et moins heureux que nous.

C'est encore dans le système d'éducation, c'est dans le climat, c'est jusque dans la nourriture, qu'il faut chercher l'explication de cette différence si frappante qui existe entre le caractère anglais et le caractère français. Un

dîner, composé d'une livre de rosbif, d'une grosse tranche de *plum pudding*, et d'un pot de bière noire, lourde, épaisse et huileuse, ne saurait certainement avoir sur l'esprit l'influence d'un dîner composé d'une douzaine d'huîtres, d'une aile de poulet, de fruits, de pâtisserie légère et d'une bouteille de pomard.

MAX O'RELL, *John Bull et son Île*.

Il faut parler anglais

Les Anglais parlent fort peu les langues étrangères ; mais c'est leur faute.

La dignité est pour eux l'objet de petits soins incessants. Toujours effrayés de la compromettre, ils ne vous donneront pas sur eux l'avantage de la langue, si cela est en leur pouvoir. Je connais bon nombre d'Anglais qui parlent fort bien le français, mais qui préfèrent infiniment parler anglais avec les Français qui écorchent leur langue. Ils s'imaginent qu'un homme parlant une langue qui n'est pas la sienne, est toujours plus ou moins ridicule . . . et ils aiment mieux naturellement que ce soit *vous*.

MAX O'RELL, *John Bull et son Île*.

Monsieur Loubet in London, 1903

Even now, although the honours and the labours of President Loubet's State visit have scarce begun, he may at the end of a busy afternoon and night, almost say with Caesar, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*. He has come into our midst in the heart of Great Britain and of the Empire ; he has seen, and has been seen by, not only the Sovereign, the Heir Apparent, and an illustrious gathering of welcoming hosts, but also a series of large, heterogeneous crowds—all the more representative perhaps by reason of the cosmopolitan mixture of races which they contained ; he has conquered

the hearts of all who have set their eyes upon him by the modesty of his demeanour, and those who have enjoyed the privilege of listening to the one speech he has delivered in London have been charmed by the sympathy and the sincerity of his tone.

The Times, 7th July 1903.

Édouard VII^e à Paris

Dans l'accueil que la France fait au Roi d'Angleterre, accueil qui a de beaucoup dépassé la courtoisie et qui s'est empreint de la plus franche cordialité, il y a, sans aucun doute, cette nuance de confiante sécurité: on sait que si des causes de conflit apparaissaient entre les deux grands pays, si l'un ou l'autre peuple était assez fou pour vouloir envenimer la querelle, il y a sur le trône d'Angleterre un souverain pacifique et qui a pour nous non seulement de l'estime mais une sincère sympathie.

Ces sentiments le Roi d'Angleterre les a traduits à merveille dans le discours par lequel il répondait à la délégation de la chambre de commerce britannique. Il a parlé sans ambages et sans réticences de son attachement pour Paris, de son désir ardent de voir les relations entre les deux pays s'améliorer sans cesse. Il a mis une insistance particulière à répéter ce vœu, à éloigner comme un mauvais souvenir 'les jours d'hostilité,' à évoquer le spectacle d'une 'amicale émulation,' à revendiquer avec fierté pour la France et l'Angleterre réunies l'honneur d'être 'les champions et les pionniers de la civilisation et du progrès pacifique.' Il a proclamé la nécessité, la *fatalité*, si l'on peut dire, des bonnes relations entre les deux peuples voisins: 'Je ne connais pas deux pays dans le monde dont la prospérité mutuelle dépende plus l'un de l'autre.' C'est l'évidence même.

Le Temps, 3rd May 1903.

On entering Paris

Most travellers from London enter Paris in the evening, and I think they are wise. I wish it were possible again and again to enter Paris in the evening for the first time; but since it is not, let me hasten to say that the pleasure of re-entering Paris in the evening is one that custom has almost no power to stale. Every time that one emerges from the gare du Nord or the gare St Lazare one is taken afresh by the variegated and vivid activity of it all—the myriad purposeful self-contained bustling people, all moving on their unknown errands exactly as they were moving when one was here last, no matter how long ago. For Paris never changes: that is one of her most precious secrets.

The London which one had left seven or eight hours before was populous enough and busy enough, Heaven knows, but London's pulse is slow and fairly regular, and even at her gayest, even when greeting Royalty, she seems to be advising caution and a careful demeanour. But Paris—Paris smiles and Paris sings. There is an incredible vivacity in her atmosphere.

Sings! This reminds me that on the first occasion that I entered Paris—in the evening, of course—my cabman sang. He sang all the way from the gare du Nord to the rue Caumartin. This seemed to me delightful and odd, although at first I felt in danger of attracting more attention than one likes; but as we proceeded down the rue Lafayette—which nothing but song and the fact that it is the high road into Paris from England can render tolerable—I discovered that no one minded us. A singing cabman in London would bring out the Riot Act and the military; but here he was in the picture: no one threw at the jolly fellow any of the chilling deprecatory glances

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which are the birthright of every light-hearted eccentric in my own land. And so we proceeded to the hotel, often escaping collision by the breadth of a single hair, the driver singing all the way. What he sang I knew not; but I doubt if it was of battles long ago: rather, I should fancy, of very present love and mischief. But how fitting a first entry into Paris!

An hour or so later—it was just twenty years ago, but I remember it so clearly—I observed written up in chalk in large emotional letters on a public wall the words ‘*Vivent les femmes!*’ and they seemed to me also so odd—it seemed to me so funny that the sentiment should be recorded at all, since women were obviously going to live whatever happened—that I laughed aloud. But it was not less characteristic of Paris than the joyous baritone notes that had proceeded from beneath the white tall hat of my cocher. It was as natural for one Parisian to desire the continuance of his joy as a lover, even to expressing it in chalk in the street, as to another to beguile with lyrical snatches the tedium of cab-driving.

I was among the Latin people, and, as I quickly began to discover, I was myself, for the first time, a foreigner. That is a discovery which one quickly makes in Paris.

But I have not done yet with the joy of entering and re-entering Paris in the evening—after the long smooth journey across the marshes of Picardy, or through the orchards of Normandy and the valley of the Seine—whichever way one travels. But whether one travels by Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, or Havre, whether one alights at the gare du Nord or St Lazare, once outside the station one is in Paris instantly: there is no debatable land between either of these termini and the city, as there is, for example, between the gare de Lyon and the city. Paris washes up to the very platforms. A few steps and here are the foreign

tables on the pavements and the foreign waiters, so brisk and clean, flitting among them; here are the vehicles meeting and passing on the wrong or foreign side, and beyond that knowing apparently no law at all; here are the deep-voiced newsvendors shouting those magic words: *La Patrie! La Patrie!* which, should a musician ever write a Paris symphony, would recur and recur continually beneath its surface harmonies. And here, everywhere, are the foreign people in their ordered haste and their countless numbers.

The pleasure of entering and re-entering Paris in the evening is only equalled by the pleasure of stepping forth into the street the next morning in the sparkling Parisian air and smelling again the pungent Parisian scent and gathering in the foreign look of the place. I know of no such exuberance as one draws in with these first Parisian inhalations on a fine morning in May or June—and in Paris in May or June it is always fine, just as in Paris in January and February it is always cold or wet. His would be a very sluggish or disenchanted spirit who was not thus exhilarated; for here at his feet is the holiday city of Europe and the clean sun over all.

E. V. LUCAS, *A Wanderer in Paris.*

The Unchanging City

Except for cars in place of *fiacres*, and the Eiffel Tower, I don't see any real change by daylight since I was first here in '88. There's the same tang of coffee and wood-smoke in the air; people have the same breadth of back, the same red buttons in their coats; there are the same tables outside the same *cafés*, the same *affiches*, the same funny little stalls for selling books, the same violently miraculous driving; the same pervading French grey, even to the sky;

and the same rather ill-tempered look of not giving a damn for anything outside Paris. Paris leads fashion, and yet, it's the most conservative place in the world. They say the advanced literary crowd here regard the world as having begun in 1914 at earliest, have scrapped everything that came before the war, despise anything that lasts, are mostly Jews, Poles, and Irishmen, and yet have chosen this changeless town to function in. The same with painters and musicians, and every other extremist. Here they gather and chatter and experiment themselves to death. And good old Paris laughs and carries on, as concerned with reality and flavours and the past as it ever was. Paris produces anarchy exactly as stout produces froth.

JOHN GALSWORTHY, *Ex Libris*.

Facts

The French and the English base life on such different premises. To put the case in a nutshell, we may say that the French welcome facts and the English avoid them. The French make the most of facts; the English persuade themselves that facts are not there. The French write books and plays about facts, and read and go to the theatre to see facts; the English write books and plays about sentimental unreality, and read and go to the theatre in order to be diverted from facts. The French live quietly and resignedly at home among facts; the English exhaust themselves in games and travel and frivolity and social inquisitiveness, in order to forget that they have facts in their midst.

E. V. LUCAS, *A Wanderer in Paris*.

Continental Platform, Victoria

When you love travel, and have lost count of the number of times the chocolate-coloured Pullmans have whirled

you through Kent to the edge of the sea and on to far places, this morning assembly of travellers shakes you to the heart. You know what is in store for them. You can follow them down to Dover; you see them on the swift Channel boat, you hear the blue-bloused porters of Calais crying 'Soixantedix, m'sieu. I meet you at ze douane.' You visualize the idiotic struggle in the French Customs; you see the long Paris *Rapide* waiting with steam up, the wrinkled old Frenchwomen in white caps and knitted black shawls who sell fruit, and you hear the funny little penny whistle like a child's trumpet that sends this great train racketing and thundering through France. . . .

. . . And give me, too, the ever-recurring joy of the uncomfortable swinging French *wagon restaurant* full of various people. Englishmen who look so comically English as soon as they cross the Channel, Frenchmen whose black spade beards cascade over white table-napkins which they tuck into their collars before they devour their food with Gallic avidity, and the good-looking Parisienne with her carmine mouth and her finicky, much-manicured hands breaking bread and salting meat, while her big, emotional eyes sweep over and beyond the bald heads of appraising British husbands.

'Liqueur, m'sieu?'

The man with the tray of little bright bottles staggers up, and, notable sight, the elderly virgin of some distant vicarage sips an unusual brandy. Marvellous France!

H. V. MORTON, *The Heart of London*.

That Work of Art and Nature

Paris, that work of art and nature, lies beneath a light and cheerful sky, exempt alike from the gloom of the north and the dazzling brightness of the south, climbing

up each bank of its river as far as the chain of hills. With its Roman ruins, Gothic churches and cathedral, Renaissance palaces and Baroque domes, its Catholic and royalist, as well as its republican and revolutionary tradition, its eddying motor traffic and vast hotels, and its utterly peaceful provincial corners, too, it is at once the most complex and the simplest of urban organisms, the home of millions of Frenchmen and hundreds of thousands of foreigners, the Promised Land of the greatest artists and the most superficial chasers after pleasure; a face with a thousand aspects, with some incomparably beautiful and some repulsive features, but none which lack character; ever growing, ceaselessly changing with the course of the centuries, yet always true to itself; one of the greatest of Man's past achievements, one of the foremost among the present centres of his power, one of the main hopes of his future.

PAUL COHEN-PORTHEIM, *The Spirit of Paris*.

The Englishman

The Englishman is made for a time of crisis, and for a time of emergency. He is serene in difficulties, but may seem to be indifferent when times are easy. He may not look ahead, he may not heed warnings, he may not prepare, but when he once starts he is persistent to the death, and he is ruthless in action. It is these gifts that have made the Englishman what he is, and that have enabled the Englishman to make England and the Empire what it is.

EARL BALDWIN, *On England*.

A Conservative People

The French are a conservative people, in their Catholicism in the north, and in their Republicanism, which has become traditional, in the south, simple in their habits,

extremely hard-working, extremely healthy, and exceedingly tenacious of property. The contrast between them and the idea of them current in German and Anglo-Saxon countries particularly is simply grotesque. They are pictured as a nation of amorous *boulevardiers*, unstable feather-brains and coquettes of doubtful virtue—this frugal, conservative, provincial nation of peasants and small *bourgeois*! The French are the most *bourgeois* nation in Europe, extremely prudent and utterly unromantic; their virtues are those of the *bourgeois*, so are their vices—good sense and economy or meanness and avarice, as the case may be.

PAUL COHEN-PORTHEIM, *The Spirit of Paris*.

Justice

Do not commit murder in England. You would be hanged. Before a French jury, if you have a certain imagination, a romantic face and a good lawyer, you can, if you are put to it, save your neck. But twelve English good men and true will listen with disgust to your talk of sentimental suffering, and will have you hanged by the neck until you are dead. Be wise, avoid their law courts. The cross-examinations of their counsel are so diabolically clever that you would willingly confess to having stolen the Nelson column in order to escape their hail of questions. Remember that respect for the law is greater here than elsewhere. In English 'Keep off the Grass' does not mean 'Walk on this lawn.'

ANDRÉ MAUROIS, *Three Letters on the English*.

Les Français

Pour beaucoup de Britanniques les Français sont '*weedy little men effervescing with excitement*' avec une tendance à la

bedaine et à la chamaillerie. Vois plutôt: Dans une de ses pièces Sir James Barrie nous montre un Français provoquant successivement en duel une douzaine de personnes et finissant par jeter sa carte de visite à la tête d'un . . . arrosoir contre lequel il vient de se heurter. Le trait est d'une finesse charmante et le public, séduit par cet esprit si subtil, se pâmait de rire.

Pendant la guerre j'ai longtemps commandé une compagnie, puis un bataillon de Lillois. Tu n'aurais pas trouvé dans un régiment écossais d'hommes plus froids, plus calmes, moins nerveux, dont la bravoure fût moins querelleuse et plus dédaigneuse du panache—mais Barrie, que veux-tu, n'était pas là pour les voir.

FÉLIX DE GRAND'COMBE, *Tu viens en Angleterre.*

Nursemaids' Tales

For instance I, who have lived for twenty-five years in England and who should therefore know better, can never quite get rid of a sneaking belief that an Englishman's eagerness to watch a menagerie is due to the fact that he is secretly hoping to see the tamer gobbled up by the tiger, and that London, where I have basked in sunshine for long hours on end, is a town shrouded in persistent fog, and what is more absurd, the happy hunting-ground of all pickpockets, where the trains run above the level of the houses! Such is the lasting influence of nursemaids' tales.

FÉLIX DE GRAND'COMBE, *England, this Way!*
(translated by Béatrice de Holthoir).

Debout les morts!

I have sometimes thought that the supreme French quality—the talent wherein France excels all other nations

—is this same gift of being interesting. Interesting in deed as well as in word; the power of dramatizing life. Turn to her history—almost any page of it—and you will realize what I mean; where other nations have their long dull chapters, she tells her story with an air. Her people have a sense of fine drama in their souls—hence their power of arresting attention and holding it; for drama is expression of thought and emotion by means of just word and just action. Even the cautious might risk a heavy wager that more remembered phrases have been coined in French than in any other language now spoken by civilized man; and the remembered phrase, more often than not, is an epitome of dramatic situation.

The gift is of long standing, an inheritance of many generations; the lieutenant of yesterday who rallied his men against German onslaught to the cry of *Debout les morts!* was of one blood and thought with the Bourbon who wore his white plume into Ivry battle or the Valois Francis who wrote *Tout est perdu fors l'honneur*. In each was the power of dramatizing emotion—desperation, gay courage or defeat.

CICELY HAMILTON, *Modern France*.

The King in Paris, 1938

Confident though they must have been of a truly royal welcome, the King and Queen had a reception in Paris to-day which for heartfelt enthusiasm and a well-judged blend of simplicity and splendour was surely a revelation even to them. From the moment they set foot in the capital to their arrival, after a triumphal journey past countless cheering crowds, the city was theirs. Its people, from the President of the Republic to the humblest member of the crowd, made this more than clear. It could be seen

that the King and Queen were for their part as deeply touched by the warmth of their welcome as they were appreciative of the superb decorations displayed in their honour.

The Times, 20th July 1938.

La Solidarité franco-britannique

Les manifestations de l'amitié franco-britannique auxquelles donne lieu la visite de M. Albert Lebrun aux souverains anglais trouvent un puissant écho dans le monde entier. La nation française ne peut qu'être sensible à l'accueil si cordial, si vibrant, fait au chef élu de la République. Jamais les deux peuples ne se sont sentis plus près l'un de l'autre ; à aucun moment la solidarité des deux grandes démocraties occidentales, résolues à défendre la cause de la liberté lorsqu'elle vient à être menacée, ne s'est affirmée avec plus de franchise. Il n'y a place dans tout cela pour aucun malentendu, aucune équivoque : la France et la Grande-Bretagne ont lié leurs sorts pour la guerre comme pour la paix ; elles sont décidées à mettre en commun leurs forces si la paix doit être défendue, car, au milieu de toutes les difficultés de l'heure présente, c'est le maintien de l'ordre international qui demeure le but suprême de leurs efforts.

Le Temps, 24th March 1939.

L'Angleterre

J'aime l'Angleterre au printemps. Et qui ne l'aimerait ? Les primevères, les crocus, les tulipes sortent partout des prairies. Le plus humble jardinnet offre quelques touffes de ce narcisse jaune que l'on nomme, là-bas, délicieusement, daffodil—c'est-à-dire asphodèle, si je ne me trompe. Dans des jardins plus verts et plus ornés que tous les autres

jardins du monde, des promeneurs au pas placide semblent consacrer le meilleur de leur activité morale à l'étude du myosotis, de l'écureuil et du rouge-gorge. Montés sur des poneys velus—allusion ravissante aux hirsutes coursiers de Tamerlan—de beaux adolescents galopent, les joues rosies de soleil et de brise. Des enfants jouent avec une ferveur ordonnée sur des pelouses impeccables. Cambrés comme des clefs de sol, les soldats magnifiques promènent dans leurs bras des drapeaux-nourrissons, sous les fenêtres des palais royaux, pendant que la musique militaire donne à ce ballet le rythme et la mesure. Une foule de travailleurs, tourmentés par les graves problèmes de leur état, proclament quand même que la tradition est une chose sacrée qu'on ne saurait abandonner sans démenche. Le soir, à la porte des parcs, maints groupes se forment pour écouter les philosophes et les utopistes, pour chanter en chœur, pour recueillir l'enseignement des théosophes et des apôtres improvisés. La vie mondaine est plus séduisante et plus exigeante que partout ailleurs. De grandes dames au nom retentissant dissertent de la chose publique avec une autorité souveraine. Cependant, les gens d'affaires justement réputés par le monde pour leur adresse et leur science s'efforcent de démontrer que l'on peut faire des calculs justes au mépris du système décimal, et ils y parviennent.

Le Français de passage reçoit, dans cette société complexe, un accueil toujours courtois, souvent exquis. Dans le petit peuple même, la bonne grace est sensible.

GEORGES DUHAMEL, *Mémorial de la Guerre blanche*.

Tradition and Revolution

As long ago as 1715, a writer who was more of an observer than a philologist was wondering whether the

name 'Paris' was not derived from the Greek word 'which signifies boldness, or the liberty to speak without flattery, since that is a quality which usually predominates among Parisians.' This identity of temper is reflected to a certain extent in the history of the Parisian folk, in the spirit of independence which sets Paris in opposition to the provinces, a spirit which has never belied itself. It breaks out conspicuously in the Great Revolution in which the Girondins are provincials who rouse the people of Paris to violent opposition. It manifests itself in the Commune. It was again displayed after the 6th February 1934, when provincial mistrust of Paris was in evidence throughout the whole of France. A city stably unstable, a city equally enamoured of tradition and revolution, changeable and subtle, careless yet generous, cynical yet passionate, she passes from contradiction to contradiction, for, to her, paradox is the very breath of life. She is ever swayed by a passionate love of independence, yet she is the beating heart of France. Strong in the consciousness of her immemorial past, she moulds in her own image the creatures of a day who dwell beneath her shadow. She is the bond that binds mighty forces into one great unity, forces that would relax and disperse were it not for her. These forces are in great measure the work of the past. Wondrously conservative in spirit, rooted in antiquity as she is, Paris is but revolutionary to outward view. Turbulent she is, but profoundly true to her own essential being. One half of her revolutions were directed to the preservation of threatened or outraged institutions, the other half to casting off the yoke of incompetent or unworthy rulers. It would be difficult to point even to two or three instances in which her eyes were definitely fixed upon the future. It is this medley of characteristics which engenders that tendency to sparkle and coruscate with light and heat which marks

the mentality of the true Parisian. He embodies all the contradictions known to nature. He is the living fruit of a good soil. The tumultuousness which is in him is but the exuberance of a rich vitality. His blood is red, and his heart is staunch and stable.

HENRY BIDOU, *Paris* (translated by J. Lewis May).

On England

To me, England is the country, and the country is England. And when I ask myself what I mean by England, when I think of England when I am abroad, England comes to me through my various senses—through the ear, through the eye, and through certain imperishable scents. I will tell you what they are, and there may be those among you who feel as I do.

The sounds of England, the tinkle of the hammer on the anvil in the country smithy, the corncrake on a dewy morning, the sound of the scythe against the whetstone, and the sight of a plough team coming over the brow of a hill, the sight that has been seen in England since England was a land, and may be seen in England long after the Empire has perished and every works in England has ceased to function, for centuries the one eternal sight of England. The wild anemones in the woods in April, the last load at night of hay being drawn down a lane as the twilight comes on, when you can scarcely distinguish the figures of the horses as they take it home to the farm, and, above all, most subtle, most penetrating, and most moving, the smell of wood smoke coming up in an autumn evening, or the smell of the scorch fires: that wood-smoke that our ancestors, tens of thousands of years ago, must have caught on the air when they were coming home with the result of the day's forage, when they were still nomads, and when

they were still roaming the forests and plains of Europe. These things strike down into the very depths of our nature, and touch chords that go back to the beginning of time and the human race, but they are chords that with every year of our life sounds a deeper note in our innermost being.

EARL BALDWIN, *On England*.

My Countrymen

A sense of moderation, often an exquisite sense, controls our way of living and our way of thinking. It has an air of paradox about it. The Frenchman is violent in his language, but he abhors brutality in action. He is charitable, sometimes spendthrift, and at the same time he is miserly. He is said to be enterprising: he is, indeed, daring; but it is within a framework of prudence which sometimes paralyses him. He is fickle; but his chief concern is his family. He seems to have a marked bent towards atheism: in fact, he is not so much atheistic as anti-clerical, and, fundamentally, he is religious.

A good number of Frenchmen are short, some of them thin, others pot-bellied; but this does not stop them being tough. They are so vindictive, they are such spitfires, that they exasperate the superficial observer; but their temper does not last, and they would rather make friends than keep up a grudge. They are braggarts, but they brag about their vices; for they are humble about their virtues.

In short, they have all the defects of their qualities, and all the qualities of their defects. There is no defining them simply.

ROLAND ALIX, *My France* (translated by
Warre B. Wells).

Patriotism

Not until I am safely back in England do I ever feel that the world is quite sane. (Though I am not always sure, even then.) Never once have I arrived in a foreign country and cried: 'This is the place for me.' I would rather spend a holiday in Tuscany than in the Black Country, but if I were compelled to choose between living in West Bromwich or Florence, I should make straight for West Bromwich. One of my small daughters, bewildered, once said to us: 'But French people aren't *true*, are they?' I knew exactly how she felt. It is incredible that all this foreignness should be true. I am probably bursting with blatant patriotism. It does not prevent me from behaving to foreigners as if they felt perfectly real to themselves, as I suspect they do, just like us. And my patriotism, I assured myself, does begin at home. There is a lot of pride in it. Ours is a country that has given the world something more than millions of yards of calico and thousands of steam engines. If we are a nation of shopkeepers, then what a shop! There is Shakespeare in the window, to begin with; and the whole establishment is blazing with geniuses. Why, these little countries of ours have known so many great men and great ideas that one's mind is dazzled by their riches. We stagger beneath our inheritance. But let us burn every book, tear down every memorial, turn every cathedral and college into an engineering shop, rather than grow cold and petrify, rather than forget that inner glowing tradition of the English spirit. Make it, if you like, a matter of pride. Let us be too proud to refuse shelter to exiled foreigners, too proud to do dirty little tricks because other people can stoop to them, too proud to lose an inch of our freedom, too proud, even if it beggars us, to tolerate social injustice

here, too proud to suffer anywhere in this country an ugly mean way of living.

J. B. PRIESTLEY, *English Journey*.

The Bulwark of Freedom

If you find yourself surprised or shocked by what they say or think, do not hesitate to tell them so frankly. There is no nation which stands criticism, even severe criticism, so well as the English. They are too proud to be touchy. It may even occur often enough that Englishmen will tell you that they have a horror of any kind of praise. Do not believe this. They are human. But when you find yourself in disagreement with them, do not forget that the Englishman's soul is like the English skies: the weather is nearly always bad, but the climate is good. Besides you can be certain that a well-bred Englishman will try in nearly all circumstances to conform to a rather noble code of honour and behaviour. One of your predecessors, Guizot, wrote long ago that England is the bulwark of freedom and of human dignity. That is still true.

ANDRÉ MAUROIS, *Three Letters on the English*.

Strolling about Paris

I did not leave Paris at week-ends with the haste I did when I used to quit London. The first is a home and the second is a workshop. Several times on Sundays I just went outside Paris to lunch and returned home immediately afterwards, to stroll no matter where.

You can stroll about Paris for years without knowing her properly. There are very few people, especially Parisians, who really know Paris. The domino of the night stretched over her and the pink mist powdering her face in the early morning may be a familiar sight to you; but you know no

more of her than certain corners, certain views, certain buildings. There is no centre of attraction in Paris, no one district which contains all the things which lovers of Paris think of when they are exiled. Each person has a little place of his own, a street, a boulevard corner, a *bistro* on the quays, a bench in the Tuileries—Place Saint-Michel, Gare du Nord, Boulevard Poissonnière, Notre-Dame de Lorette—each place means to one person—Paris.

You can turn wherever you will as you walk, and you can find something to surprise you or to amuse you or to interest you; you see the twentieth century in one street and the fourteenth in the next; you feel the passionate breath of humanity here, and the calm of nature round the corner. Paris is a perfect woman; she never fails to produce some fresh charm, some new mystery, for her admirers. But to court her you need spend no money, need keep no appointments; you just promenade, looking, listening, sniffing.

Once you are *amoureux* of her—or *amoureuse*—you can never escape from her charms.

LEN ORTZÉN, *Rue de Paris*.

Le Respect humain

I have sometimes been inclined to think that one reason why the French and the English understand one another so little is that in England you can think anything you like so long as you behave like everybody else, while in France you can do pretty well anything you choose so long as you think like your neighbours.

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, *France at War*.

The French

What are the chief characteristics of this land, of this people? Whether a Catholic, a Protestant, a sceptic, a member of Parliament, a teacher, a *petit bourgeois*, a workman or a peasant, an aristocrat or a syndicalist, every normal Frenchman is in communion with all other normal Frenchmen in many things. The French have a deep appreciation of the form and quality of things from vegetables to poetry and architecture; from the stone-cutters of the twelfth century to the painters of the twentieth. With this goes a relentless critical spirit, exercised against themselves as well as against others—do not believe them too easily when they speak, or even act, against each other; they all have a profound fidelity to the dead and endless perseverance in carrying out what has been begun; with this, an astonishing capacity for change when change is needed—and a universal love of the land of France as well as of the great human principles of justice and equality for all peoples.

DENIS SAURAT, *The Spirit of France*.

Pourquoi la Croix de Lorraine?

Un de mes premiers ordres, du 2 Juillet, si j'ai bonne mémoire, ordre qui fût radiodiffusé, précisa que les bâtiments des Forces Navales Françaises Libres porteraient à la poupe les couleurs nationales françaises et à la proue un pavillon carré bleu, orné d'une Croix de Lorraine Rouge; et ce fût l'origine de l'insigne du mouvement de la France Libre.

Pourquoi j'ai choisi la Croix de Lorraine? . . . Parce qu'il fallait un emblème en opposition à la Croix

Gammée . . . et parce que j'ai voulu penser à mon père qui était Lorrain.

VICE-AMIRAL MUSELIER,
*Commandant les forces Navales et
Aériennes Françaises Libres.*

The Proposed Declaration of Union

At this most fateful moment in the history of the modern world the Governments of the United Kingdom and the French Republic make this declaration of indissoluble union and unyielding resolution in their common defence of justice and freedom, against subjection to a system which reduces mankind to a life of robots and slaves.

The two Governments declare that France and Great Britain shall no longer be two nations but one Franco-British Union. The constitution of the Union will provide for joint organs of defence, foreign, financial, and economic policies. Every citizen of France will enjoy immediately citizenship of Great Britain, every British subject will become a citizen of France.

Both countries will share responsibility for the repair of the devastation of war, wherever it occurs in their territories, and the resources of both shall be equally, and as one, applied to that purpose.

During the war there shall be a single war Cabinet, and all the forces of Britain and France, whether on land, sea, or in the air, will be placed under its direction. It will govern from wherever it best can. The two Parliaments will be formally associated.

The nations of the British Empire are already forming new armies. France will keep her available forces in the field, on the sea, and in the air.

The Union appeals to the United States to fortify the

economic resources of the Allies and to bring her powerful material aid to the common cause.

The Union will concentrate its whole energy against the power of the enemy no matter where the battle may be. And thus we shall conquer.

June 1940.

The Fourteenth of July

And I proclaim my faith that some of us will live to see a fourteenth of July when a liberated France will once again rejoice in her greatness and in her glory, and once again stand forward as the champion of the freedom and the rights of man.

RT HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL, 14th July 1940.

L'Aube viendra

Français! Pendant plus de trente ans, dans la paix comme dans la guerre, j'ai marché avec vous et je marche encore avec vous aujourd'hui, sur la vieille route. Cette nuit je m'adresse à vous dans tous vos foyers, partout où le sort vous a conduits. Et je répète la prière qui entourait vos lous d'or: 'Dieu protège la France.' . . .

Français: armez vos cœurs à neuf, avant qu'il ne soit trop tard. Rappelez-vous de quelle façon Napoléon disait avant une de ses batailles: 'Soldats, à Iéna, contre ces mêmes Prussiens, aujourd'hui si arrogants, vous étiez un contre trois; à Montmirail un contre six.' Je refuse de croire que l'âme de la France soit morte et que sa place parmi les grandes nations du monde puisse être perdue à jamais. . .

Ne vous imaginez pas, comme la radio contrôlée par l'Allemagne essaie de vous le faire croire, que nous autres Anglais cherchons à saisir vos navires et vos colonies. Ce que nous voulons, c'est frapper jusqu'à ce qu'Hitler et

l'Hitlérisme passe de vie à trépas. Nous ne voulons que cela mais nous le voulons sans cesse, nous le voudrions jusqu'au bout. . . .

L'aube viendra. Elle se lèvera brillante pour les braves, douce pour les fidèles qui auront souffert, glorieuse sur les tombeaux des héros. Vive la France! Et vive aussi le soulèvement des braves gens de tous les pays qui cherchent leur patrimoine perdu et marchent vers les temps meilleurs.

THE RT HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL,
21st October 1940.

La France Libre

Trois éléments ont servi de base au mouvement des Français libres. Le premier, c'est la conviction que la France n'est pas vaincue. Le second, c'est le sentiment que dans une guerre où la France a lié son destin à celui de l'Angleterre et de leurs alliés communs, l'honneur lui commande de combattre tant que l'Angleterre et nos alliés combattent. Le troisième, c'est le refus de reconnaître pour valable l'autorité d'un pouvoir irrégulier au point de vue constitutionnel et actuellement placé sous la dépendance de l'ennemi.

GENERAL DE GAULLE,
9th January 1941.

La Madeleine, 1941

Up the steps and into the church itself strides Hitler with his captains about him. You can almost see the smirk on his face.

Outside the church is another spectacle which must have delighted the Führer's heart, more even than the silent rape of La Madeleine. The people of Paris have come to watch . . . agony and pain and despair on their faces

such as no poet or painter or composer has been able to surpass in words, in oils, or in music. Here is Hitler basking in the sunshine of Paris, fondling her treasures in his dirty palm, marvelling at his prize and mocking its glory.

Evening Standard, 21st March 1941.

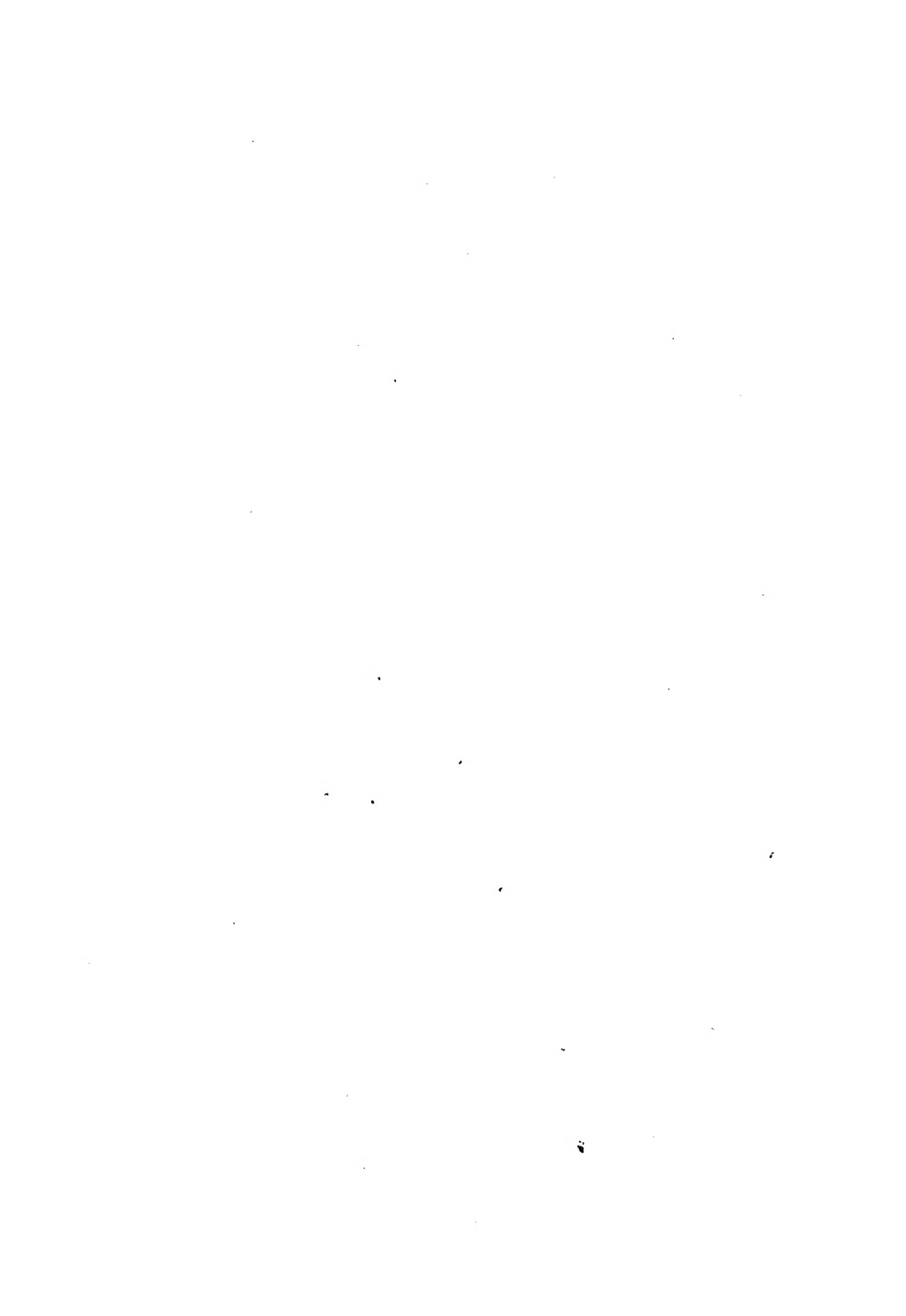
Tribute to France, 1941

I wish to say here and now that the French will always live in my memory as the best friends a man could ever have. These French folk gave us francs, clothes, food, everything we needed to keep us going; we just told them we were escaping English seamen and that was enough. They helped us in every way. . . . France may be being led by the Vichy Government, but I can tell you that the French—the women, the children, and the men, in the north especially, are with England all the way.

GERALD RILEY (*a survivor of the
'Mopan,' broadcasting on his
escape from German captivity*).



TRADITIONAL SONGS OF FRANCE
AND ENGLAND



RULE, BRITANNIA!

WORDS BY JAMES THOMSON

MUSIC BY THOMAS ARNE

When Bri-tain first, . . . at Heav'n's com - mand, A-
rose . . . from out the a - - zure main, A-
rose, a-rose, a-rose from out the a - - zure main,
This was the char-ter, the char-ter of the land, And
guar-dian an - - - - gels sang the strain:
Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri - tan - nia, rule the waves.
Bri - tons ne - - - - ver shall be slaves.

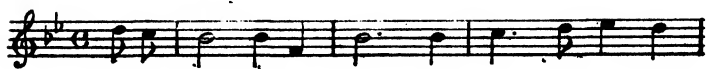
The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia! etc.

The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly heart to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia! etc.

LE CHANT DU DÉPART

PAROLES DE MARIE-JOSEPH CHÉNIER.

MUSIQUE DE MÉHUL



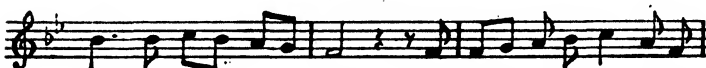
La vic - toire, en chan - tant, Nous ou - vre la bar-



riè - re, La li-ber - té gui - de nos pas; Et du



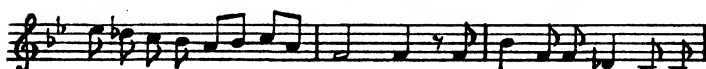
Nord au Mi - di la trom-pet - te guer - riè - re A son-né



l'heu - re des com - bats. Trem - blez en-ne-mis de la



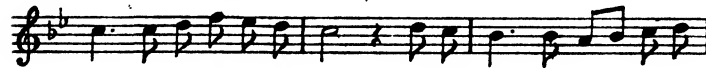
Fran - ce, Tous i - vres de sang et d'or - gueil! * Le



peu-ple souverain s'a - van - ce; Ty-rans, descendez au cer-



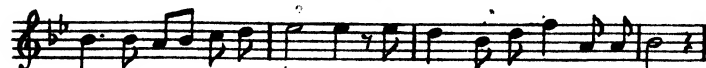
cueil. La Ré-pu - bli - que nous ap - pel - le; Sa-chons



vain - cre ou sachons pé-rir: Un Fran-çais doit vi - vre pour



el - - le, Pour elle un Français doit mou - rir! Un Fran-



çais doit vi - vre pour el - le, Pour elle un Français doit mou-rir.

De nos yeux maternels
Ne craignez point les larmes ;
Loin de nous de lâches douleurs !
Nous devons triompher quand vous prenez les armes ;
C'est aux rois à verser des pleurs.
Nous vous avons donné la vie :
Guerriers, elle n'est plus à vous :
Tous vos jours sont à la Patrie ;
Elle est votre mère avant nous.

La République nous appelle, etc.

Partez, vaillants époux,
Les combats sont vos fêtes ;
Partez, modèles des guerriers ;
Nous cueillerons des fleurs pour enceindre vos têtes ;
Nos mains tresseront vos lauriers
Et si le temple de mémoire
S'ouvrait à vos mânes vainqueurs,
Nos voix chanteront votre gloire
Et nos flancs portent vos vengeurs.

La République nous appelle, etc.

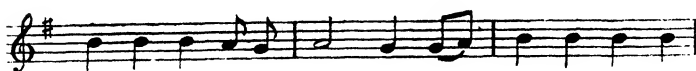
Sur ce fer devant Dieu,
Nous jurons à nos pères,
A nos épouses, à nos sœurs,
A nos représentants, à nos fils, à nos mères,
D'anéantir nos oppresseurs !
En tous lieux dans la nuit profonde
Plongeant l'infâme royauté,
Les Français donneront au monde
Et la paix et la liberté !

La République nous appelle, etc.

HERE 'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY!



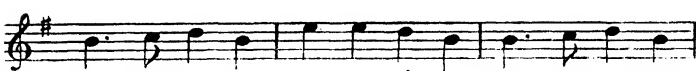
Here 's a health un - to His Ma - jes - ty (With a



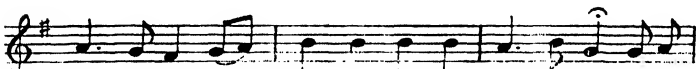
fal la la la la la la), Con - fu-sion to his



en - c - mies (With a fal la. la la la la la la); And



he that will not drink his health, I wish him nei - ther



wit nor wealth, Nor yet a rope to hang him-self (With a



fal la la la la la la la la, With a fal la la la la la la la).

GENTILZ GALLANS, COMPAIGNONS DU RAISIN

FROM THE MANUSCRIT DE BAYEUX (15TH CENTURY)



Si nostre hostess' nous faisoit adjourner,
 Nous luy diron qu'il faut laisser passer
 Quasimodo, Quasimodo, et ho!
 A nostre hostesse ne payeron pas d'argent,
 Fors ung Credo!

JOHN PEEL



D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so grey? D'ye
ken John Peel at the break of day? D'ye ken John Peel when he's
far, far a - way With his hounds and his horn in the
morn - ing? 'Twas the sound of his horn call'd me from my bed, And the
cry of his hounds has me oft - times led, For
Peel's view hal - lo would a - - wa - ken the dead, Or a
fox from his lair in the morn - - ing.

Yes, I ken John Peel, and auld Ruby, too,
Ranter and Royal, and Bellman true;
From the drag to the chase, from the chase to the view,
From the view to the death in the morning.

'Twas the sound of his horn, etc.

And I've followed John Peel both often and far,
O'er the rasper fence, and the gate and the bar,
From far Denton Holme to Scratchmere Scar,
When we vied for the brush in the morning.

'Twas the sound of his horn, etc.

TONTAINE, TON, TON



Mes a-mis, par-tons pour la chas-se; Du cor j'entends le joy-eux



son, Ton, ton, ton, ton, Tontaine, tonton; Ja-mais ce plai-sir ne nous



las - se, Il est bon en tou-te sai - son, Ton, ton, Ton-tai-ne, ton ton.

A sa manière chacun chasse,
Et le jeune homme et le barbon,
Ton, ton, ton, ton,
Tontaine, ton, ton;
Mais le vieux chasse la bécasse,
Et le jeune un gibier mignon,
Ton, ton,
Tontaine, ton, ton.

Pour suivre le chevreuil qui passe,
Il parcourt les bois, les vallons,
Ton, ton, etc.
Et jamais, en suivant sa trace,
Il ne trouve le chemin long,
Ton, ton, etc.

A l'affût le chasseur se place
Guettant le lièvre ou l'oisillon,
Ton, ton, etc.
Mais si jeune fillète passe
Il la prend pour lui, tout est bon,
Ton, ton, etc.

La vrai chasseur est plein d'audace;
Il est gai et joyeux luron,
Ton, ton, etc.
Mais quel fanfare qu'il fasse
Le chasseur n'est pas fanfaron,
Ton, ton, etc.

GREENSLEEVES



Oh la - dy mine, what spell is thine, Whose



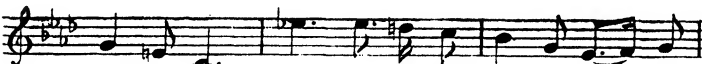
glamour so doth hold me fast, That year by year, come



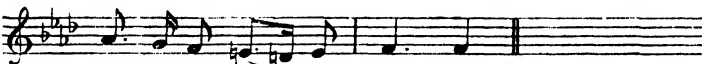
shade or shine, Thou char-mest as in days past?



Green - sleeves was all my joy, . . Green - sleeves was



my de - light, Green-sleeves was my heart of gold, And



who but my la - - dy Green - sleeves.

To me the huntsman vainly cries,
Or gay world spreads its dainty lures;
In thy dear hand my kingdom lies,
Thy smiles its surest pleasure.
Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

AUPRÈS DE MA BLONDE

Dans les jar-dins d' mon pè - re Les li - las sont fleu-
ris, Dans les jar-dins d' mon pè - re Les li - las sont fleu-
ris, Tous les oi-seaux du mon - de vien'nt y fai - re leurs
nids. Au-près de ma blon - de qu'il fait bon, fait
bon, fait bon, Au - près de ma blon - de Qu'il fait bon dor - mir.

Tous les oiseaux du monde
Vien'nt y faire leurs nids, } *bis*
La caill', la tourterelle
Et la joli' perdrix.
Auprès de ma blonde, etc.

La caill', etc.
Et ma joli' colombe
Qui chante jour et nuit.
Auprès de ma blonde, etc.

Et ma joli', etc.
Qui chante pour les filles
Qui n'ont pas de mari.
Auprès de ma blonde, etc.

Qui chante, etc.
Pour moi ne chante guère
Car j'en ai un joli.
Auprès de ma blonde, etc.

Pour moi, etc.
Dites-nous donc, la belle,
Où donc est votr' mari?
Auprès de ma blonde, etc.

Dites-nous donc, etc.
Il est dans la Hollande.
Les Hollandais l'ont pris.
Auprès de ma blonde, etc.

Il est, etc.
Que donneriez-vous, belle,
Pour avoir votre ami?
Auprès de ma blonde, etc.

Que donneriez-vous, etc.
Je donnerais Versailles,
Paris et Saint-Denis.
Auprès de ma blonde, etc.

Je donnerais, etc.
Les tours de Notre-Dame,
Et l' clocher d' mon pays.
Auprès de ma blonde, etc.

Les tours, etc.
Et ma joli' colombe,
Pour avoir mon mari.
Auprès de ma blonde, etc.

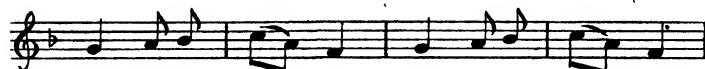
EARLY ONE MORNING



Ear - ly one morn - ing just as the sun was ris - ing, I



heard a maid sing in the val - - ley be - low:



'Oh, don't de - ceive me! Oh, ne-ver leave me!



How could you use a poor maid-en so?'

'O gay is the garland, and fresh are the roses
I 've cull'd from the garden to bind on thy brow.
Oh, don't deceive me!' etc.

'Remember the vows that you made to your Mary,
Remember the bow'r where you vow'd to be true.
Oh, don't deceive me!' etc.

Thus sung the poor maiden, her sorrow bewailing,
Thus sang the poor maid in the valley below:
'Oh, don't deceive me!' etc.

EN PASSANT PAR LA LORRAINE



En pas-sant par la Lor-rai-ne, A-vec mes sa - bots!



En pas-sant par la Lor-rai-ne, A-vec mes sa - bots!



J'ai trou-vé trois ca - pi - tai - nes, A-vec mes sa - bots, Ton-tai-ne!



Oh! oh! oh!

A - vec mes sa - bots!

J'ai trouvé trois capitaines,
Avec mes sabots!

} bis

Ils m'ont appelé vilaine,
Avec mes sabots, Tontaine!
Oh! oh! oh! avec mes sabots!

Ils m'ont appelé vilaine,
Avec mes sabots!

} bis

Je ne suis pas si vilaine,
Avec mes sabots, Tontaine,
Oh! oh! oh! avec mes sabots!

Je ne suis pas si vilaine,
Avec mes sabots!

} bis

Puisque le fils du Roi m'aime
Avec mes sabots, Tontaine,
Oh! oh! oh! avec mes sabots!

Puisque le fils du Roi m'aime, } *bis*
Avec mes sabots!

Il m'a donné pour éternelle,
Avec mes sabots, Tontaine!
Oh! oh! oh! avec mes sabots!

Il m'a donné pour éternelle, } *bis*
Avec mes sabots!

Un bouquet de marjolaine,
Avec mes sabots, Tontaine!
Oh! oh! oh! avec mes sabots!

Un bouquet de marjolaine, } *bis*
Avec mes sabots!

S'il fleurit je serai Reine,
Avec mes sabots, Tontaine!
Oh! oh! oh! avec mes sabots!

S'il fleurit je serai Reine, } *bis*
Avec mes sabots!

Mais s'il meurt je perds ma peine,
Avec mes sabots, Tontaine!
Oh! oh! oh! avec mes sabots!

THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GIPSIES



Three gip-sies stood at the Cas - tle gate, They
sang so high, They sang so low, The la - dy sate in her
cham - ber late, Her heart it mel - ted a - way as snow.

They sang so sweet, they sang so shrill,
That fast her tears began to flow.
And she laid down her silken gown,
Her golden rings and all her show.

She pluckèd off her high-heeled shoes,
A-made of Spanish leather, O.
She would in the street, with her bare, bare feet,
All out in the wind and the weather, O.

O saddle to me my milk-white steed,
And go and fetch my pony, O!
That I may ride and seek my bride,
Who is gone with the wrangle taggle gipsies, O!

O he rode high, and he rode low,
He rode through wood and copses too,
Until he came to an open field,
And there he espied his a-lady, O!

What makes you leave your house and land,
Your golden treasures for to go?
What makes you leave your new-wedded lord,
To follow the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

What care I for my house and my land?
What care I for my treasure, O?
What care I for my new-wedded lord,
I'm off with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
And to-night you 'll sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

What care I for a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
For to-night I shall sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

MALBROUCK S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE



Mal- brouck s'en va-t-en guer - re, Mironton, mironton, miron-



ta i - ne, Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guer - re, Ne sais quand re-vien-



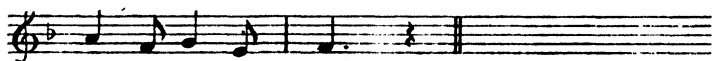
dra. Ne sais quand re-vien - dra, Ne sais quand re-vien-



dra, Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guer - re, Mironton, mironton, miron-



ta i - ne, Mal- brouck s'en va - t - en guer - re, Ne



sais quand re - vien - dra.

La Trinité se passe,
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine!
La Trinité se passe,
Malbrouck ne revient pas. (ter)

Madame à sa tour monte,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine.
Madame à sa tour monte,
Si haut qu'ell' peut monter. (ter)

Ell' voit venir son page,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Ell' voit venir son page,
Tout de noir habillé. (ter)

'Aux nouvell' que j'apporte,'
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
'Aux nouvell' que j'apporte,
Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer.' (ter)

'Monsieur Malbrouck est mor-e,'
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
'Monsieur Malbrouck est mor-e,
Est mort et enterré.' (ter)

'A l'entour de sa tombe,'
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
'A l'entour de sa tombe,
Romarin fut planté.' (ter)

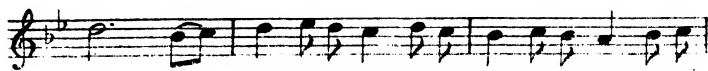
'Sur la plus haute branche,'
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
'Sur la plus haute branche,
Rossignol a chanté.' (ter)

'Disant dans son langage,'
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
'Disant dans son langage,
"Quiescat in Pace." (ter)

OLD KING COLE



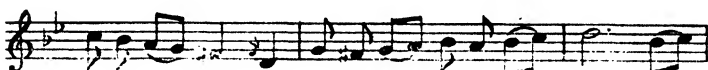
Old King Cole was a mer-ry old soul, And a mer-ry old soul was



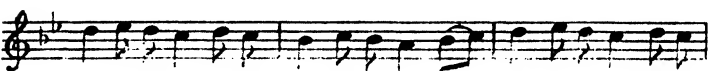
he, He call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl, And he



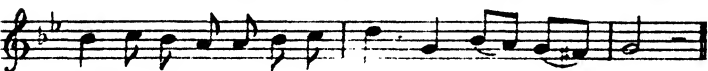
call'd for his fid - dlers three. Ev - ry fid - dler he



had a fine fiddle, A ve - ry fine fiddle had he. Then



two-two-dle-dee, twee-dle dee, twee-dle-dee, then two-two-dle-dee, twee-dle



dee went the fid-dlers. And so mer - ry we 'll all be.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He call'd for his pipe and he call'd for his bowl,
And he call'd for his pipers three.
Ev'ry piper he had a fine pipe,
A very fine pipe had he,
Then tootle-tootle-too, tootle-too went the pipers.
And so merry we 'll all be.

Old King Cole, etc.

And he call'd for his harpers three.

Ev'ry harper he had a fine harp,

A very fine harp had he,

Then twang, twang-a-twang, twang-a-twang went the
harpers.

And so merry we 'll all be.

Old King Cole, etc.

And he call'd for his drummers three.

Ev'ry drummer he had a fine drum,

A very fine drum had he,

Then rub, rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, went the drummers.

And so merry we 'll all be.

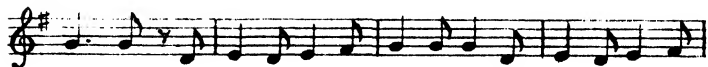
LE ROI D'YVETOT

PAROLES DE BÉRANGER.

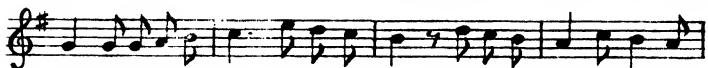
AIR TRADITIONNEL



Il é - tait un roi d'Y'-ve-tot, peu con- nu dans l'his-



toi - re, Se le-vant tard, se cou-chant tôt, Dor-mant fort bien sans



gloi-re; Et couron - né par Jean-ne - ton, D'un sim-ple bon-net de co-



ton, Dit-on. Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Ah! Ah! Ah!



Ah! Quel bon pe - - tit roi c'é - tait là! La, la.

Il faisait ses quatre repas,
 Dans son palais de chaume,
 Et sur un âne, pas à pas,
 Parcourait son royaume.
 Joyeux, simple et croyant le bien,
 Pour toute garde il n'avait rien
 Qu'un chien.
 Oh! Oh! Oh! etc.

On conserve encor le portrait
 De ce digne et bon prince;
 C'est l'enseigne d'un cabaret
 Fameux dans la province.
 Les jours de fête, bien souvent,
 La foule s'écrie en buvant,
 Devant:
 Oh! Oh! Oh! etc.

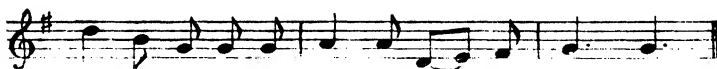
THE MULBERRY BUSH



Here we go round the mul - berry bush, The



mul-berry bush, the mul-berry bush: Here we go round the



mul-berry bush, On a cold and frost - y morn - - ing.

This is the way we wash our hands,
Wash our hands, wash our hands:
This is the way we wash our hands,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we wash our clothes, etc.

This is the way we dry our clothes, etc.

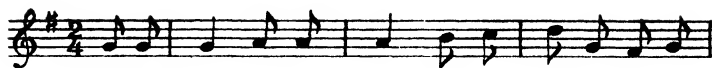
This is the way we iron our clothes, etc.

This is the way we brush our hair, etc.

This is the way we clean our boots, etc.

(The original verse should be repeated after each new verse.)

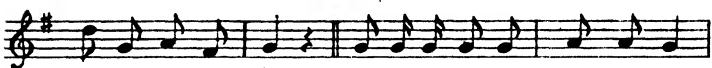
SUR LE PONT D'AVIGNON



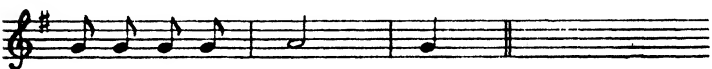
Sur le pont d'A-vi - gnon L'on y dan-se, l'on y



dan - se, Sur le pont d'A - vi - gnon L'on y



dan - se tout en rond. Messieurs les ab-bés font comm' ça,



Et puis en - core comm' ça.

Sur le pont d'Avignon, etc.
Les belles dames font comm' ça,
Et puis encore comm' ça.

Sur le pont d'Avignon, etc.
Messieurs les soldats font comm' ça,
Et puis encore comm' ça.

GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN



God rest you mer-ry, gent-le-men, Let no-thing you dis-



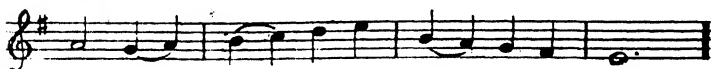
may, Re - mem-ber Christ our Sav - iour was born on Christmas



Day; To save us all from Satan's pow'r, when we were gone a-



stray, Oh, ti - dings of com - fort and joy, comfort and



joy, Oh, ti - dings of com - fort and joy.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessèd babe was born,
And laid within a manger
Upon this blessèd morn;
The which His Mother Mary
Did nothing take in scorn.

Oh, tidings of comfort and joy, etc.

From God, our heav'nly Father,
A blessèd angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same;
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.

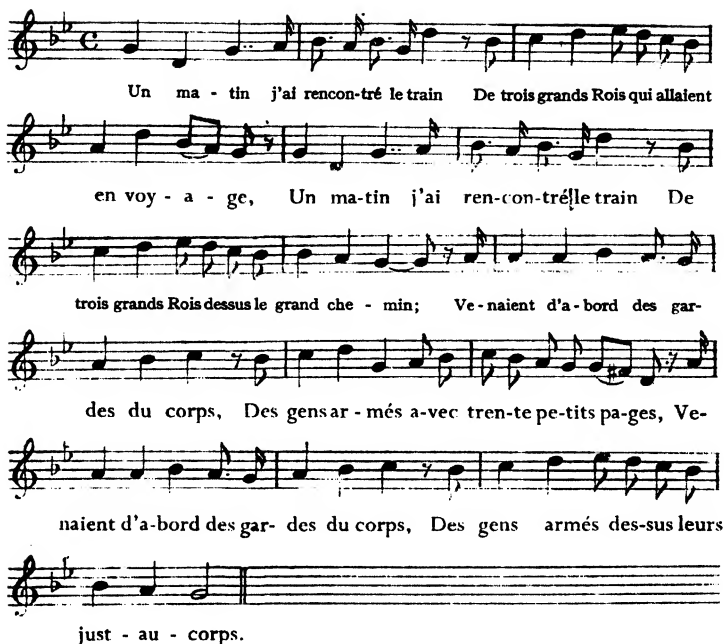
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy, etc.

x

The shepherds at those tidings,
Rejoicèd much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
The Son of God to find.
 Oh, tidings of comfort and joy, etc.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All other doth deface.
 Oh, tidings of comfort and joy, etc.

LA MARCHÉ DES ROIS

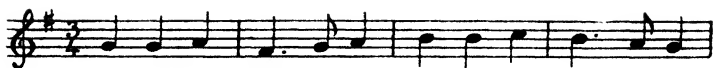


Un ma-tin j'ai rencon-tré le train De trois grands Rois qui allaient
 en voy-a-ge, Un ma-tin j'ai ren-con-tré le train De
 trois grands Rois dessus le grand che-min; Ve-naient d'a-bord des gar-
 des du corps, Des gens ar-més a-vec tren-te pe-tits pa-ges, Ve-
 naient d'a-bord des gar-des du corps, Des gens armés des-sus leurs
 just-au-corps.

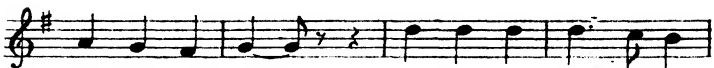
Puis, sur un char doré de toutes parts,
 On voit trois Rois modestes comme d'anges,
 Puis, sur un char doré de toutes parts,
 Trois Rois debout parmi les étendards!
 L'étoile luit et les Rois conduit
 Par longs chemins devant une pauvre étable,
 L'étoile luit et les Rois conduit
 Par longs chemins devant l'humble réduit.

Au fils de Dieu qui naquit en ce lieu,
 Ils viennent tous présenter leurs hommages,
 Au fils de Dieu qui naquit en ce lieu,
 Ils viennent tous présenter leurs doux vœux,
 De beaux présents; or, myrrhe et encens,
 Ils vont offrir au maître tant admirable;
 De beaux présents; or, myrrhe et encens,
 Ils vont offrir au bienheureux enfant.

GOD SAVE THE KING



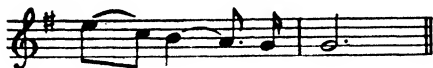
God save our gra - cious King, Long live our no - ble King,



God save the King. Send him vic - tor - i - ous,



Hap - py and glor - i - ous, Long to reign ov - er us,



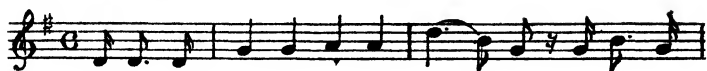
God save the King!

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall!
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
God save us all!

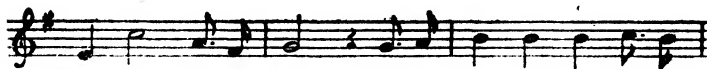
Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleas'd to pour,
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King!

LA MARSEILLAISE

PAROLES ET MUSIQUE DE ROUGET DE LISLE.



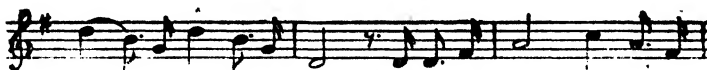
Al-lons, en - fants de la pa - - tri - - e, Le jour de



gloire est ar - ri - vé, . Con - tre nous, de la ty - ran -



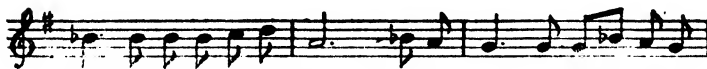
ni - e, L'é - ten - dard san - glant est le - vé, L'é - ten -



dard san - glant est le - vé. En - ten - dez vous, dans les cam -



pa - gnes, Mu - gir ces fé - ro - ces sol - dats? Ils



vien - nent jusque dans nos bras, É - gor - ger nos fils, nos com -



pa - gnes! Aux ar - - mes, ci - to - - yens! For -



Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,
 Contre nous en vain conjurés?
 Pour qui ces ignobles entraves,
 Ces fers dès longtemps préparés,
 Ces fers dès longtemps préparés?
 Français, pour nous, ah! quel outrage,
 — Quels transports il doit exciter;
 C'est vous qu'on ose méditer
 De rendre à l'antique esclavage!
 Aux armes, citoyens! etc.

Amour sacré de la patrie,
 Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs,
 Liberté, liberté chérie,
 Combats avec tes défenseurs,
 Combats avec tes défenseurs!
 Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
 Accoure à tes mâles accents!
 Que tes ennemis expirants
 Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire!
 Aux armes, citoyens! etc.

Nous entrerons dans la carrière
Quand nos aînés n'y seront plus.
Nous y trouverons leur poussière
Et la trace de leurs vertus,
Et la trace de leurs vertus.
Bien moins jaloux de leur survivre
Que de partager leur cercueil,
Nous aurons le sublime orgueil
De les venger ou de les suivre.
Aux armes, citoyens! etc.



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